

Outdoor America

JULY,
1925

*Price
15 Cents*

Owned and Published by the Izaak Walton League of America
DEFENDER OF WOODS, WATERS AND WILD LIFE



ZANE GREY · EL COMANCHO · HAROLD TITUS
GEORGE HORACE LORIMER

The Greatest Thrill in Sport

THE home-run clout, the long, straight carry from the tee, the miracle shot that nails a duck after he is "out of range"—nothing in sport provides quite the same thrill. And no ammunition provides so many of these miracle shots as Remington Heavy Duck Loads. Fast, close-shooting, and hard hitting, they reach out and get the wary old birds that won't decoy, the wild ones that seem to fly sky-high above the pass.

Remington Heavy Duck Loads will outshoot, shell for shell, any long-range loads on the market. They are scientifically loaded to a uniform standard of velocity, pattern and penetration, with moderate recoil. Try a box and get the thrills of long, clean kills.

Remington Arms Company, Inc.
25 Broadway Established 1816 New York City

Remington

© 1925 R. A. Co.



Rifles Ammunition Shotguns Game Loads Cutlery Cash Registers



Johnson

The Outboard Motor without an "If"

When the Wind Dies—
A Johnson Motor brings you home surely and comfortably. Auxiliary power compact enough to stow away easily.

L. J. JOHNSON definitely took the "ifs" out of outboard motor-boating in 1920 with the Johnson Motor.

In designing the Johnson, he approached the outboard motor from the *marine engineering standpoint*. As a means of transportation—not as a clever novelty. He demanded absolute dependability—and nothing short of it. *And he got it.*

* * *

More Johnsons were sold during 1924 than any other make. The reason is easy to see when you consider these Johnson features:

Adaptability—The Johnson is the only outboard motor that can be instantly attached to all types of boats and canoes without altering any of them.

Power—The Johnson drives a rowboat from 7 to 9 miles per hour, a canoe from 9 to 12.

Portability—The Johnson is the only really portable outboard motor. Its complete weight—ready to run—is

Only 35 Pounds

The Johnson is vibrationless. Its only sound is a gentle purr.

It is easy to start and safe to start at any temperature. Its float feed carburetor and rope starter take care of that—no knobs or handles to catch hands or clothing.

Power Increased in 1925 Model

In the 1925 Johnson the power has been increased 25-30%.

Johnson

OUTBOARD MOTORS

GET INTO THE BOAT AND SEE FOR YOURSELF

Improved Super-Quick Action Magneto makes starting easier than ever.

Johnson Shock Absorber Drive (Patented) is standard equipment. This Drive permits running over submerged obstructions without injury to motor or propeller.

Yet the remarkable ready-to-run weight of only 35 pounds is retained.

* * *

There's a Johnson dealer near you who will be glad to give you a free demonstration.

If you don't know him, mail us the coupon below and we will send you his name and the 1925 Johnson catalogue.

JOHNSON MOTOR COMPANY

912 Sample Street, South Bend, Ind.

Eastern Distributor and Export:

New York Johnson Motor Co., Inc.

4 West 61st Street, New York City, N. Y.

Canadian Distributor:

Peterborough Canoe Company, Peterborough, Ontario



Power increased
25-30%

Weight remains
only
35
pounds

**Use Your Johnson
While you pay for it**

Get details of our Deferred Payment Plan from your dealer—or direct from us.

Johnson Motor Co.,
912 Sample St.,
South Bend, Ind.

Gentlemen:

Kindly send me the name of the nearest Johnson dealer, your free catalog and details of the Deferred Payment Plan.

Name

Address

City State

Defender of Woods, Waters and Wild Life

Outdoor America

COPYRIGHT 1925

EDITORIAL STAFF

WILL H. DILG—Editor
E. H. ROSS, Managing Editor

DR. HENRY BALDWIN WARD ZANE GREY
DR. HENRY VAN DYKE DONALD HOUGH
JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD FRANK STICK
HAROLD T. PULSIFER THOMAS AMBROSE
BEN EAST HAROLD TITUS



Owned and Published by
The IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE of AMERICA
536 Lake Shore Drive Tel. Superior 1217
Chicago, Ill.

Issued Monthly
Single Copy 15c

Subscription rate \$1.00 per year in the U. S. and
Canada. Cuba and Mexico, 50c additional post-
age. Foreign countries \$1.00 additional postage.
Entered as second class matter August 9, 1922,
at the Post Office at Chicago, Ill., under the act
of March 3, 1879

Volume III

JULY, 1925

Number 12

CONTENTS

Cover Design	From a painting by Frank Stick	
Land of the Pine	Dr. F. S. Waite	4
Photographs by James L. Connor.		
The Phantom Herd of the Kaibab	Donald Hough	5
Photographs by the Author.		
John Moreland—Fisherman—Continued Story—Part I	Will H. Dilg	8
Illustrations by William Schmedtgen.		
Burning Up the Country	George Horace Lorimer	11
Cartoon by Everett E. Lowry.		
The Last Buffalo Hunt of the Pawnee Indians	William H. Smith	12
Illustrated by Frank B. Hoffman and photographs by the Author.		
King o' the Crest	Gordon Eaton Bainbridge	15
Illustration by Frank B. Hoffman.		
The Big Ball Rolls	Harold Titus	16
Photographs by Lindley Eddy.		
The Fisherman—Continued	Zane Grey	18
Illustration by Frank Stick.		
How Briggs Came to Take Up Bass	Everett E. Lowry	20
Illustrations by the Author.		
The Proposed I. W. L. A. Endowment Fund	E. C. Kemper	23
The Harvest of the Marching Days	El Comancho	24
Illustration by John Thoman.		
Fooling With Sharks	Dr. Charles K. Stillman	26
Illustration by the Author.		
All the Way Through	Henri W. Slaughter	28
Photographs by Bert L. Brown.		
Letters From a Little Lady Vagabond	Hal Kane Clements	30
Bait and Fly Casting	Edited by Frederick J. Lane	31
Floating Down the River—Conclusion	Guy Von Schriltz	32
Photographs by the Author.		
I. W. L. A. Now Buying Hay Land in Jackson's Hole		34
Photographs by C. R. Hallowell.		
Pollution Department	Edited by Dr. Henry Baldwin Ward	36
Cartoon by Everett E. Lowry.		
Record Crowd Attends Oklahoma State Convention		38
Outdoor Literature	Reviewed by Thomas Ambrose	39
Etching by Earl H. Reed.		
Editorial		40
Hunting Story Contest—Conclusion		41
Fly Fishing for Tarpon	Thomas D. McKeown, M. C.	42
Real Camping—How It Is Done	Conducted by Murdo Gibson	44
Photographs by Bert L. Brown.		
Motor Camping Department	Conducted by Homer Bow	48
Trap Shooting Department	Edited by Jack Smith	54
Angling Memories	Edited by Will H. Dilg	58
Waltonian Nook	Edited by Carl E. Simon	66
Mostly About Boys	Edited by Ben East	68
When Your Dog Made His Bid for Fame	Edited by Shady Lane	86

30 days' notice must be given for change of address.

The name of Izaak Walton was given this League in memory of the famous English writer, who in 1653 wrote The Compleat Angler which has been proclaimed a classic and has delighted the hearts of lovers of nature for nearly three hundred years. His philosophy of the outdoors proved him to be a true conservationist.



THE IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA is a National Organization of fishermen and hunters and outdoor lovers dedicated to the restoration of sports afield and astream in the United States and Canada and the restoration as far as can be of the outdoor America of our ancestors. It is a National Organization having no commercial or personal gain or aggrandizement under it; neither has it political or religious interests.

It is undoubtedly the most comprehensive conservation program ever undertaken in America. Though less than three years old, it has local chapters from one end of the country to the other, and it has awakened thousands and thousands of principled sportsmen and outdoor lovers to the realization of the perils that are threatening our precious woods and streams and wild life.

The movement represents a patriotic and unselfish endeavor to save for our children their great American outdoor heritage that they may have the priceless memories of days spent on windswept, clear and gleaming waters and nights in fragrant, healing forests and that they may gain the health and happiness that only the out doors can give them. Many of the names back of this Save-Outdoor-America crusade are nationally known and insure the integrity and high standing of the League. A list of the League's officers and directors will be found in each issue of the magazine. None of these officers or directors receive a salary.

For the purpose of spreading far its message, the League publishes this monthly magazine to which the greatest outdoor writers in America contribute without pay, out of sheer love and appreciation of the righteousness of the cause. The ideals and purposes of the League are embodied in its Platform which follows:

1. The practice of true sportsmanship in hunting and fishing, and strenuous and unremitting opposition to illegal, destructive and unfair methods.
2. An aggressive program calling for National and State legislation to eradicate pollution from coastal and inland waters.
3. The broadest and most comprehensive system of Federal control feasible over our forests, to embrace the best features of the forestry policies of Europe so far as applicable to our conditions.
4. Constructive opposition to artificial drainage which will be injurious to any natural resources, and the restoration of desecrated areas.
5. That adequate public shooting and fishing grounds and game refuges be established by the State and National Governments.
6. Sufficient fish hatcheries and game farms for the increased propagation and wider distribution of fish and game.
7. Prohibition of the sale and interstate shipment of game and of fresh water game fishes excepting for purposes of propagation.
8. Scientific regulation of the taking of salt water game fishes and prohibition of the sale of certain anadromous species.
9. The strictest enforcement of the migratory bird law.
10. The establishment of biological experiment stations to train scientific workers so that all game and fish propagation and distribution may be safeguarded by expert supervision and counsel.
11. The united support of those public officials, regardless of their party affiliations, who show themselves to be in sympathy with the principles of true conservation.
12. The fullest measure of co-operation between all organizations devoted to the interests of the outdoorsmen of America.
13. An unceasing, aggressive, educational campaign to the end that the objects of the Izaak Walton League of America may be attained.
14. That outdoor recreation as a major part of the life, education and spiritual development of the American youth be nurtured.

We Pledge Ourselves to do our best to Restore
for Posterity the Outdoor America of our Ancestors



Land of the Pine

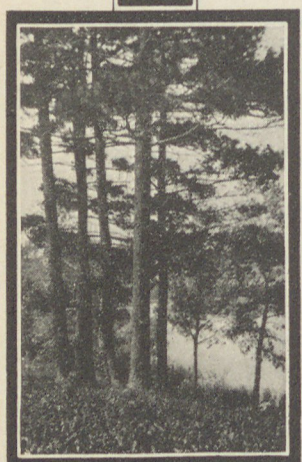
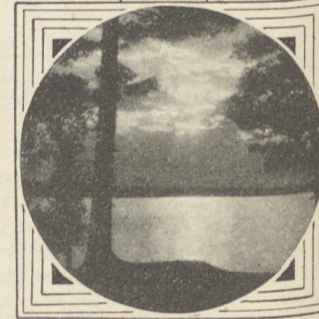
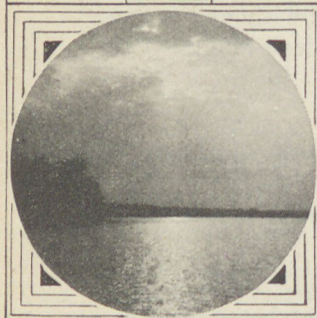
Dr. F.S. Waite

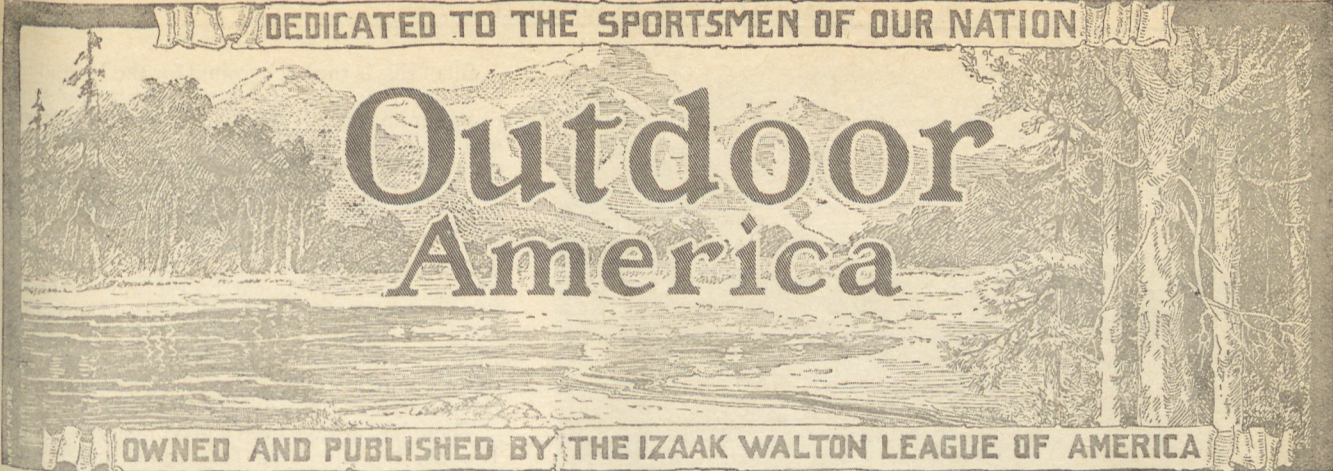
*Our home is by a Northland lake,
Where lovely scenes our souls awake,
Where wanderers come for Beauty's sake
To this land of the Pine.*

*In summertime when song birds nest
And carol forth their happiest
We think that heaven has surely blest
This Northland of the Pine.*

*It matters not how deep the snow
In winter time when north winds blow,
We know that spring will come, when lo,
We love this land of Pine.*

*Land of the Pine,
Land of the Pine
Where trilliums and
Arbutus twine.
Where song of birds
Throughout the day
Make woods resound
With joyous lay.
Where startled deer
Bound through the brake,
Where sunlight gleams
On stream and lake.
Where Nature's smiles
In glory shine
Our hearts are thine
Land of the Pine.*





Outdoor America

OWNED AND PUBLISHED BY THE IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA

The Phantom Herd of the Kaibab ~ by Donald Hough

Photographs by the Author

OUT on the Arizona desert, that reaches from the colored cliffs of Utah to the Colorado river, circles the Grand Canyon, and goes on indefinitely southward, there is a great plateau, higher than the rest of the country and covered with a mighty forest.

The plateau is called the Kaibab plateau; the forest, the Kaibab forest. On this plateau, in this forest, lives a herd of deer, the most magnificent in America.

During the past year or so it has been reported that these deer have increased to such great numbers on the isolated plateau that they are virtually doomed to a death by starvation, having eaten everything palatable.

Escape from the plateau, it is pointed out, is made impossible by the deserts that surround it.

Ten years ago, few had heard of the Kaibab deer. But the recent reports of the increase of the herd to almost unbelievable proportions, and the consequent decrease of forage with starvation threatening alarmed the government agencies responsible for the deer and appealed to the imagination and the dramatic sense of the people. Then these far-off deer began to appear on the front pages of the newspapers.

Officials of the government, men of the press, conservationists and naturalists from the east, private investigators and others—all of these made the pilgrimage across the desert to the plateau, and climbed on it to see about the deer.

The Kaibab plateau is about fifty miles from north to south, and thirty-five miles wide. It rises from the surrounding deserts sometimes in gentle hills, again in abrupt cliffs, to an ultimate height of nine thousand feet above the level of the sea and five thousand feet above its general surroundings. It comprises more than a million acres of land, three-fourths of it within the boundaries of the Kaibab National Forest and one-fourth, that lying along the rim of the Grand Canyon, is administered by the National Park Service.

The Grand Canyon of the Colorado forms the south boundary of the Kaibab plateau. The north rim of the canyon, as this is called, is some fifteen hundred feet higher than the southern rim, which is the one usually visited by tourists. It is more than a mile from the edge of the plateau to the bottom of the canyon below it—far enough so that a snowball thrown from the top in winter would probably melt before it got to the bottom.

Tons of literature have been broadcast throughout the country telling of the plight of the Kaibab deer herd which is said to have increased to such an extent that many die due to lack of forage. Outdoor America wants facts and to get these facts Donald Hough, well known to readers of this magazine, was commissioned to make an investigation of the situation.

This story is the first of a series of four articles covering his report of conditions as he found them.

It is evident, then, that the Kaibab is well fortified on this side.

On its western side the plateau falls in gentler slopes almost to the level of the surrounding deserts, where it abruptly terminates at Kanab Creek canyon, a miniature Grand Canyon which runs north and south from the hills of Utah to the Colorado. Thus the isolation of the plateau is made doubly secure on its western border: by the deep gorge of the Kanab canyon, two thousand feet from top to bottom, and by the vast desert that stretches westward beyond the canyon to the Trumbull mountains: a dim blue ridge on the horizon.

North of the Kaibab a series of colored ledges nearly ten thousand feet high marks the southern end of the Utah mountains, thirty miles away; and between the base of the Kaibab and the lowest of these ledges there lies a desert of cactus and sage

brush, as flat as the palm of your hand.

The separation of the Kaibab from its kind is complete, then, on the north.

The only attempt the Kaibab makes to join hands with its fellow mountains is on the northeast corner, where it sends a long arm out into the desert; and when the receding ridges of this scrubby extension at last reach the level of the desert, half the distance to the vermilion hills of Utah has been bridged. But the attempt is a failure—in fact, the ambitious ridge is more truly a raised portion of the desert than a lower part of the plateau.

On the east the plateau comes to an abrupt stop, and from its edge Babe Ruth could almost knock a ball onto the hot sands of the Painted Desert. Here the country that comes within the scope of your vision is so far flung that the Marble Canyon of the Colorado, an extension of the Grand Canyon, sinks insignificantly into the foreground while the land of the Navajos stretches to a horizon so distant that it is lost in the clear blue of the sky.

The Kaibab, it is evident, is completely cut off on its eastern side, and its geographical isolation is made complete.

The plateau is irregular in shape. Along all of its sides the water from melting snow has cut deep canyons as it rushed from the forest above to the desert below. These range from tributary grand canyons on the south, where the drop is directly into the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, to wooded and grassy gullies on the gentler sloping sides.



Ben Swapp points the way.

The points of land between the canyons thus formed are lower than the main part of the plateau, especially on the west and north, where the slopes are more gradual. On these points grow stunted juniper trees and the little pinon pine, and a variety of scraggly brushes peculiar to a semi-desert country. It is on these points and in the canyons and valleys that flank them, that the deer spend the winter out of reach of the heavy snows that cover the higher levels of the plateau.

From these points and canyons the plateau rises slowly until it reaches its highest level, then it is flat. This flat portion, on the very top, is only a few miles wide, but is quite long, forming a backbone the length of the plateau.

The major portion of the Kaibab, lying between the outer encircling points and the flat top, is covered with a magnificent forest of yellow pine. This is said to be the largest unbroken area of virgin forest in the United States. The pines are very large and tall, and the floor of the forest is as clean as the lawn of Central Park, carpeted only with the fallen needles of the big trees. The branches intermingle overhead, but it is possible to see as far as half a mile among the big yellow trunks. Here and there, especially in the grassy valleys, aspen trees and small conifers mingle with the yellow pine, forming a second forest beneath the branches of the first and making the most beautiful mixture of trees I have ever seen.

The top of the plateau, the long, narrow table land, is mostly a succession of open, grassy parks surrounded by a forest of trees smaller than usual—the yellow pine gives way to mixed spruce, fir and aspen growing in dense profusion. It is in the little gullies of the yellow pine section, and around the grassy parks on the top of the plateau, that the deer stay in summer.

The Kaibab forest is unlike most other forests. It is a dry forest. It is, really, a forested phase of the desert. Deep snows melt on it in the spring, but the water runs directly into the ground, trickles through underground crevices to reappear as springs or freshets that shoot out from the rock walls of the surrounding canyons. One of these, the Thunder river, roars out of the wall of the Grand Canyon a thousand feet below the rim and dashes down almost perpendicularly: draining the thirsty Kaibab from below much as a mechanic might drain the crank case of your car.

There are many springs like that—some of the proportions of a river like the Thunder, others much smaller—spouting out into the Grand Canyon and its tributary canyons far below the forest. When the snow is melting some of the resultant streams of water make a brave effort to run along the top of the ground or to form lakes, but ultimately they sink into the underground labyrinth that sucks the life blood from the forest floor.

Thus the Kaibab is a great mountain without any living streams on it excepting for a few trickling springs which are carefully guarded and conserved.

All of this is the background for the Kaibab deer. Thirty years ago, and more, the plateau was the open summer range for many thousands of sheep and cattle that wintered on the surrounding deserts. In 1893 the Kaibab was set aside as part of the Grand Canyon Forest Preserve. In 1906 the Grand Canyon Game Preserve, comprising virtually the entire plateau, was created by presidential proclamation and two years later the present Kaibab National Forest was defined. A little later that part of the plateau and forest lying along the rim of the Grand Canyon was separated from the National Forest and made a part of the newly created Grand Canyon National Monument, later the Grand Canyon National Park.

There had always been a good many deer on the Kaibab, but the herd first came under official notice when the game refuge was created in 1906, and first attracted the attention of the public between 1909 and 1912, when the deer began to increase following activities of the government in killing off the predatory animals. In 1909 the government hunters killed a number of mountain lions and coyotes and a few wildcats and wolves. The predatory animals were steadily eliminated until by 1923 about three thousand coyotes, six hundred and

seventy-four lions, one hundred and twenty wildcats and eleven wolves had been accounted for by the government and private hunters.

The deer herd began to increase noticeably in 1912, when it was estimated there were nine thousand on the plateau. A decrease in forage was found to coincide with the increase in deer, and since this was a government game sanctuary, there was nothing to do but to decrease the number of cattle grazing on the forest.

From 1912 to 1924 the Forest Service figures show the deer increasing, I suppose we might say, in leaps and bounds. The number was estimated at fifteen thousand by 1915, twenty thousand by 1921, twenty-five thousand by 1923, and thirty thousand by 1924, with the increase scheduled to continue in about the same ratio as speed is gathered by a falling body.

During these same years we find the records of the Forest Service show a proportionate decrease in livestock permits. From an indeterminate number of sheep and cattle grazing on the forest in earlier years, a reduction to fourteen thousand cattle and five thousand sheep was made by 1912. By 1916 the cattle had been further reduced to nine thousand head, and by 1924 the authorized permits provided for five thousand four hundred cattle and three thousand six hundred and fifty sheep.

It was along in 1922 and 1923 that the fireworks started that ended in the grand display last fall. The Kaibab deer were getting thin. The browse was getting even thinner. It was decided the feed was short because the deer ate it, and the reduction in cattle, which used a different kind of feed, wasn't doing



Repairing packs at Houserock.

A membership in the Izaak Walton League of America



a great deal of good. At the estimated rate of increase the deer herd was a close rival to Ellis Parker Butler's pigs and the alarm was sent out in official circles that something must be done.

Wave after wave of shock investigators moved on the forest, the government bureaus mobilized mimeograph machines and typewriters, and the Battle of the Kaibab Deer was on.

Interest reached national proportions in the summer of 1924 when the newspapers printed stories about the vast herd of deer that was starving on the Kaibab. It was a situation which readily appealed to the imagination: a great herd of deer on this isolated plateau fighting over the last sprig of clover, then lying down to die a miserable death. It soon became known over the country that the deer herd of the Kaibab was in a desperate way.

Everybody, from government officials to newspaper editors had a solution of the problem. The government bureaus didn't agree. The Forest Service leaned toward opening the game preserve and shooting the surplus; the Park Service didn't like this. Investigators went in one side of the Kaibab and came out the other with typewritten solutions and reports of the distress of the deer, coupled with predictions of an early decimation of the entire herd.

Reports stacked up and plans to relieve the deer were broadcast. Even as I sit here in the Kaibab forest writing this, I have before me a table piled knee deep with typed and printed matter and if the deer were only goats I could winter the whole herd on this forage alone.

The crisis came in August 1924 when a committee of investigators from the east, invited by the Forest Service to go into the Kaibab and take the Hindenburg line at all costs, boarded the train for the west and under the chaperonage of the Forest Service high command climbed up on the plateau.

The committee consisted of representatives of the Boone and Crockett Club, the Audubon Society, the American Livestock Breeders' Association, and the American Game Protective Association. The committee spent several days in the forest on horseback looking over the ranges and observing the deer. A public meeting was held at a central point in the forest, and local residents, government officials and others gave the members of the committee the benefit of their observations and experiences. The investigation was a thorough one, and every available consideration was weighed. It began to appear as though the problem of the Kaibab deer was nearing a solution.

The report of the committee was written and printed. The gist of the sixteen-page report was that the official estimate of twenty thousand deer in 1923 was conservative, that the herd would increase to twenty-six thousand in 1924 with propor-



The western edge of the Kaibab plateau from the foothills.

tionate increases in 1925 and future years, that the range was in deplorable condition where the heavy concentration of deer occurred and that the deer, mostly because of habit, would not change their range to more favorable portions of the plateau, and that one or all of three courses be pursued to the end that the herd be reduced by fifty per cent immediately.

The recommendations for this reduction of half the estimated twenty-six thousand deer, or thirteen thousand deer, were, first that the deer be captured alive, crated and moved to other ranges in various parts of the United States. In the event this did not accomplish the desired end, that the reduction be effected by regulated hunting. That final recourse, on the failure of the first two plans, be taken to the use of government hunters to kill the deer.

The report was made public. There was a murmur of disapproval over the killing plan, but the objectors held their fire until the first project, that of shipping the deer, be tried out. The Forest Service broadcast the news that they had Kaibab deer to give away. Applications for deer came in from all parts of America.

So the Forest Service set out to catch the deer. They found they could capture them all right, but the Kaibab is two hundred miles from the railroad and the crating, hauling and shipping was too much for deer nervous systems and the plan had to be abandoned.

This left the hunting plan to be tried next. The news that the game preserve would be opened to hunters was broadcast. The newspapers grabbed it eagerly and the "Slaughter of Fifteen Thousand Kaibab Deer" became a catch phrase all over the country.

A storm of protest arose. The National Park Service protested. The newspapers protested. Conservationists protested. Arizona sportsmen protested. Women and children protested. And last, but not least, Governor Hunt of Arizona protested.

But the Forest Service, with its diplomatic tentacles strained to the utmost, trying its best, after the ponderous manner of bureaus, to please everybody and hew to the line of its resolve to abide by the findings of the committee of conservationists, went on with its plans.

It was decided to open small areas on the east and west sides of the Kaibab, to hunting under strict regulation.

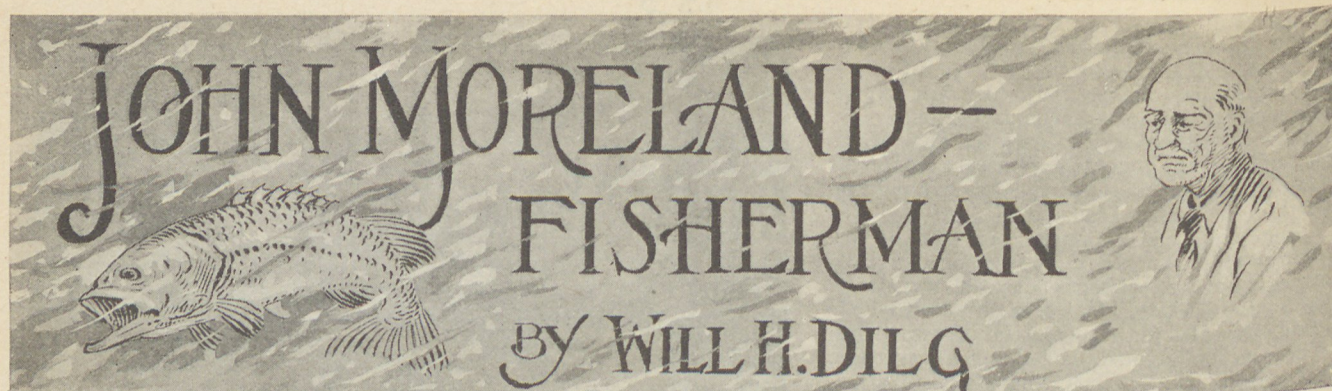
But Governor Hunt was shouting across the Grand Canyon, which separates the rest of Arizona from the Kaibab part, that the hunting could not take place on Arizona soil, which, since that was the only soil available in the Kaibab, meant no hunting at all. The Forest Service asked the governor to suggest a remedy to replace the hunting plan. A fellow Arizonian came to the front with a scheme to drive about eight thousand of the deer across the Grand Canyon into fertile ranges on the south rim.

[CONTINUED]
[ON PAGE 72]



The Kaibab plateau, seen from the desert.

Represents an obligation and a responsibility.



Illustrations by Wm. Schmedtgen

JOHN MORELAND was one of the old-time captains of industry. Nature had given him an iron constitution, tremendous energy, great initiative, and rare organizing genius. He was a high-power human dynamo and geared for speed. To this add unconquerable endurance and you have a fair picture of John Moreland.

He had never let up on work and never gave up anything he once decided to do. For fifty years he had proved his capacity to bend circumstances to his iron will. He did not know, and neither did he care, that Napoleon had said, "Circumstances, I make them," but it described Moreland's way of doing things. Those who got in his way were smashed. Without knowing it he was a pagan and ruthlessly rode rough shod over obstacles in the good old pagan way. Those who knew him best declared that business victories were the breath of life to him.

He utterly scorned pleasure. He was a constructor. To build was second nature to him. He hated the thought of rest.

Early and late he constructed and planned and built. Year in and year out this continued as though he were veritably a man of steel and iron and brass—like the big machines in his big works. But even machines of steel break down and John Moreland at last began to break. His heart first showed evidence of weakening. After two or three half-fainting spells he reluctantly called on his physician, though he hated doctors and nurses and medicines.

The physician after a careful examination said with solemnity, "You must take a rest, and you must take it now."

John Moreland felt like throwing him out of the window and in his younger days might have done it. "Frank Kimbark," he snorted, "rest, hell—rest would kill me. What I want you to do is to fix me up so I can attend to my business."

The physician bluntly told him it couldn't be done and that medicine wasn't worth anything in his case. Old Moreland glared in anger at the physician and then rushed out, furious at himself for having gone to see a fool doctor.

In red-hot anger he went back to his offices fully intending to make the fur fly. He stamped into the elevator still as mad as a hornet. A small boy was just asking the elevator man if he knew where Mr. Robert Patterson's office was. Old Moreland with a snort answered for the man:

"He's my secretary. What do you want of him?"

"I want to deliver this package," the boy said, and showed a long, round, leather case.

"What's that?" asked Moreland.

"It's a fishing-pole," said the boy.

"Give it to me, I'll deliver it."

Carrying the rod in his hand old Moreland entered his office and at once pressed a button. A tall, quiet-appearing young man responded. His eyes opened wide when he saw the rod in Moreland's hand.

"This thing belong to you?" Moreland inquired, holding it out.

"I did order a rod today, but how did you get hold of it?"

"Delivery boy wanted to know in the elevator where the

office of Mr. Robert Patterson was located and I told him you were my secretary and to give it to me. What did that thing cost?" asked Moreland.

"Oh," answered Patterson, "this is the best fly rod made and it cost seventy-five dollars."

"I wouldn't give seventy-five dollars for a wagon load of 'em!" Patterson smiled, "Well, I did hesitate a long time before I bought as expensive a rod as this, but you have no idea what a temptation such a rod is to an angler, especially for the Nipigon trip I'm starting on tomorrow."

"You're a light weight," asserted Moreland, and then 'phoned one of his superintendents and burned him up over the wire.

That evening old Moreland collapsed in the elevator and had to be carried to his car. When he regained consciousness he found Dr. Kimbark at his side.

"Well, I'm down again," said Moreland. "I want to know what you meant by a rest. I never rested in my life and don't know how to rest. I'm a busy man, as you know, and haven't the time to rest. Besides, I'd wear myself out trying."

"You must try," said the man of medicine; "if you don't, your days are very few. You not only need a rest but you need a good long rest and what's more you have got to do it every year. Your condition is quite like that of an electric battery that has just about exhausted its juice,

and you must be recharged and made fit again and, as I told you this afternoon, nothing but rest and fresh air can do it. Medicines are worthless in your case."

"Where will I go, what must I do?" asked Moreland.

"Do you like golf?" asked the physician.

"Don't like it, never tried it, don't want to try it, and hate the thought of it."

"What about traveling?"

"All right, I'll travel. Start right now, and you're going along with me."

"No, that won't do," said the doctor, "if I should go with you, you would always be thinking you were sick and talking about it. What you need is some form of recreation that will make you forget business; something you like to do. Surely there must be some form of outdoor life you enjoy. Now, stop and think, when you were a boy what did you like best?"

"When I was a very little boy I used to visit my grandfather in the country, and he was an old fisherman and he used to take me with him. I guess I liked that pretty well, if the fish bit fast enough. I haven't fished for over fifty years, and don't know how to begin. Guess we'd better advertise for a fisherman and hire one to go along with me. Hold on, there's my secretary! He says he's a fisherman. Anyway he bought a seventy-five dollar fishing-pole today."

"Seventy-five dollars for a fishing rod," repeated the doctor, "then he's the man of men to go fishing with you."

Robert Patterson was 'phoned for and soon arrived, carrying his rod and appearing much put out.

As he entered the room old Moreland said: "The doctor here says I've got to go fishing and if you know anything about fish-

A membership in the Izaak Walton League of America



ing you're going with me. We start tomorrow morning if the doctor says I'm in shape."

A look of utter dismay crept over Patterson's face. For an instant he hesitated and then said, "Mr. Moreland, I cannot go with you."

"Why? Why not?"

"For this reason," said Patterson, "all the year a fishing pal and I have planned two full weeks on the Nipigon. All our plans are made, guides and outfit engaged, and we start tomorrow. I doubt if you really want to go fishing, anyway, Mr. Moreland—"

"You're dead right, young man, *I don't*, but the doctor here says I must get out into the open or die, and I'm not ready to die yet by a jugful. Business is my sport and I know about business and I don't know or give a damn about outdoor sports. But when I was a little boy I sort o' liked to fish and maybe I could pass my time less miserably at that kind of nonsense."

"Mr. Moreland," said Patterson, "are you aware that fishing is an art and to master it even in a mediocre way is the work of a lifetime? Fishermen are born, not made, Mr. Moreland, and I don't think you have it in you to make a real fisherman, because if you had the passion for angling it would have developed long ago and if you had it in your blood like thousands of us have you wouldn't have been able to forbid yourself from practicing it all these years."

"I tell you, sir, the call of the woods and streams cannot be disobeyed, but it's useless for me to talk to you about something you simply can't understand. I'm afraid you haven't got it in you to learn to fish. I suppose I'm fired right now, and we'll let it go at that. Good-bye, sir, I'm off to show my pal this brand-new rod."

"Young man, how in hell do you know I can't learn to fish? Never been stumped yet on anything I made up my mind to do and no little thing like fishing is going to stump me now. Get me, young man, the doctor here says I got to do something interesting to me out of doors and I've just made up my mind that I'd like to fish even if I never knew it before and I'm going to be a fisherman and I start right now. I'm going down-town tomorrow morning and buy me a bundle of fishing-poles—"

"Rods," corrected Patterson, but Moreland went on as though he had not heard him.

"—and lines and hooks and sinkers and every damn thing I need. Though I'm not going to be fool enough to pay any such price as seventy-five dollars for a fishing-pole."

"Rod," again corrected Patterson. "And now, goodbye, Mr. Moreland, I'll give you the ancient wish of all true anglers —'the best of fisherman's luck'." At that Patterson hurriedly bowed himself out.

"Well, well, I'll be damned!" said Moreland, "what do you think of that cocky kid? I didn't know he had it in him."



Then they turned and rowed to shore and sat down under the shade of the trees.

Represents an obligation and a responsibility.



"You see, John," said the doctor, "fishermen belong to the brotherhood of Nature lovers and that young man meant just what he said. He wouldn't give up his Nipigon fishing trip with his pal for a pot of money, and I can't say that I blame him. About this time of the year many of my patients are bitten by the fishing-bug and there's only one thing to do with 'em and that is to send them with their rods and flies and lures to their favorite stream or lake. Now, mark me, John, I've known such men to fret for the streams until they really were sick. My plan is to send them away and many's the wife that has thanked me for doing it, because there is no living with a sick fisherman—he has got to go fishing. I don't suppose you understand, but it's true just the same, and I tell you, Moreland, big business men get the fever as bad as that boy has it."

"Big business men go fishing!" exclaimed Moreland.

"Oh! yes; really great men," said the doctor, "why, most of the Presidents of the United States have been fishermen and I know lots of big men who have been bit by the fishing-bug and when it gets a good start it means they are bitten for life. It begins to assert itself just as soon as Spring comes on and it grows fiercer day by day until it fairly becomes a fever. I have found there's only one way to handle such cases. I look them right in the centre of their eyes and say 'there's nothing the matter with you. You want to go fishing,' and it's amusing to catch the rippling smiles which shine all over their faces the instant I say it. I often envy such men and wish I were afflicted in the same way."

"Well, well, I'll be damned! Say, Frank, why can't you go with me and give me a good start?" said Moreland.

"Why, I don't know how to fish, I wish I did."

"Well, let's start together," said the testy old man.

"All right, I'll go with you," said the doctor with a twinkle in his eye he vainly tried to suppress. "I can't promise to stay but a few days, because I have a big operation to do in a week and I can't get out of it. In the meantime, I'll make up our mind where to go. I'll drop in, in the the morning, to look you over and if you're fit you can buy the fishing tackle. Now you go to bed and try to sleep till I see you tomorrow."

Then the doctor took his hat and started out of the room. When he reached the door he turned and said, "John, for years I have been studying the working of this fishing-bug and I've come to the conclusion that it's inherent in all of us. Everyone has it to some extent. We are the descendants of the old primordial man. He had to fish and hunt so that he might eat and we all have somewhere in our makeup an inherited longing for the big outdoors. Many of us never indulge it, but it's there just the same. There are thousands in this big city who have never fished or hunted and this is principally due to the fact that they cannot afford it. In plain words, they haven't the money. But this is certain, every man has the impulse to get out into the wild places and match his wits with the denizens of the woods and the fish of the streams and lakes. You have it. I have it, and every mother's son of us has it."

Upon which, the doctor made his exit, and as he sat in his car he ruminated to himself, "I've got the old boy hooked and I bet my medicine will put the old tyrant right again."

Meanwhile, Moreland tapped his fingers on the arm of his chair and said with a far-off look in his eyes: "Well, well; I'll be damned, I'll be damned."

The next morning Moreland was up at his usual early hour and as cross as a bear. About six-thirty he had a servant call up the doctor and ask him over for breakfast.

"Where are we going to do this fishing—made up your mind yet?" asked Moreland.

"Yes, I called up Rushton, he's one of those bugs I told you about yesterday. He thinks we might have pretty good luck on Plum Lake. It's on the Milwaukee and Saint Paul railroad. The train leaves at five and arrives early the next morning. I'm afraid we can't get reservations as Rushton said that train is usually packed with fishermen." "Leave that to me," said Moreland, "I'm a stockholder and know the president well."

"Rushton says it's a fine pine-wooded country," added the doctor.

They sat down to breakfast.

"I've been thinking of this fishing business and have decided we won't have a guide for the first day or two. We are both green hands and don't want to make a display of our ignorance. I figure it will take us a few hours before we get onto the hang of it," said Moreland.

"Never caught a fish in my life," said the doctor, "so you have nothing on me."

After breakfast Moreland was ready to buy the fishing tackle. He was driven to one of the big sporting-goods establishments. A pleasant-faced, grey-haired clerk approached.

"I want to buy a few fishin'-poles," said Moreland.

"Er, yes, some rods," responded the clerk, urbanely, with emphasis on the word "rods."

"Yes, some fishin'-poles," growled Moreland, with added emphasis on the word "poles."

"What kind of fish do you expect to catch?" inquired the clerk, politely.

"I expect to catch fish and I don't give a damn what kind. Look here, if you can't show me what you have in fishin'-poles I'll go some place else."

"I want very much to show you our stock, but I don't know what kind of a rod you want and until you tell me what kind of fish you are going after, I don't know how to begin. Now, if you are going after trout, here is the right kind for the lusty Nipigon trout. Sold one to Mr. Robert Patterson only yesterday."

"I don't want to see it. I wouldn't give seventy-five dollars for a dozen fishin'-poles," shouted Moreland.

"Do you expect to angle with live bait or artificial lures, and are you a bait caster or a fly fisherman?"

"I'm goin' fishin', that's all," thundered Moreland. "Now hurry up, and show me what you've got, but

[CONTINUED]
[ON PAGE 78]

A Letter from Gov. Trapp of Oklahoma



STATE OF OKLAHOMA
OFFICE OF THE GOVERNOR
OKLAHOMA CITY

May 14, 1925

Honorable Will H. Dill,
President, Izaak Walton League of America,
536 Lake Shore Drive,
Chicago, Illinois.

My dear Mr. Dill:

I was very sorry that ill health prevented your being present with us at McAlester upon the occasion of the Second Annual Convention of the state organization of Izaak Walton League of America, for we had a very splendid meeting and an excellent attendance from all parts of the state.

I am sure that it would have been an inspiration to you could you have noted the wide-spread interest this movement has commanded in Oklahoma. It had been my intention to appoint Mr. Stapleton as Chairman of our Fish and Game Commission, for he seemed to be the one man in the state best fitted to initiate this important work. The state lost one of its best citizens in his passing, and I know that your organization needed just such a man here in Oklahoma. Mr. Morley, the new President of the League in Oklahoma, however, is an outstanding citizen of the state, with a state-wide acquaintance, and I know that he will carry on this work in a commendable manner.

I am looking forward to meeting you here next year, and sincerely trust that nothing will occur to prevent your being with us at Ponca City.

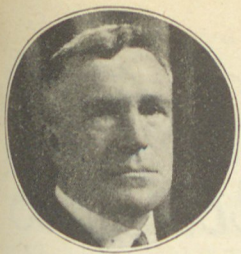
Very sincerely yours,

McL. Trapp
Governor.

MET:LP

The Oklahoma state division is doing a great work. They have the hearty cooperation of all state officials, and their second annual convention, recently held at McAlester, was a revelation to sportsmen of the southwest.

A membership in the Izaak Walton League of America



George Horace Lorimer

Burning up the Country

by George Horace Lorimer

Reprinted from The Saturday Evening Post

Illustration by Everett E. Lowry

IN the movement of the seasons there is hazard as well as joy. Summer brings vacation and recreation, but it likewise ushers in one of humanity's most dangerous enemies—the forest fire. Responsibility for contending against this great destroyer of wealth is accepted by no one, except by a few scattered and certainly not overpaid rangers. The millions who live in cities and towns or in agricultural areas remote from forests and brush cover take but passing interest in this recurrent annual killer, this fiend, the peer of war, panic and pestilence.

The older residents of forested regions declare that fires were worse in early days. But population was smaller and resources greater. It did not matter to pioneers if great tracts were burned over, provided only their own lives and those of their stock were not endangered. The timber itself was not needed, and plenty of water was to be had elsewhere. But TODAY the conservation of forest products is one of the chief necessities of national life. It is exceeded, however, by the need of water for large centers of population, and water in such volume can be gathered ONLY from extensive areas of forested or brush-covered land.

If air is the first necessity of life, water certainly ranks second. The carelessly regarded brush fires that are so often allowed to run through the smaller growths of bushes, ferns and mosses, may threaten the integrity of a watershed that supplies a metropolitan city. Cities and whole states carry on protracted legal and legislative battles for water-bearing lands, fearing or knowing there is not enough to go around. But the common enemy of all is too often permitted to run riot through the commonwealth.

To the extent that groundwork is laid for forest fires by an especially dry season, or when the immediate cause is lightning, we must acquiesce in fate. But even in a dry year the direct cause of a very large portion of all such conflagrations is not lightning, but the sheer carelessness of man as a camper, as a smoker and in the general role of going about in the open to suit his own sweet pleasure.

This fact is not a new discovery; it has none of the charm of novelty. Perhaps the very repetition of such warnings has

dulled the public ear. But a nation cannot survive which wastes its patrimony through sheer carelessness. If there is any sure test of national character it is the ability to maintain the natural wealth for the commonwealth. If we cannot do that, our place will be lost in time to peoples that have at least the rudiments of sense.

No one who thinks at all supposes, however, that heedlessness is going to continue. "Verboten" has been a byword of reproach to Germany. In Europe it seems to the American, with his freedom of action, that almost everything is forbidden.

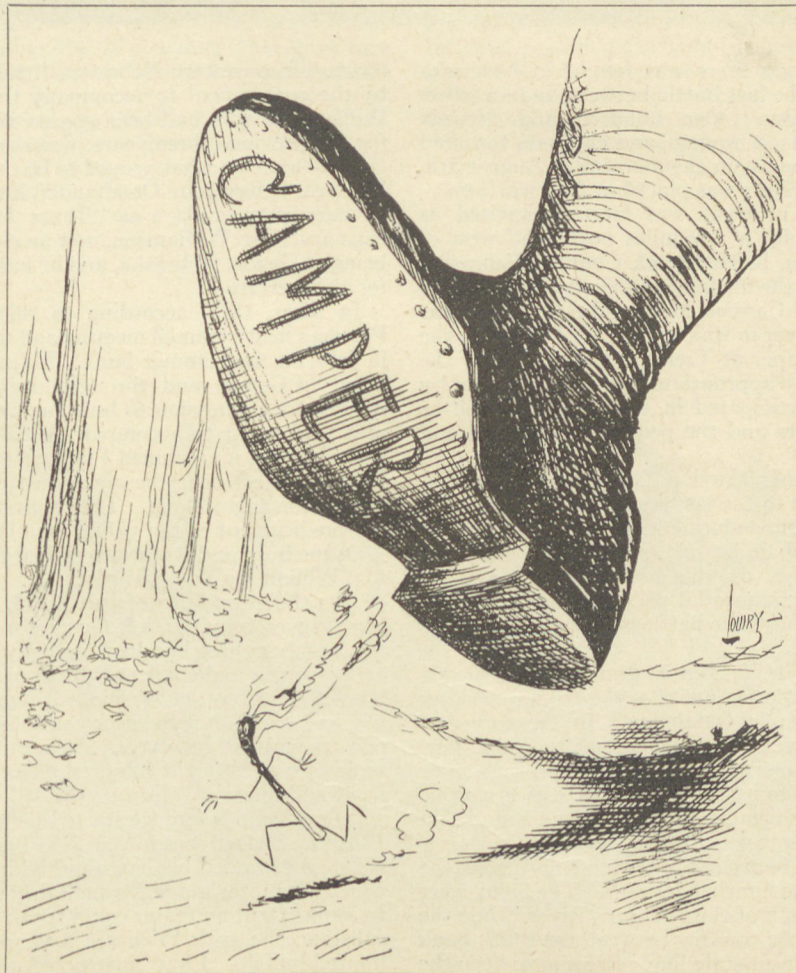
If we keep on with our thoughtless, inconsiderate ways, it will not be many years before Americans will be equally forbidden. Everywhere we travel a passport will be visaed, a tax imposed, a license renewed or revoked, a rebuke administered or barely avoided.

We are entering, it is to be feared, upon a period of universal summer surveillance and espionage. At the entrance to every park, forest, and mountain area, uniformed inspectors will give us more than the casual once-over of the past. It will be like traveling across a dozen European borders, and we shall pay in taxes for the support of an army of government employes whose sole duty will be to protect us from ourselves.

Does this seem a ridiculous picture? Obviously there are only three possibilities. The first is the destruction of the watersheds through erosion caused by fire. This means the depopulation of great cities, which is utterly unthinkable. The second possibility is a complete mending of our ways.

But can that come without a blow in the face? The consumption of cigarettes has increased something like 50 per cent in two years. Automobile travel and camping in forested areas are moving upward by leaps and bounds. Millions now have the money and leisure to break for the open who could not go there even a few years ago. Good roads are being built in every direction. Many observers insist that as a people we are constantly becoming more independent of convention, more unrestrained and free from control. Does it look as if we were about to mend our manners in the open? Consider but one of very many cases:

(Contd. on page 89)



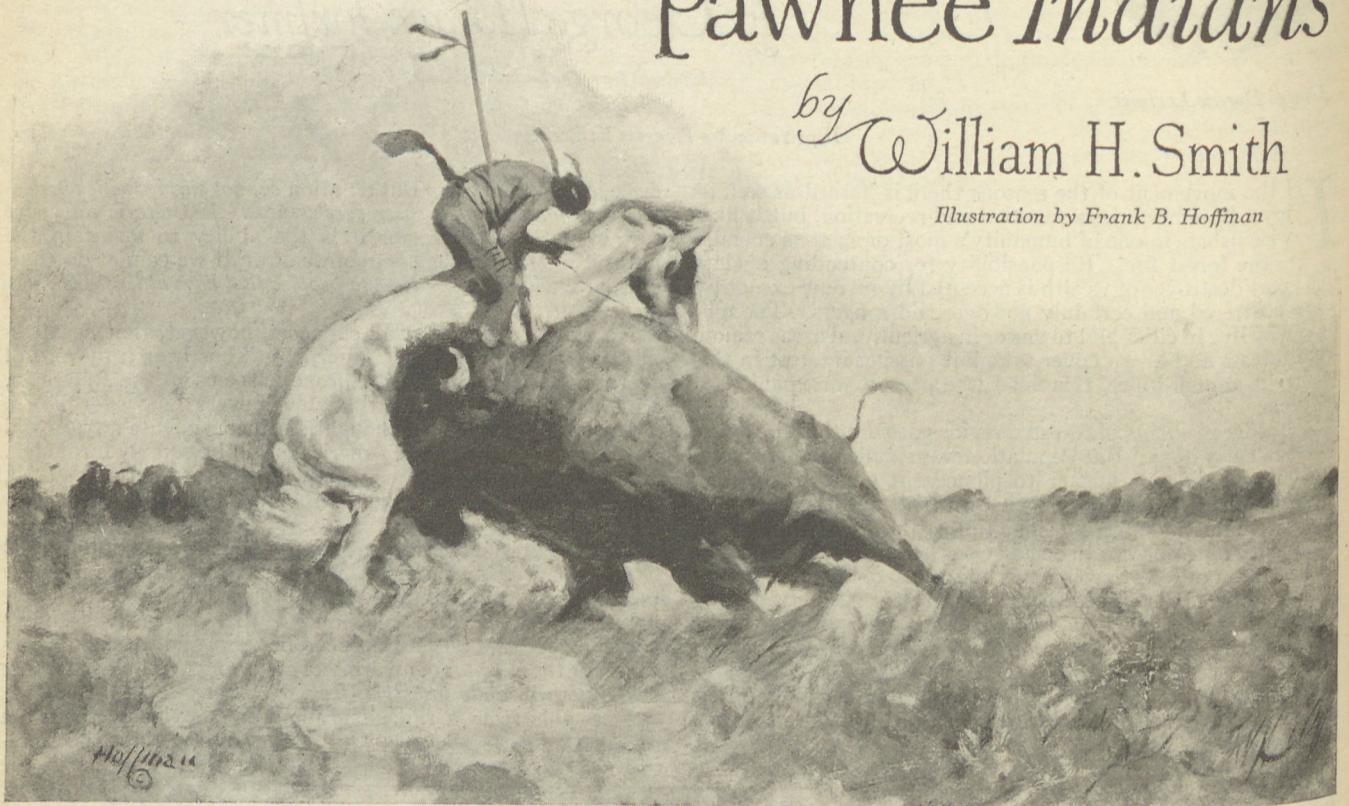
"Go get 'im!"

Represents an obligation and a responsibility.

The Last Buffalo Hunt of the Pawnee Indians

by William H. Smith

Illustration by Frank B. Hoffman



FIFTY-TWO years ago there was fought in Nebraska what proved to be the last battle between Indian tribes in the United States. One hundred and fifty-six Pawnees, including men, women, and children, forfeited their lives to their Sioux enemy on the morning of August 5th, 1873, while the loss to the Sioux was placed at fifty warriors.

The battle took place in what was later designated as "Massacre Canyon," a point a few miles north and west of where the town of Trenton, in Hitchcock County, Nebraska, now stands. In order that the memory of the massacre may be perpetuated, the Massacre Canyon Memorial Association has been formed, the prime mover in which is Mr. A. L. Taylor, the publisher of a local newspaper at Trenton, and each year the anniversary is observed with appropriate exercises, attended by surviving Indians who participated in the battle, as well as other members of the tribes and the people of Nebraska and the neighboring states.

Through the efforts of Mr. Taylor, Governor Charles W. Bryan, in his final message to the last session of the Nebraska legislature, included a recommendation for an appropriation for the erection of a memorial tablet on the battle ground, and Governor Adam McMullen, as the successor to Governor Bryan, re-endorsed the recommendation. An effort will also be made by Mr. Taylor to have the battleground designated by Congress as a national park.

The Pawnee Indians, in 1873, were stationed at the Genoa agency, in Nebraska, but the remnants of the tribe were later removed to the reservation in Oklahoma. In the spring of 1873 the Pawnees at the agency numbered two thousand four hundred and sixty, of whom six hundred were fighting men, or warriors. It was their custom to hunt buffalo twice a year. The summer hunt was for meat, tent material and moccasin leather, while the winter hunt was for meat and robes.

In order to avoid clashes between the Pawnees and Sioux the government had divided the hunting grounds. The Sioux were assigned to the country north of the Niobrara River, while the Pawnees were assigned to the country between the south bank of the Niobrara and the Kansas state line. In order to keep the Indians within the territory assigned them, and to prevent their molesting the homesteaders who at that time were pushing

forward into western Nebraska, "trail agents" were appointed by the government to accompany them on their hunt. J. W. Williamson, who had been connected with the Genoa agency for the previous three years, was designated as trail agent for the Pawnees, on what proved to be their last and ill-fated hunt. The year before John Omahauder, known throughout the West in those pioneer days as "Texas Jack," had served in that capacity. Mr. Williamson, now an old man, still lives, his home being at Genoa, Nebraska, and he has supplied most of the data for this narrative.

In May, 1873, according to this aged Indian scout, the Pawnees held a council meeting and decided to leave the agency in July, on the summer hunt. Major Burgess, a Quaker, was agent at Genoa, and through him the Indians made their request for permission to hunt, as well as for the appointment of a trail agent to accompany them. A few days before the start a young man named Platt, who was visiting an uncle (an Indian trader) near the agency requested of Mr. Williamson permission to go along. The request was gladly granted, and the predicament of the young man is told later.

Of the hunt and its fatal termination the story is best told in Mr. Williamson's own words:

"On the second day of July, 1873, the Pawnees, to the number of seven hundred, left Genoa for the hunting grounds. Of this number three hundred and fifty were men, the remainder being women and children. Most of the men were armed with bows and arrows, old-fashioned muzzle loading rifles, while a few had seven-shot Spencer carbines, and some carried Colt's powder and ball revolvers. All were mounted, and in addition took with them eight hundred extra ponies to pack home the meat and hides.

"Two hours before we started for the hunting grounds Chief Petah La Shauro sent for me. As I entered the council hall the old man extended his hand and addressed me in his language, which was interpreted for me, although I understood Pawnee to some extent and later could speak the language fluently. In substance he said: 'You are a young man. You have never hunted buffalo. I have instructed my people to take good care of you, and obey you. I want you to feel at home on this trip. You will be the guest of my son, Sun Chief.'



"Chief Petah La Shauro was about sixty years of age at the time, a magnificent specimen of physical manhood for his years. I consider him, intellectually, the greatest Indian I ever met. Had he been an educated white man he would have taken his place as a leader in state and national affairs. He was kind, considerate, sympathetic, but firm and just in his position as head of his tribe.

"Their way of traveling was on horseback, with extra horses to pack what they needed on the hunt and to carry back the meat and hides to the reservation. An average of ten to fifteen miles was all they could cover in a day. They would get up at break of day and be on their way to the next camping place by the time it was daylight, without taking time to get anything to eat. When a good camping place was found the squaws would do all the work, and the men would hunt and lie around the balance of the time. The men were the first to eat and the squaws and children got whatever there was left. Often there would be but very little left.

"We started on our journey by crossing the Loup River, two and one-half miles south of the agency, and camped on Prairie Creek about five miles from where the town of Silver Creek now stands. From there we went to the Platte River and followed up as far as Grand Island. We crossed the river near here and followed up on the south side to near where Lowell now stands. There we had our first excitement. I went to the town to get a square meal and some of the Indians went along. At the time a bunch of cowboys were in town for what they called a good time, drinking and shooting. I was standing in front of the hotel watching the excitement when I saw a cowboy ride out in the street and grab the rope from an Indian who was leading a pony. He jerked it away from the Indian and started across the prairie. I got on my horse and took after him, and when I overtook him I rode between him and the pony, cut the rope and took the pony back to the Indian, and told him to go down to the camp and tell the chiefs to send some of their men up as I could see there was going to be a rough time, for the cowboys were riding up and down the street shooting and raising Ned in general. I remember their scaring a four-horse immigrant team so that they got into such a mixup that the wagon was upset and the women and children were spilled out. It was not long before about one hundred and fifty of the Pawnee warriors came riding into town, and the handful of cowboys must have seen them, for it was not long until there was not a cowboy to be seen anywhere.

"The next day we moved on up the Platte to Plum Creek station, now Lexington, and from there we crossed to the

Republican River. The first buffalo we got was about five to eight miles from Plum Creek station. It was on a Sunday afternoon and the scouts located a lone buffalo that had evidently been driven out of the herd by the younger bulls. He was in a small canyon and the Indians lined up on each side of the canyon and shot their arrows into him until he looked like a porcupine. He was finally put out of his misery and died from the loss of blood. After cutting him open the men would take their knives and cut off a piece of liver, sop it in the blood and eat it raw. That was considered a brave act. They dared me to do the same. I did not intend to be outdone by them and looked upon as a coward, so I did likewise. They were surely a happy people after having killed their first buffalo.

"The country was not settled between Plum Creek and Arapahoe. The only habitation was a sod house on the divide. As soon as the Indians saw it some of the young men made for it. The first thing I knew the young devils were riding around the sod house as fast as their ponies could carry them. I started for the place and found a young woman standing in the door almost scared to death. Some of the Indians were grinding their knives on a sandstone, while others were still riding around the house when I reached the place. The woman was alone. She told me the Indians came and begged for something to eat, and on being refused became angry and began to tantalize her. I assured her they would not bother her any more, and she surely was glad when they went away. I have often wondered what would have happened had they been without anyone to keep them from molesting anyone. We then went on to the Republican River and crossed it at a place called Burton's Bend, and headed for the Beaver Creek.

"Before we reached the Beaver, signs indicated that buffalo had been in that vicinity recently and scouts were thrown out, a suitable location for a camp selected, and preparations made for the anticipated slaughter. No sooner had a halt been made than the scouts came riding in and reported that a herd of three or four hundred buffalo were feeding on the south slope of the divide between the Beaver and Prairie Dog creeks.

"Among white men the announcement that buffalo had been sighted would have created excitement and confusion. If the Pawnees were excited it was not apparent from any outward sign. There was no confusion, no haste. At the command of the chief presiding that day the hunters formed in the shape of a letter V. At the point rode one of the scouts with a spear decorated with colored feathers. There was no noise, no disorder, as the procession moved over the prairie that July day. The eye of every hunter was on the bunch of feathers on the end



A group of Sioux Indians who attended Massacre Canyon Anniversary last year. Represents an obligation and a responsibility.



of the spear carried by the scout. Suddenly the feathers disappeared. It was the signal that the hunt was on. With military precision the V-shaped formation straightened out, and three hundred and fifty Indians and one white man swept down the valley into that herd of buffalo. Each hunter selected a buffalo for his legitimate prey, cut it out, and riding up by the side of the fleeing animal, shot it down. Then, jumping from his pony, the hunter plunged his knife into the heart of the buffalo. In a short time the animal was skinned, the meat cut from around the bones, rolled into strips and bound together with thongs cut from the hide, and placed on the pony, brought into camp and turned over to the squaws who cured the meat and tanned the hides. For drying the meat the squaws erected willow poles where the meat was placed in strips and, in a few days, was cured.

"There must have been some white hunters watching the same herd, for we could see three or four covered wagons going for dear life down the valley ahead of the buffalo. Whoever they were, they must have been pretty badly scared when they saw three or four hundred Indians heave in sight. I can see those fellows yet putting the bud to their horses and making their getaway as fast as their horses could carry them.

"In this hunt one of the chiefs took charge of me and showed me how to cut out and kill my first buffalo. So expert were the Pawnees in killing buffalo that not one animal escaped death out of the several herds attacked.

"That night there was a great feast in camp. What Christian people call a prayer meeting was held, and the Great Spirit was thanked for His kindness, in sending His red children a bountiful supply of meat. While the feast was going on along pole was placed in the center of the camp, and on this was hung a large piece of cooked meat as a burnt offering to God.

"After leaving the south slope of the Beaver we moved up the valley of the Prairie Dog, then down that stream to the Kansas line, where another herd of buffalo was killed and the meat cured. Retracing our steps, we went up the valley of the Prairie Dog for fifteen miles, killing several small herd of buffalo en route.

"While hunting on the divide between the Beaver and Prairie Dog, I saw some of the Indian men riding around in a peculiar manner, so I rode up to where they were and found that they had a white hunter corralled at the head of a canyon. The poor fellow was almost frightened to death, and was standing up in his spring wagon swinging his arms and yelling at the top of his voice. I talked to the Indians and got them to quit. I think that fellow got out of that part of the country as quickly as he could. I don't think the Indians would have hurt him as long as he didn't show fight. They might have robbed him, and probably would have taken his horses had they not been made to quit.

"On the fourth day of August we reached the north bank of the Republican river and went into camp. At nine o'clock that evening three white men came into camp and reported to me that a large band of Sioux warriors were camped twenty-five miles northwest, waiting for an opportunity to attack the Pawnees. They said the Sioux had had scouts out spying on the Pawnees for several days, anticipating that we would move up the river where buffalo were feeding. Previous to this white men had visited us and warned us that we had best be on our guard against a Sioux attack. I was a little skeptical about the truth of the story told by our white visitors, but one of the men,

a young fellow about my own age, appeared to be so sincere in his efforts to impress upon me that the warning should be heeded that I took him to Sky Chief, who was in command that day, for a conference. Sky Chief said the men were liars, that they wanted to scare the Pawnees away from the hunting grounds so that the white men could kill buffalo for hides. He told me I was a squaw and a coward. I took exception to his remarks and retorted: 'I will go as far as you dare go. Don't forget that.'

"Now I will refer to the young man, Platt, who accompanied us on this hunt. When it was discovered that the Sioux were going to attack us he rode up to me and asked me what I was going to do, and I told him I was going to stay and see it through. He said he was going to leave us, which he did, and I did not blame him. I think I would have done the same thing had I been in his place. But I could not think of leaving the Indians and be branded as a coward, and also be taken to task for shirking my duty by the Indian office. The man who had charge of the Sioux did not stay with his Indians and was discharged from the service.

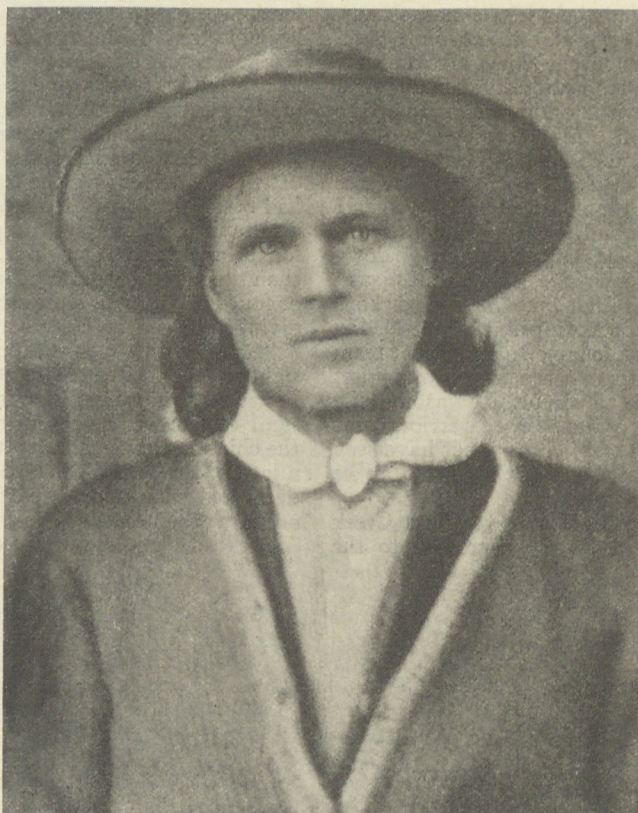
"The following morning, August 5th, we broke camp and started north up the divide between the Republican and Frenchman rivers. Soon after leaving camp Sky Chief rode up to me and, extending his hand, said: 'Shake, brother.' He recalled our little unpleasantness the night previous, and said he did not believe there was cause for alarm, and was so impressed with the belief that he had not taken the precaution to throw out scouts in the direction the Sioux were reported to be. A few minutes later a buffalo scout signaled that buffalo had been sighted in the distance, and Sky Chief rode out to engage in the hunt. I never saw him again. He had killed a buffalo and was skinning it when the advance guard of the Sioux shot and wounded him. The chief attempted to reach his horse, but before he was able to mount several of the enemy surrounded him. He died fighting. A Pawnee, who was skinning a buffalo a short distance away but managed to escape, told me how Sky Chief died.

"A young Indian was riding near me when the buffalo were reported in sight. He borrowed my gun and rode off to engage in the hunt. But he, too, was killed, and I never saw him or the gun again.

"We had not proceeded more than a mile after the departure of Sky Chief when I noticed a commotion at the head of the procession, which had suddenly stopped. I started to ride up to where three of the chiefs were talking, when a boy of sixteen rode up and stopped me. Dismounting he tied a strip of red flannel on the bridle of my horse, and after remounting told me that the Sioux were coming. What significance was attached to the red flannel on the bridle I was never able to learn.

"We were only about a hundred yards from the head of a canyon, or draw, that extended down to the river when the Sioux were reported coming and orders were shouted down the line for the squaws and children, together with the pack ponies, to take refuge in the canyon. The warriors were preparing to ride forth to meet the enemy. Coming to Chief Terra Reckons, who was surrounded by several of the leading men of the Skeede band, I suggested that we fall back down the canyon about two miles where there was a small grove of timber, and make a stand. The chief was in favor of the suggestion, but Fighting Bear, of the Kitahos, rebelled. He had fought the Sioux before, and said we could whip them [CONTINUED]

[ON PAGE 83]



J. W. Williamson, "Trail Agent" for the Pawnees on their last buffalo hunt, which terminated in the battle of Massacre Canyon. From a photograph taken soon after the battle.

King O'the Crest

by Gordon Eaton Bainbridge

Illustrated by Frank B. Hoffman

Author of "Wilderness and Men"

IT was Bobby Wilson's first contact with the mountain country. His father, a prominent Chicago physician, had promised him a sheep hunt when he reached the ripe old age of ten if his summer school report card showed a pleasing balance in favor of good deportment.

Bobby had shown such an exemplary spirit during the last six weeks that his card made the desired average by a rather narrow margin and his father (possibly recalling his own report cards) decided he should have the trip.

Bobby could hardly restrain his desire to shout as he and his father made the rounds of sporting goods stores in the city and picked out their equipment. He knew by heart the entire contents of each catalogue, and as they made the actual purchases his joy knew no bounds.

Finally the great day arrived and, bag and baggage, he and his mother and father boarded a train headed for the northwest.

They arrived in a little town at the foot of the Canadian Rockies and were greeted at the depot by Jake Godet, who had guided the senior Wilson for many years.

"Well, Jake, how goes it?" queried Dr. Wilson after the preliminary greetings had been dispensed with. "What are the chances for landing the old big boy this trip? I've been seeing him in my dreams ever since I missed him last fall."

The guide smiled. "I dunno, Dr. Wilson—seems like that ol' boy has a charmed life," he replied. "Two or three friends of yours are out on his trail now, an' from what I've heard they ain't havin' much luck."

"Well, don't you worry, Jake. I've brought a chap who has decided to mount that head. Come here, Bobby."

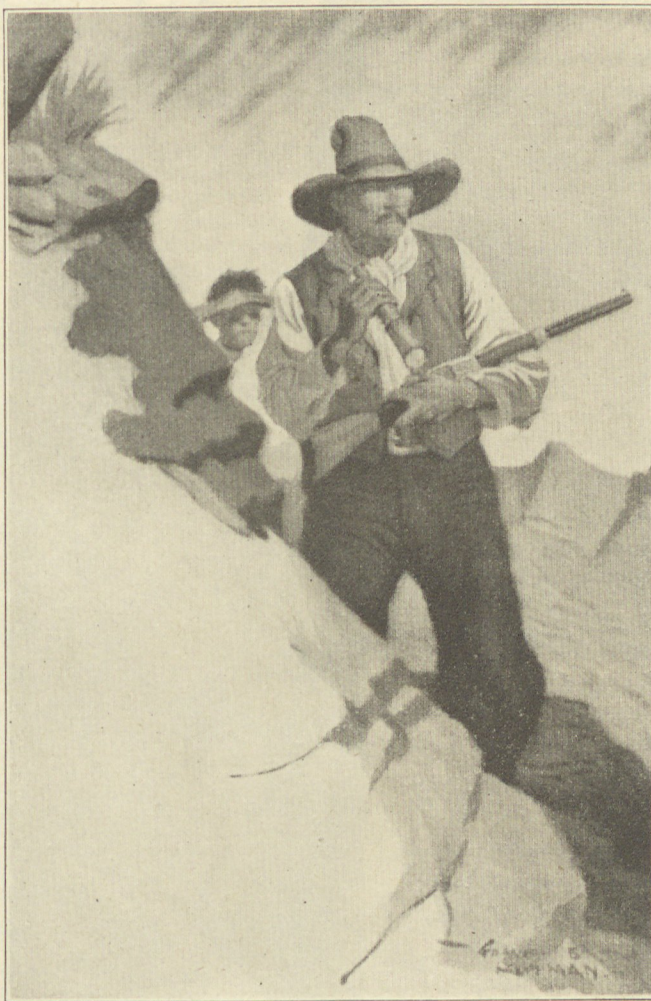
Bobby came bashfully forward.

"This is the fellow, Jake," Wilson said. "This boy of mine knows more about sheep hunting than both of us put together. He has waded through every book ever written on the subject, and I overheard him telling the maid before he left home that he'd show Dad how to get that ol' goat."

"Wouldn't be a-tall surprised, Dr. Wilson—he looks like a chip off of the old block," Jake returned, giving Bobby's hand a squeeze. "Well, folks, we'd better be gettin' along to the shack. I tol' Marthe we'd rush right out an' I'll bet she's waitin'."

The trip over the winding mountain roads was a marvelous thing to Bobby. Towering peaks and jutting crags awed him into his first silence. He sat staring out of the old battered siver as his mother and father in the back seat watched his amazement with keen appreciation.

Arriving at the camp they were greeted by Jake's wife and



"There he is, behind that rock," Bobby shouted.

lowed by a challenging bleat, a great scrambling above and the smashing impact of two heavy bodies.

Bobby, terrified, peeped from his hiding place.

Two magnificent mountain rams stood facing each other, pawing the ground and snorting not five feet away from him. Suddenly with horns lowered they rushed at each other. Their wicked little eyes gleamed. They crashed together, showering small stones and loose dirt down on the quivering boy.

With each succeeding rush they grew weaker. The larger of the rams seemed to wobble on his legs. His smaller adversary rushed at him and for a moment they balanced precariously on the edge of the chasm. Then they slowly fought around again to solid footing. Again the smaller ram struck and the old one went down on his side, struggling to regain his feet.

Once more the younger ram battered in, missing the head and striking the larger one amidships. The big ram lay quivering. Inexorable, the winning animal charged with all his remaining strength. The charge flung his enemy directly at Bobby's boulder and, with a thudding crash, the big body fell at Bobby's feet, its neck broken in the fall.

Bobby's control vanished. He yelled lustily.

At the sound of his voice the winner uttered a frightened bleat and vanished as Bobby started back down the trail at top speed, leaping into the arms of the guide, who

[CONTINUED
ON PAGE 88]

The Big Ball Rolls

by
Harold Titus

SALUTE TO THE TREES

[HENRY VAN DYKE]

Many a tree is found in the wood,
And every tree for its use is good;
Some for the strength of the gnarled root,
Some for the sweetness of flower or fruit;
Some for shelter against the storm,
And some to keep the hearthstone warm.
Some for the roof, and some for the beam,
And some for a boat to breast the stream;
In the wealth of the wood since the world began
The trees have offered their gifts to man.

But the glory of trees is more than their gifts;
'Tis a beautiful wonder of life that lifts
From a wrinkled seed in an earth-bound clod,
A column, an arch in the temple of God,
A pillar of power, a dome of delight,
A shrine of song, and a joy of sight;
Their roots are the nurses of rivers in birth,
Their leaves are alive with the breath of the earth;
They shelter the dwellings of man; and they bend
O'er his grave with the look of a loving friend.

I have camped in the whispering forests of pines,
I have slept in the shadow of olives and vines;
In the knees of an oak, at the foot of a palm,
I have found good rest and slumber's balm.
And now, when the morning gilds the boughs
Of the vaulted elm at the door of my house,
I open the window and make salute:
"God bless thy branches and feed thy root!
Thou hast lived before, live after me,
Thou ancient, friendly, faithful tree."

Photograph by Lindley Eddy

AMAZING things happen. With no more to-do than an investigation by a senate committee, Congress takes the biggest step yet made toward bringing back to productive life the millions of cut-over acres that were once a nation's forest lands, by the passage of the Clarke-McNary Bill.

Quite as a matter of course, a half dozen states that have never given legal aid to this big chore of reforestation, accept the help that Congress offers and are on their way to the formation of a real forest program.

Other states, such as Michigan and Pennsylvania, which have both done much—though not enough—toward solving their idle land puzzle, take the revolutionary steps.

And now the Izaak Walton League, particularly in Michigan, blazes a new path toward the rehabilitation of our devastated out-of-doors.

At the League's National Convention in Chicago a committee

on reforestation recommended specifically the creation of community forests as an activity of the organization. That was in April. Within the month community forests, sponsored by League chapters, were actually under way. Not proposed; not planned. But forest trees actually were being planted! And from this example private undertakings of surprising proportions took root until it seems certain that the Michigan Ikes have started something which, within the next few years, will sweep the country.

To the Mason County chapter goes the palm of the earliest activity. In that county lie several hundred acres of tax-delinquent land, land which once grew splendid timber but which, since being lumbered, has produced nothing, has been ravaged by forest fire and has been reckoned so much a liability that the owners let title go to the commonwealth rather than pay taxes.

The Mason County Waltonians called in Marcus Schaaf, state

A membership in the Izaak Walton League of America



forester, had him select for them a site of one hundred and sixty acres that promises to grow pine again without undue difficulty, arranged with the Department of Conservation so that this land will not be offered for sale and called in the Boy Scouts of the territory to aid in planting white and Norway pine seedlings to the number of ten thousand. Of course, this planting covers only a small fraction of the area, but it is a beginning, and additional plantings will be made spring and fall until the tract is covered.

Furthermore, this chapter's reforestation committee, working with the county agent, has prevailed on a number of farmers to set aside small tracts of idle land on their farms, set mixed stands of white pine and spruce, will underwrite the expense, and look for reimbursement when the spruce is ready to harvest for the Christmas tree trade, which should be well within the decade.

To the Traverse City chapter goes the credit of sponsoring the first truly municipal forest in the Wolverine state and one of the first in the middle west. This community owns its own hydro-electric power plants and around one of the dam sites on the Boardman River lie eight hundred acres of municipally-owned, idle, cut-over pine lands. The chapter interested the City Commission in dedicating this acreage to the purpose of a city forest, the state Department of Conservation was called on to survey the piece and draw up a planting plan and on May 27th, the first day of American Forest Week, four-score citizens of the region—League members and non-members alike—worked shoulder to shoulder setting the first plantation of six acres of white pine.

More recently the Cadillac chapter has accepted from the Cummer-Diggins Lumber company three sections of cut-over hardwood land in Wexford County and will administer the two thousand acres as a municipal forest.

Inspired by this activity a corporation in Cheboygan County planted forty thousand white pine seedlings; an individual in Manistee County set sixty-five thousand; farmers in Muskegon County put small tracts under operation, and at a dozen other points the actual planting of trees by individuals and groups went on to augment the increased planting program being carried out on the State Forests.

Other chapters of the League in the Lake States are making inquiries about procedure with the determination to create community forests this fall or next spring. Queries are coming from more distant points. Truly, it appears that the ball has started to roll!

It isn't a new idea, this one of community forests. It is centuries old. It isn't even new in the United States. One of the League's consulting foresters will tell more about it in a forthcoming issue of OUTDOOR AMERICA. But it is a big idea, a practical idea, and it is to be hoped that the I. W. L. A. will make it a common and popular idea before another planting season has arrived.



Without the forests, they die.



Mason County Boy Scouts, who did the planting, Dr. J. W. Loppenthein, chairman of the Chapter reforestation committee, Charles J. Hansen, chairman of the publicity committee.

Represents an obligation and a responsibility.

The Fisherman

by Zane Grey

Illustration by Frank Stick

THE leaven of evil was working in Lorry Dunn. But his consciousness for the moment knew only a different kind of thrill, a dark excitation of spirit, the enticing first sensations of forbidden fruit.

The house in question was situated down by the river near the railroad tracks, in a neighborhood that was lonely and dark. Lorry and Harvey followed Charlie Hawes through an alleyway to the rear of the house, where Charlie knocked on a door. Lorry held his breath. He seemed to be crossing a threshold into tremendous strife, a raw wildness of unknown forces. Or the instant a sudden reluctance and fear assailed him. But it was too late. The door opened.

A tall, blonde, handsome woman, huge of form, welcomed them into a cosy little parlor, warmly tinted and strongly redolent of perfume. Lorry strove to act naturally, but he could not have spoken a word.

"Girls, here's company," called Jumbo, in a mellow pleasant voice.

A young woman entered. Her appearance made Lorry gasp. She was somehow shockingly beautiful. Her face shone white in the lamp-light. She had large wine-dark eyes, under which lay heavy shadows. Her lips appeared too red to be natural. Her hair was auburn, long and wavy. Arms and shoulders and breast were bare, white as snow.

After two steps into the parlor she halted. The hawk-like expression of her eyes changed to astonishment, and something too illusive for Lorry to grasp. She wheeled to Jumbo.

"Do you expect us to entertain these kids?" she queried sharply.

"Certainly I do," replied the proprietress, just as sharply.

"I will not do it," protested the other.

A mocking high-pitched laugh pealed from an adjoining room, followed by a rustle of silk.

"Laurie, it's fun to rob the cradle," said a voice that matched the laugh. Then the owner of it entered the parlor. She presented a contrast to the girl called Laurie. Even more scantily clad, she was short and voluptuous, with a baby face, and big blue eyes.

"Why, here's my Charlie boy," she trilled.

Just then there came a quick hard knock on the door. Suddenly the parlor was silent as a tomb. The girls stiffened. Manifestly they recognized that knock. It came again, louder.

"Who's there?" demanded Jumbo, with her blonde head bent to the door.

"Open in the name of the law. Your house is surrounded," replied an authoritative voice.

"We're pinched," cried the little girl, gayly.

"Oh, it's tough on these boys!" exclaimed the one named Laurie, and there was genuine distress in her voice.

Jumbo cursed under her breath and then opened the door. Two men strode in. Lorry recognized the first one as Lieutenant Weaver, chief of police. When he espied the boys he was plainly astonished and disconcerted.

"Weaver, you'll not arrest these boys," asserted Jumbo.

"I've got to do my duty," replied the officer. "How did I know you had some kids here? . . . You'll get a long sentence for this, Jumbo."

She glared and swore at him. Evidently there was enmity between them. The situation was not improved by the fact that Harvey and Charlie began to cry. Lorry was too stunned for any expression of feeling. A revulsion surged over him, and suddenly his legs were weak. Arrested in a house of ill-fame!

Then he thought of his mother and Homer, and a horrible despairing remorse assailed him. The girl Laurie was looking at him with understanding and sympathetic eyes.

"Weaver, you must not arrest these boys," she begged. "It will mean ruin. Let this be a lesson to them. Take it out on us and let them off."

"Shut up, you hussy! You're a fine one to preach," growled the officer. "Hurry up—get on your hats and coats. . . . Bates, take the women in the patrol-wagon. I'll walk these boys to the station and go the back way."

Before Lorry realized what was happening he was led out into the dark night by Lieutenant Weaver. Charlie and Harvey were in charge of other officers. They disappeared in the gloom.

"Lorry, if your mother finds this out it will half kill her," said the Lieutenant.

"Can't you—keep it—secret?" faltered Lorry.

"I'll do my best. We'll get your fathers over and send for Mayor Ritchie."

"Oh, I could never—thank you enough," replied Lorry. A hope rose in him that it might not turn out so terribly. He was sure no one saw him on the way to the station, and that was added relief. Lorry was led through corridors into the jail, and locked in a cell already occupied by Charlie and Harvey. Both boys appeared more upset than ever; indeed they roused in Lorry a kind of contempt.

"Can't you take your medicine?" he asked, disgustedly, of Charlie Hawes. But Charlie did not raise his head from his hands or cease his moanings. Harvey sat in the corner, utterly dejected and shaken.

Lorry walked to and fro. He felt of the iron cage-like door. Yes, he was locked in a cell. The horror of it! Suddenly a white hand and arm flashed through the grating from the adjoining cell. It grasped Lorry's coat.

"Look here, Lorry," said a voice. Then Lorry realized the girls had been locked in the adjoining cell. By flattening his face against the grating Lorry could see the girl Laurie. "You're a game lad. I'm sorry. You fell in with bad company. . . . I'd like to believe you'll never go into such a house again."

The voice was low and earnest, the white hand pressed Lorry's arm.

"I—never will," whispered Lorry, and his thought flashed to the old fisherman.

"Keep away from bad women—like me," she went on. "Only ruin can come of it, for such as you. I know."

She squeezed his arm and then let go. The white hand slipped back through the grating. Lorry turned away to sit down on the bench. Was this girl Laurie a bad woman, as she confessed? He pondered over that.

It was two o'clock in the morning when the three boys were led from the cell into the dim court-room. Mayor Ritchie sat behind the high desk. Lorry saw his father, pale of face and stern. Harvey's father was there, and Charlie's mother. She had been weeping. In a very few moments Mayor Ritchie had dismissed the boys. Lorry found himself out in the cool gray darkness walking beside his father. He expected a terrible upbraiding and threats of direful punishment, but they were not forthcoming. Gradually it dawned upon Lorry that his father was too deeply shocked to think of punishment. Finally Lorry burst out with his story, without excuse for himself, without a word against the boys who had led him astray.

A membership in the Izaak Walton League of America



Licking Creek was high, and the season early. Fishing, both bait and bass, was rather unproductive.

"Weaver said you'd just got in that woman's house when he came. Was he telling the truth?" replied his father.

"Yes. We hadn't been in there more than two minutes," answered Lorry.

That was the only time his father spoke during the long walk back to the Terrace. The gray of dawn was breaking in the east. Lorry faced his mother with a sense of hateful guilt. She had not been in bed. At sight of him the strained look of worry left her. He told her, as he had told his father. She did not reproach him. Lorry went to his room and crept in beside Homer.

Next day Lorry went to school as usual. No one could have suspected the dread under which he labored. In a few days his fears, and those of his comrades in guilt, were almost lulled. But they felt relieved too soon. Mayor Ritchie gave Jumbo such a hard sentence that the poor woman drank concentrated lye and died in her cell. This focussed attention on the arrest and gradually the truth became known. To men about town at first, then to the boys, and lastly to the girls.

Lorry saw his disgrace, his ruin in the averted faces of his old friends. Yet the blow did not make him bow his head. He accepted the fact and resigned himself to it. A coldness and aloofness settled upon him. As far as the boys were concerned his escapade had only enhanced his individuality. Most of them liked him the better. Many of the girls, too, would have stood by him, had he permitted such loyalty. Alice Fall and Bell Dugdale met him with frank open eyes of undefiled faith, but Lorry would have neither their sympathy nor championship. As for the three girls he had loved and who had flouted him before this catastrophe, Lorry passed them at school and on the street as indifferently as if he had been a prince and they of lowly estate. His heart was sore, but they could no longer hurt him. Soon, to his infinite relief,

Represents an obligation and a responsibility.

the long vacation came, and Lorry forgot his troubles.

Lorry heard his mother say to his father: "Let the boy out of work in town this summer. It will be better for him to be away from people. Let him fish to his heart's content."

His father had not acquiesced without demurring, but at length was persuaded. Lorry's blood leaped with the import of his mother's words, yet somehow they stung. What had he done that he would be better away from people? Disgraced himself! Yet the shame Lorry suffered was not on his own account, but for those whom he had so grievously hurt. Somehow his conscience would not hold him greatly guilty.

So Lorry began his fishing in a strange earnestness. He relied on it for something—he knew not what. But it seemed to be what his mother had hinted. Lorry felt a sweet strong persuasive influence telling him that in fishing all troubles would be alleviated, all perplexing problems levelled, all evils made as if they had not been. That he doubted this proved a brooding morbidness had fastened upon him. Lorry did not betray even to his mother how really bad his case was. He was not yet sixteen, and he had forced upon him a significance of the battle of life. Lorry accepted it, not resignedly, but with secret passionate revolt. For his mother's sake, for Homer's sake more than all else, because he felt responsible for the boy, he resolved to do something great with his life. A second thought wavered hauntingly in his consciousness—he would fool these sarcastic people who gossiped that Lorry Dunn had been born to be hanged. As for those shallow fickle girls—they would live to see the day they would be glad to recognize him. How would he repay them? The dark instinct of revenge stirred in Lorry. But he killed it in its incipency. "Not for me—not that kind of stuff!" he brooded. "That's for fellows like Ralfe Danis and Billy Fillman. Never for me! . . . I might not for-

[CONTINUED]
[ON PAGE 77]



IT was at a luncheon, and the subject was bass, of course, and when the name of Clare Briggs was mentioned in connection with some whopper or other, I casually admitted to Will H. Dilg, President of the Izaak Walton League, that it was I who started the quarrel between the famous cartoonist and the equally famous small-mouth variety.

That was a mistake, and instantly I recognized it as such, but the cat was already out of the bag. There was no use trying to dodge this assignment, and anyone who ever has argued with Will H. Dilg at close range, especially when he thinks he scents "copy" for *OUTDOOR AMERICA*, will tell you that I was properly hooked before I started. With the impetuous Will H., it was not a case of "Now It Can Be Told," but a case of "Now It Must Be Told," so, without further ado—unless my stock of perpendicular pronouns runs short—here's the simple story of how Briggs came to take up bass:

Few names in the field of American journalism are more familiarly known than is the careless, almost illegible signature of C. A. Briggs, the cartoonist, and none, it is safe to say, occupies a warmer spot in the affections of our people. We know Briggs as the originator of "When a Feller Needs a Friend," and a dozen other popular series, but above all is he known as the creator of that classic autograph of American childhood, "The Days of Real Sport." But Briggs' fame is too well established to require comment here, and besides, the object of this sketch is not to discuss Briggs, the cartoonist, but Briggs, the bass fisherman.

It has been my good fortune to spend a part of several happy summers with Briggs, on, or near the water, and I can assure you that he is just the kind of fellow you would expect him to be, from his pictures, and that's saying a whole lot, but in case some of you have been reading how he taught the bass up Meddybumps way how to take a joke, and are under the impression, just because you have seen him pictured as one of the judges in a big prize fishing contest, that he has been in the game since pinhook days, I must state that Briggs was not always an angler.

Some of you old fishermen may have wondered before now why piscatorial subjects are so rarely pictured in "The Days of Real Sport," and you may even recall, now that I mention it, that the cartoonist, who seems to have shared so richly in the life he depicts, always has been most careful to keep "Buck" and the other members of his little brood safely away from the river. There is, of course, a reason for this apparent caution, which I, as temporary Boswell, find it necessary, not only for the sake of this yarn, and the point thereof, but for your own information, to explain.

Those of us who have been raised on the banks of lake or stream are only too well aware of how the waters take their toll, and when, as in Briggs' case, the boy who failed to come pattering home from the old swimmin' hole at dusk, chanced to be a brother, we can readily understand that the days of real sport the young cartoonist was to enjoy on the river were to be few indeed. That tragic happening also explains why it remained for me, in later years, to lure Briggs to the waters and the bass.

On the season to which I refer, the Briggs family had rented ex-Postmaster Coyne's summer home on Lake Beulah, and my wife and I were their guests for a fortnight. It was a delightful location and the house was a large, spooky, old place, with big empty rooms and uncarpeted stairs; cool and hospitable in broad daylight, but with just enough mysterious moaning and sighing of winds through the corridors to give the nights a proper atmosphere of dread.

A boat house went with the deal, and to bind the bargain, the P. M. had thrown in an ancient gasoline cruiser. We furnished our own yachting caps.

It was an ideal spot in which to do absolutely nothing, so while Briggs toiled in the not far distant city, laying the corner stones of his present fame and fortune, the rest of us lolled in midsummer indolence. To vary the monotony, I undertook to keep the children away from the boat house, where their grandpa, Frank Owen, had established his experimental station.

Frank was the gentlest soul in the world, but he seemed to take a delight in tormenting the poor old gas engine, and when the two locked horns in the boat house it was time to get out the first aid kit. This engine, so called, might have been induced



It was quite exciting—that waiting behind a tree for the dull explosion.



to behave less impulsively had Frank kept his matches dry—or even handy—but his idea of starting the thing was to first turn on the combustibles, and while we raced for cover, start looking for matches.

It was quite exciting—that waiting behind a tree for the dull explosion that never failed to reward our patience—and I still can see the old boat house shudder from the blast, and Frank's hat come floating through the doorway on the crest of a smoke wave.

But I never could understand how he escaped serious injury in these experiments, and one day, after he had achieved three terrific explosions in a row, and the smoke was boiling from every crack and crevice in the shed, even the ladies stopped tating long enough to run down to investigate. We expected to find the remains in bad order, but happily, Frank was only a trifle singed. He had changed his mind, however, about taking us all out for a sail on the lake, and instead, to escape our kindly intended words of advice, put off alone in the small boat to fish for bullheads.

And so the golden summer days—three of them—drifted by before I captured Beelzebub. Beelzebub, by the way, was a giant bull frog, and the minute I laid eyes on him something seemed to tell me that that frog was destined to make bass history. There may be other frogs as large as Beelzebub, but you would have to go out at night with a dark lantern to find them, and besides, this fellow was gentle with children, and soon became a great pet. Furthermore, I had forgotten to bring my tackle box, and bait was not to be had, so we were saving the creature for a grand flourish.

When Briggs arrived Friday afternoon I commenced to suspect he was not exactly a bug on fishing. He had forgotten to bring the tackle I had ordered, but when he saw the large frog I had saved for him, his face brightened—until he learned that it was to be used as bait. That will serve to show what sort of fisherman Briggs was at this stage of the game—he actually figured on eating the only hunk of bait for miles around—and when I explained my scheme for going out early for bass next morning, you can't imagine two men showing a greater lack of interest in an enterprise. Both Clare and Frank acted as though I were trying to inveigle them into a plot to blow up the Government, and I was able to win them over only by describing the beauties of Nature at the witching hour of dawn.

The alarm clock was true to its trust next morning, and while we had planned to slip out very quietly, without

disturbing the women's and children's sector, we soon found that it couldn't be done. The voice of the entire household was instantly raised in warnings, cautions, and dismal predictions, as though we were planning to embark upon not only a very foolish, but an unlawful project, and to wind up, the children, sensing foul play for their pet, demanded the privilege of a last fond farewell to old Beelzebub. This was very touching, but as though our spirits were not sufficiently dampened, we were even given a bad eye by the tramp watch dog as we filtered guiltily into the night. It was plain the beast sniffed mischief in the wind.

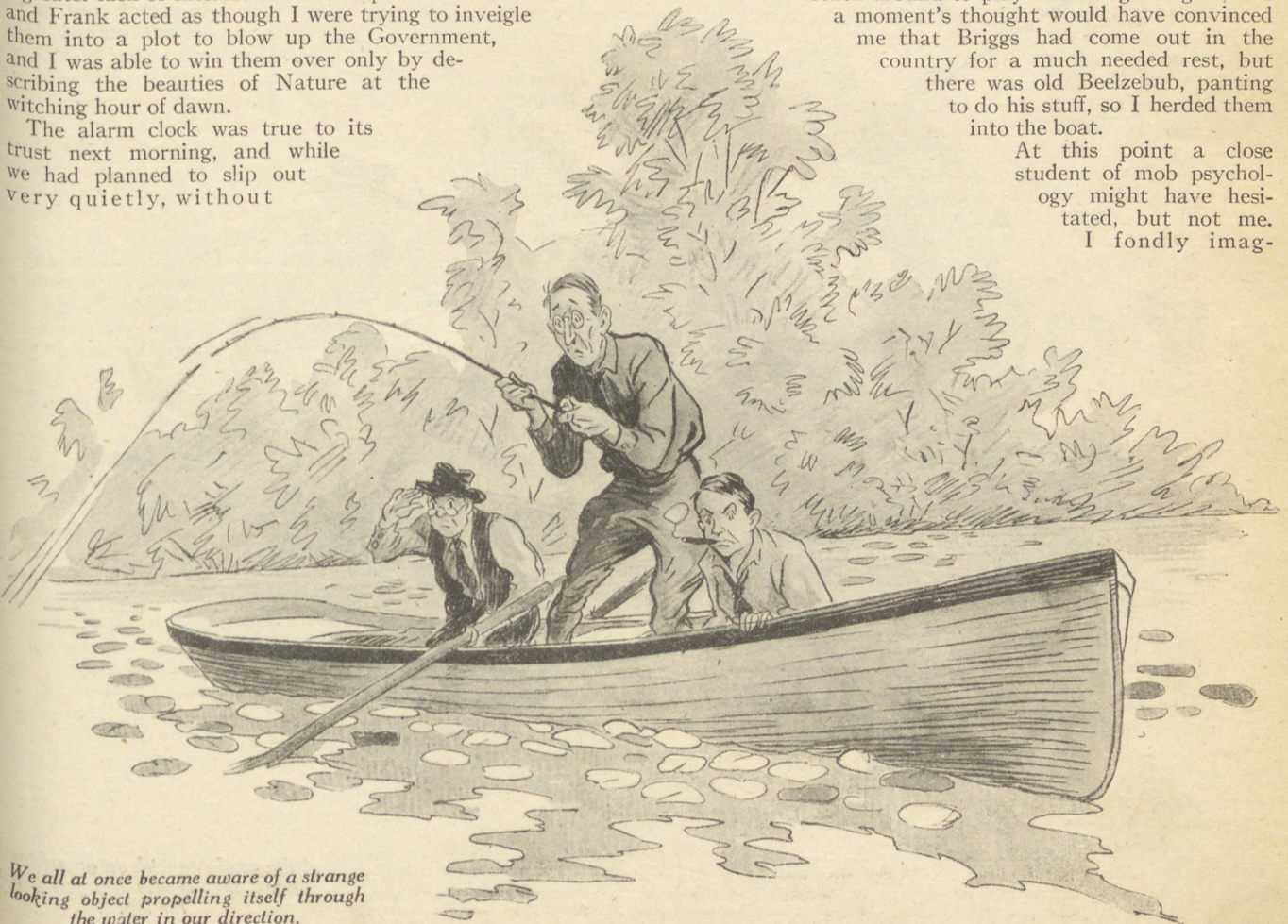
Briggs, like his cartoons, is habitually cheerful, but upon this particular morning the humorist was grave and silent, and for a moment I had the feeling that in my enthusiasm over catching a fish—a mere fish that a housewife might buy at any market—I had succeeded in getting everybody into a confoundedly ill humor. Perhaps it should be stated in extenuation that I was not aware at the time of Briggs' aversion to deep waters; neither did I know that he had taken the place only upon the agent's assurance that the lake had been completely fished out, but without this inside information it was perfectly plain to me that if I were to make good, I would have to act as my own cheer leader.

I had gone too far, however, to back down, and while the little birds were not twittering in the tree tops, as advertised, and while the rosy fingers of the dawn were not as yet apparent to the naked but anxious eye, I had great hopes that when the good old sun did come up, things would brighten perceptibly.

The boat house—never a cheerful place—was steeped in gloom and moisture; a ghostly fog was rolling in from the lake; and when, owing to low visibility, one of my fellow conspirators—I didn't bother to inquire which—stepped off the landing into two feet of water, instead of hailing the misadventure with shout and banter, as is customary among gentlemen bound on an early morning fishing excursion, I noticed that the incident was passed over as scarcely amusing. The proper spirit was entirely lacking.

Of course I knew Frank would have rather stuck around to play with his gas engine, and a moment's thought would have convinced me that Briggs had come out in the country for a much needed rest, but there was old Beelzebub, panting to do his stuff, so I herded them into the boat.

At this point a close student of mob psychology might have hesitated, but not me. I fondly imag-



We all at once became aware of a strange looking object propelling itself through the water in our direction.



ined myself among friends—a trifle dopey, perhaps, but nevertheless, friends—while, as a matter of fact, all those two birds needed just then was a leader. Yes, sir, I realize it now! Rather than go a-fishing before daylight on that, or any other misty morning, I actually believe they would have shoved me in and gone back to bed with a clear conscience. The duties and obligations of a host had been taxed to the breaking point.

I had noticed that in picking out a good spot, most old fishermen choose that end of the lake directly opposite wherever they happen to be, and in accordance with this plan I had decided upon a distant field of lily pads that I had once visited with the children, but when we finally cast off, we were immediately swallowed up by the mists, and I was forced to steer by dead reckoning.

It was a most singular experience, and one for which I was not entirely to blame, but after rowing for half an hour through what, for all intents and purposes might have been a dense cloud, without sighting land of any description, I realized that something had gone wrong with my dead reckoning, and we were lost. There was no immediate help for it, and to put heart into my companions—they were still apathetic—I took advantage of the silence, and this strange situation to relate a yarn, or rather a legend of the lake that I had picked up from one of the natives during the week.

Years ago, according to the story, a certain fisherman had gone out just before daybreak, as was his custom, to fish, and was never heard of more, except—get this—on certain other misty mornings when some other lone fisherman had reported having been surprised at his sport by a man in a row boat. After hallooing from a distance, the spectre, for such it was supposed to be, had vanished as though dissolved in mist, and it is needless to say the lone fisherman disappeared shortly afterward, though only in the direction of home, be it said.

When this story fell flat, I decided to throw up my job as life of the party, and it

occurred to me all at once that I was as damp and chilly as the next fellow, but just as I was beginning to feel good and sorry for myself, the soft thud of Beelzebub's nose on the roof of his pasteboard prison restored my morale. Instantly the old hunch came back that that frog was destined to make bass history, and the next stroke of the oars sent the boat into a little island, not three hundred yards from our starting place.

The sun was coming up at last to dispel the mists, and as Briggs and his father-in-law crouched over a can of worms, I transfixed my sacrifice and stood up for the cast. For some time we had been conscious of the thump of oarlocks at a distance, and now discerned in the mists a shadowy boat with a single occupant. Then an incident happened that I have thought of many times since. Just as I poised for the cast, a hollow voice came out of the fog: "Halloo!" it called. "Throw a right out there and you'll get a big one!"

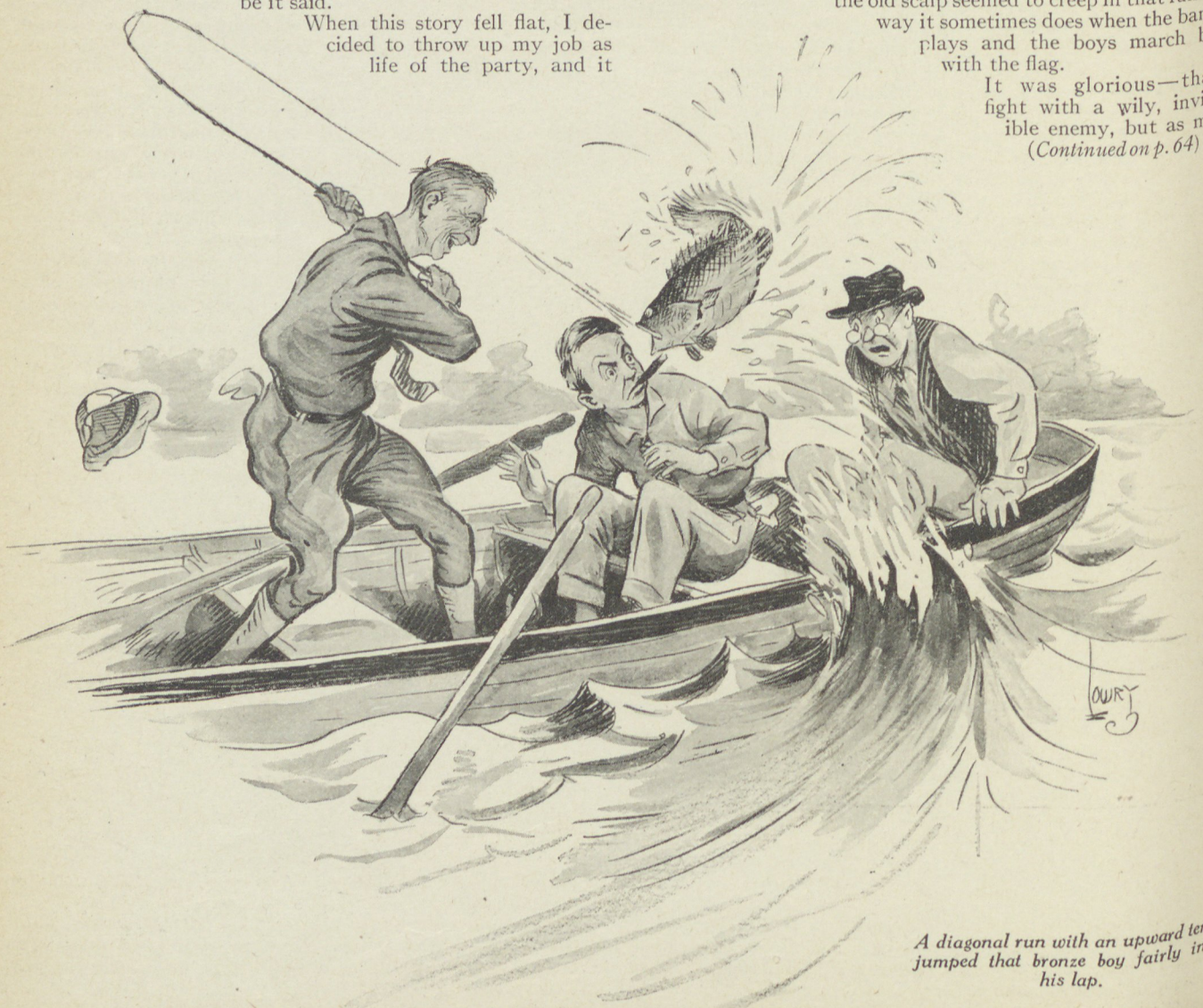
We all three heard the voice, and saw the figure of a man standing in the boat. He was pointing at a spot some distance out from shore, and while to be thus accosted by a total stranger struck me a trifle odd, nevertheless I was all ready to shoot, and immediately sent Beelzebub whirling toward the point indicated. The old boy was as heavy as a horseshoe, and with a good swinging start he went high and far, his varnished body describing a glittering parabola in the morning sunshine as he stripped the spool.

Smack! Bang!! "I've got him!!!"

Those three sounds followed each other with startling rapidity, but when I turned to thank my friend, the mists had cleared and ours was the only boat visible on the lake.

It seems to me that we should have taken more account of this phenomenon at the time, but just then I was too busy to bother with matters supernatural. At the first jerk I knew I had socked a whopper, and as my jaw muscles snapped rigid, the old scalp seemed to creep in that funny way it sometimes does when the band plays and the boys march by with the flag.

It was glorious—that fight with a wily, invisible enemy, but as my
(Continued on p. 64)



A diagonal run with an upward tend jumped that bronze boy fairly into his lap.

The Proposed I.W.L.A. Endowment Fund

by E.C. Kemper

TO YOU and to me—just average members—the Izaak Walton League of America is the living symbol of a cherished and almost secret religion. It is the symbol of our love for the earth as God made it, and for the creatures of the earth as God made them. It is the tangible spirit of our dreams of the present—and it is our only hope for the future. It is the thing which can save for us, and for our sons, at least enough of unspoiled nature to keep alive within us and them that dim but steady burning philosophy, commonly referred to as the Love of the Out-of-Doors. This philosophy, or religion, is a gift of the Gods. It is rarely acquired. It is latent in the soul of the individual and grows with self-expression, or it does not exist. None but those fortunate men and women who have this gift can comprehend the reality of it and the powerful influence which it exerts over human lives.

It has always seemed to me that the Hunters, and the Fishers, and the Outdoorsmen are a group set apart; that there is a mysterious bond which makes them brothers at heart, which gives them a unity of spirit and a common point of view existing in no other realm.

The Izaak Walton League is the spontaneous, tangible expression of this unity of spirit and of this religion of nature. The League has thus taken a position and fills a place new to our time and country—perhaps new in the history of the world. And upon each of its members rests the privilege and the duty of building for the League a foundation which will make it as perpetual as the ideals for which it stands.

The League, like any other national organization, cannot function and cannot accomplish our purposes unless it is organized on right principles and unless it is operated under sound financial methods.

The League is organized on the right principles of democracy. But its future usefulness is not assured until it has a financial background of sufficient strength to carry it through any emergency, and of sufficient strength to force respect from the commercial instincts of those whom it must win to its cause or force aside in the accomplishing of its purposes.

As one sure method of building up a financial background, it is proposed in this memorandum that the League, through its Executive Committee, undertake to establish a great Endowment Fund.

The purposes of such a fund are set forth in the following paragraphs, which might be used as a basis for By-Law additions:

Endowment Fund

The Fourth (next) Annual Convention, by the adoption of this By-law, creates an Endowment Fund which is intended to be inviolate as to its principal so long as the Izaak Walton League of America shall endure.

The Board of Directors shall add to the principal of the Endowment Fund all income from the Fund itself not otherwise duly appropriated.

Represents an obligation and a responsibility.

The Endowment Fund shall be invested by the Board of Directors in securities approved by law for trust funds.

The income of the Endowment Fund shall be used only for the accomplishment of the objects of the League, or for the increase of the principal of the Fund.

The Board of Directors, or its Executive Committee, shall make, at a legally called meeting, any appropriations from the income of the fund, and shall specify the purposes for which such appropriations are to be used.

The Board of Directors shall report to the succeeding Convention the nature and amounts of such appropriations, the results accomplished, and the total expenditures; and they shall report to each Convention on the status of the entire fund, as at the end of the preceding fiscal year.

There are various ways by which an endowment fund can be established.

As the magazine grows in circulation there will be surplus profits. The time may come when a certain percentage of the dues, say 10%, can be set aside for the Endowment Fund. But these things are not possible now, so it is suggested

that facilities be developed, through the pages of OUTDOOR AMERICA, to make it convenient for every member to incorporate in his will a gift to the Endowment Fund of the Izaak Walton League of America.

Such a procedure, if generally adopted, would soon build up an Endowment Fund of a million dollars, the income from which would give the League a freedom in action it can never have until it is financially independent.

The following forms are suggested:

Form of Testamentary Disposition

Bequest of Personal Property

I give and bequeath unto the Izaak Walton League of America, incorporated under the laws of the State of Illinois, its successors and assigns, the sum of Dollars, free of tax.

Devise of Real Property

I give and devise unto the Izaak Walton League of America, incorporated under the laws of the State of Illinois, its successors and assigns, the following described real estate, free of tax: (Here follows description of real property.)

These two forms of gift—if an Endowment Fund is established—should be printed monthly or quarterly in OUTDOOR AMERICA, with a brief paragraph explaining their purpose.

The League is composed of more than 100,000 devoted men and women. There is hardly one of them who would not remember the League in his last will and testament if it were made easy for him to do so.

There are many who would carry \$1,000 of additional insurance for the sake of the League, and there are some of our members, through their ability

[CONTINUED]
[ON PAGE 65]

The Harvest of the Marching Days

by El Comancho

Illustration by John Thoman

RIVER-running isn't just going down hill with a stream of water. Even an Ohio River coal barge hand knows that.

There are foggy mornings which wipe out horizons and gray the waters and turn the map upside down, so the sun rises in the west and one travels with his head wrapped in a wet blanket if he travels at all, which he does not on a stream that carries traffic because the traffic won't let him.

Nor does he run then with the twisting course of such small waters as the Little River, because one must see all its contours and follow its bends with his eye ahead, else disaster reaches up and grips the speeding keel in some wild rapid where the bottom is too close to the top for safe passage.

It is a wise man who knows the ways of the underwaters and can tell you what and why for things as they are and not otherwise.

David did not guess at anything belonging to the wilderness, but told you clearly and positively; nor was he mistaken, for his was the knowledge, of slow acquisition, that comes with the passing years and, through many repetitions, leaves nothing unproven.

Professor McGregor, in whose eyes the shadow of time abided, saw David tried again and again and always victorious against nature.

There were days when the fangs and claws of accident came close, but just before it happened David sheered away or stopped in midleap like the hunting wolf and fended off, and it was knowledge, backed by good muscle, health, and judgment which did it.

The grizzled Scot missed none of the play, but rested quietly on his years and let his young captain go, with a chuckle in his throat and a warming of his clannish heart for this younger brother of his own tribe and kind of men.

Each day's run sunk the north star nearer the horizon of that night's camp, and the cargo of specimens grew as the valley of the Little River gave to science such as McGregor selected.

Many times it was David's sharp eye and gun that brought the hunted thing to bag; sometimes his trapping skill brought reward in furred or feathered creature or his woodcraft knowledge spelled success.

Killing was necessary though distasteful, and always tempered with the mercy of speed and knowledge of vital anatomy which saved or excluded pain and suffering, for David would have none of that even in the cause of science.

So the days went northing as the expedition rode with the flowing waters in the last languorous days of perpetual Indian summer.

At Kansas City they picked up the heavy outfit with its steam powered launch, and thence on with the yellow current of the Missouri and on again to the greater river, and with it fared south again to the cypress swamps and thence into the spreading miles of sawgrass delta and a winter camp.

All the way David turned his hand to the necessary thing and spent much time with Professor McGregor, skinning, dissecting and preparing specimens for shipment north, or actually mounting such as field work allowed, using a preservative of the old Scotchman's own which embalmed and left the specimen safe when cured and dry.

Soon Professor McGregor was as a father to his son and David responded with a friendship as stable as time, and by his apprenticeship accumulated knowledge of technique imparted by the older man, who gleaned his bygone days that he might pass on to David the best that experience had given him, and loved the boy the more.

All field books were at David's command, and on such days and nights as storm or stress enforced idleness David turned to book study until they could give him nothing more.

"Son," said McGregor, "another year and ye will be the best field mon in natural science in the world and ye can sign

If you like these stories drop me a line and tell me so; drop me a line and tell me why you don't if you have a kick coming; I like to please you if I know what you want.

El Comancho.

on as collector for the museum ye may choose and at such pay as ye demand, for ye hae real knowledge, mon, ye do that!"

And that, from granite-hard McGregor, was fulsome praise indeed, because

bluntly honest and not obtainable for other cause than truth.

So the delta gave of its teeming winter life such enrichment in collection after collection as to send the fame of McGregor's museum abroad across the land, and David Summers' name was familiarly on the tongues of the clan of researchers far and near; he was marked as a coming man sitting in the lap of the Gods and to be sought out and listened to as one listens at the feet of Knowledge.

Nor did this fame miss the ears of a girl waiting in the snow blanketed north where the Little River, locked 'neath its sheet of ice, waited the coming of spring.

She saw praise of David in news prints informing the state citizenry concerning the progress of this museum expedition; David wrote of his work and how fared the saw-grass world where winter never came and the Grackles chattered with the small wild folk in the waterways which cut through the level delta, meandering to outlet in brackish seas.

Once or twice sly old McGregor, who'd found time by taking it, wrote a sheet or two of meaty scrawls which carried as much between the lines as he imparted in the written word, and these he dropped secretly into the mail, addressed to June.

Well he knew, in the heart of him, the pride of woman in her man's achievements, for woman, all, are still in the stone age which loved fiercely and fought any and all who'd interfere.

And June, her hours centered on her Davie, brooked no interference with her joy of loving him from afar.

So went her winter where winds, tearing out of the bitter northwest, howled banshee songs along the open valley of the Little River and forced the mercury down until the iron hard ice boomed with the searing cold and reached bottom in all but the deeps where the channel cats hung motionless for hours with only such gill action as proved them to be still alive, but nothing more.

The bank beaver even curled tight in his burrow den, deep and snug lined with grass against the Arctic breath, passed the time rolled up with nose and paws and tail buried deep in his own long fur, nor awoke or dived into the liquid cold to bring bark burdened sticks from sunken food store for three days at a stretch—and sometimes even more.

Trees, that winter, split under the wedge of frost and let go with pistol-shot effects across the still, white nights.

Quails were found frozen solid in coveys even in the refuges under the silent drifts where they had always before been safe among the down crushed grasses that made snugly sheltered cave-rooms and furnished feed for them usually when the temperature went low; this year the bitter cold killed, even here.

We, who went out with guns for game, came across dead prairie chickens with wings still extended as in flight, strung along in straggling companies on top of the wind blown drifts, sometimes a dozen—as often fifty in one group, and they were no less than granite hard, for each and all of them had met death on the wing and died in the air while seeking to beat across the wind after shelter of river bottom groves of wild rose thickets that broke the force of ice toothed blizzards in which no living thing survived.

Even the predatory wild cats and the gray wolves, murdering free booters, both, grew gaunt and thin of belly ere spring unlocked the land and the nights were mournful with their wailing protests to the silver moon.

Snug in the fortress of well built and provisioned home, David's mother lived content and shared the hours with the forward dreaming June, whose songs were all of David and days to come, and the lilt and light o' love warmed even the iron winter cold from the hearts of this mother and the wife-to-be who



lived and waited the coming of their idol with the warming breath of spring.

Elsewhere others were also watching south, for McGregor's expedition had accomplished more than the enrichment of the museum alone.

The guild of scholars who garrisoned the University were roused by one whose work was delving back into the past in order to advance the knowledge of today; he had gone deeply into the records of old Spain and the doings of Cortez and his motley crew of religiously fanatical adventurers who'd made murder a pastime as they had journeyed northward from old Mexico in search of plunder and converts to their blood drenched cross.

Thereby the University, and through it the citizenry at large, came to hear of those wondrous seven cities of Cibola, whose mythic wealth had lured the adventurers of Spain from Aztec land to high latitudes—and death in a hostile country where every hand was raised in self protection against blood soaked piety which the old padres strove to force on such unfortunates as fell into their power.

And so it came about that the University traced, through history, the Spanish trail up from the south even to the valley of the Little River, and by this smooth road then onto the flat and shallow valley of the great stream coming from the West, the Nee-brath-kah, "River-of-sandy-shallows" of the Sioux, which white men lay down on their maps and, overlooking romance, prosaically named the Platte.

Search of musty records brought much more to light, and the public came to know that in the days gone by the Little River had been the storm center of continuous war between many tribes of wild men, each of whom coveted it for a hunting ground.

Otoes and Omahas, from the north, Sacs, Foxes and Pawnees from the northeast and east, Miss-iss-soo-ras from the southeast, the powerful Kansahs from the south, Arapahoes from the southwest, sometimes the Utes and Hack-arms, from

the west, or fierce Crows, or Sioux, from the northwest, had sent hunting and war parties into the Little River valley for plunder or rich rewards in game—and the chance for their young men to get the taste of war and smell of blood and to bring home scalps over which to dance and sing their deeds.

Thus, broadcast across the land, the fame of the Little River grew apace.

Still fresh enough to be traced across the rolling hills which flowed away to the west, the deep-bitten ruts of the famed old Road to Oregon came up from Independence, Missouri, to the mouth of the Little River, where it crossed the Ford of the Kansas, at what is now Topeka, and fared northwestward up the low flat delta of the smaller stream to split to westward by way of the old Pony Express route going to Fort Kearney, and by the Military road northward to the Platte, where it merged with the Council Bluffs branch that reached the Platte by way of Omaha.

Between these two came the middle fork of the Oregon Trail, crossing the Missouri at Brownville and Nebraska City, and joining into one, reached westward to ford the Little River and vanish into the haze by way of the valleys of Little Blue and the Big Sandy and so to Fort Kearney, where the whole of these became the great Overland Trail of wild romance and mournful history, for it was one of those routes of migratory fame that go to make the long, long Road-of-men up which the species has come ever since it learned to walk on its hind legs and carry burdens in its front paws.

Thus, the glamour of romance and the dead hand of the past was laid on David's beloved Little River and the University, with the deliberate way of such institutions, organized a campaign which would delve into the past, the present and the future of the Little River—and it was done.

Men read in McGregor's reports and in the daily log of the museum expedition, such short statements as these:

"The soil is deep, black alluvial deposit laid down on limestone or sandstone bedrock [CONTINUED ON PAGE 80]



And Jule smiled and comforted her lonely heart with ripe love for her sister, who, by favor of the gods, was to mother David's child. Represents an obligation and a responsibility.

Fooling with Sharks

by Dr. Charles K. Stillman

Illustration by the Author

THE members of the shark family may be said to be half established as game fishes. In due time no doubt they will be fully enshrined as such, following a kind of general law that the fewer fishes there are to catch the more important become those survivors which are capable of giving an argument on the rod.

The shark did not figure with the old timers for recreational purposes. Today there are those who feel for the genus a kind of tempered enthusiasm. Tomorrow, we may discover the shark earnestly sought as an important major game fish with its habits, haunts, life-histories, and peculiarities as thoroughly gone into as are those of better known congeners of the deep.

Most anglers have had their contacts with sharks while in quest of something else: the shark as a rule providing the big event of the day. He comes unwelcome and unbidden, he seizes the bait that was intended for nobler game, he raises the mischief, and departs safe and satisfied.

"Yes, I hooked nothing but a shark," says the honorable J. F. Blank, recounting recent exploits; but later on he is surprised and perhaps a bit ashamed to realize that he did get a big thrill out of it and that he remembers the episode rather better on the whole than what happened before and after with sundry channel bass, tarpon, amberjack or tuna. The honorable Blank need feel no bashfulness in admitting that he had a good time with his shark. The shark, it is true, is not much as to looks; it has certain vulgar habits and an unsavory reputation handed down on the annals of men from generation to generation, but its looks are quite endurable with familiarity and its age old reputation was not acquired at the end of a twenty-four thread line. The honorable Blank will find that there is even precedent for a respectful attitude towards *Squalus*, *Sphyrna* et al., for some very able anglers and noted sportsmen, including the late Dr. Charles F. Holder, have testified strongly in its favor. My own personal affection for these fish is not so intense that I would pass up for them tuna or other major game fish, but I think that members of the shark family are decidedly worth one's attention in the absence of more choice species. My contacts with them have been confined in the main to the off-shore waters of southern New England, notably about Block Island, R. I., where they are at times fairly plentiful in summer, and a good deal of a nuisance to the tuna fishermen.

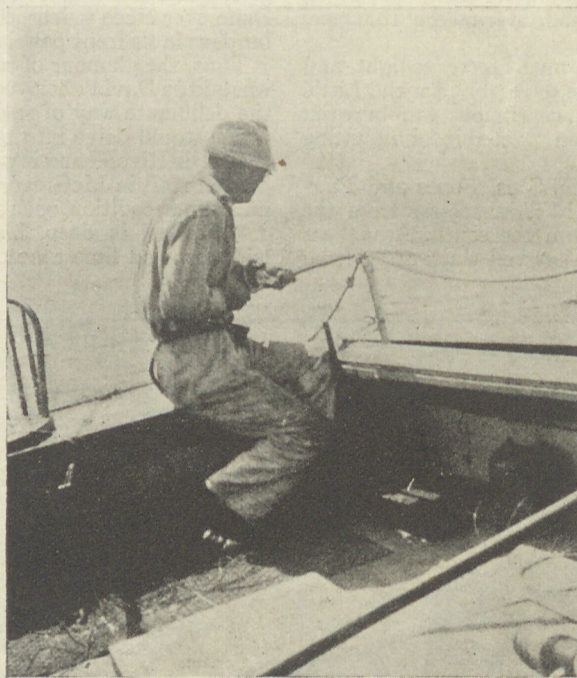
The varieties mainly there are the blue shark or Milbert's shark (*Carcharhinus milberti*-Jordan and Evermann), the mackerel shark (*Isurus dekayi*), the hammerhead shark (*Sphyrna zygaena*), and the great white shark (*Squalus carcharias* L.), also known as the gray shark or man-eater. Other varieties are met with, but the odds are that one or another of the above will be hooked. Blue sharks preponderate in numbers, with the man-eater second. These species differ from one another in appearance and behavior and show pronounced variation in game qualities; indeed these divergences are not only marked between species and species, but between individuals

of the same species as well. There is as much contrast between the play of the blue shark and the mackerel shark, for example, as there is between that of the catfish and the salmon. This fact lends to sharkfishing a considerable variety and interest.

Our first blue shark was not taken on the rod but by a new and novel method. I was playing a small tuna, when George Bailey cried out that a shark was in the zone of action. Dr. Harry Latham urged me to hurry in the tuna, but as it was still very lively it seemed unlikely that we could save it. We tried several expedients to distract the marauder's attention; it seemed temporarily interested in the squid that George worked up and down under water, and mildly surprised when Dr. Latham hit it with the boathook. It soon tired of these attentions and attacked my tuna; there was a flurry under the stern, and the tuna's head floated to the surface. The shark presently reappeared in company with a twelve foot gray shark and one or two others of assorted sizes. The robber stuck his muzzle and forepart out of the water and weaved by close to the side of the boat.

Harry has bilious headaches which he never allows to interfere with fishing. This day he was unusually upset, and not in a mood to analyze beforehand the probable results of actions. He stood close to the side, gaff in hand, scowling at the shark as it slid alongside for the second time. I made a suggestion. Automatically in response, my partner's arms went down, and came up again with the gaff impaling the fish in the back. Harry weighs one hundred and forty-five, the shark was nine feet long and twice as heavy. Harry held on. His arms straightened out, his joints and muscles cracked and strained, his knees sagged, his whole body descended until it could descend no more. A deluge of salt water poured over him, but he hung there, knees on the cockpit floor, head and arms overside while I fished another gaff out of the locker and stuck its point into the waving tail. It was like trying to hold a gigantic but rather sluggish eel. George came to the rescue with a noose about the tail and this was fastened to the stern ringbolt and the tail pulled well out of the water. Then a noose about the middle, another about the gills, and the water and sat down to cool off.

We saw a good deal of these queer creatures then and thereafter. They quickly gathered about the boat when the power was shut off, which, of course, gave us excellent if sometimes unwelcome opportunities to study them at close range. The blue sharks were least timorous. A fin would show at a distance to disappear and reappear nearer the boat. After a short period of underwater reconnoitering the visitor would emerge to view and gratify himself with a good look at our outfit. Hostile gestures and such uncordial exclamations as "shoo!" "G'wan away from here," etc., were generally taken for signs of sociability and friendship; the shark would come in still closer and make short circles about the boat or little dashes to and fro alongside with head upraised above the waves and a consider-



The Author hooks one.



able part of his anatomy out of his native element. There is not much expression in the countenance of a blue shark beyond a kind of effect of cold melancholy and hunger. After gazing into the orbs of numerous of their ilk, we came to have a feeling that the blue shark was not mentally as we are. They impressed us as suppliants and assassins in one, begging for food, any food; declining nothing and glad of anything, including parts of ourselves, and all the while evidencing the assurance they felt that all our actions towards them would be kind, just and honorable.

We fed them whatever came handy, including tuna steaks, bits of paper, nails and sardine cans, our hands meanwhile carefully out of reach of the formidable teeth. It was amusing to see a twelve-footer break daintily at pieces of floating paper. We tried more violent experiments, but these were insufficient to impair their apparent faith in us. Sharks are practically insensitive to pain, so that we soon gave up trying to punish them with boathooks and gaffs. They do not seem to mind anything short of a mortal wound, when not in a nervous mood.

It was also easy to get them to take the baited hook; as often as not they did not seem to object to the sensation. There would follow a fairly strong run, a rest and another run. By that time the shark, having decided that he had been unduly alarmed, would come back to the boat and play around in evident wonder as to what all the fuss was about. There is evidence to show that fish fight back more through fear than pain, and here was added data in favor of that idea. A nervous blue shark, however, well frightened, can put up a rattling good fight; there is no rule about it except that very often they don't.

Nor are they always so confiding in disposition or so easy to hook as those we have been describing. During one summer in particular, I could not get near a shark, let alone getting them to bite. They appeared to be full fed and suspicious.

The gray shark, or man-eater, is much less often seen than the blue, even though present in large numbers. They are more timid or more discreet, though endowed with equally good appetites. The man-eater is not so much of a surface swimmer as the blue shark, and makes up his mind to show himself rather

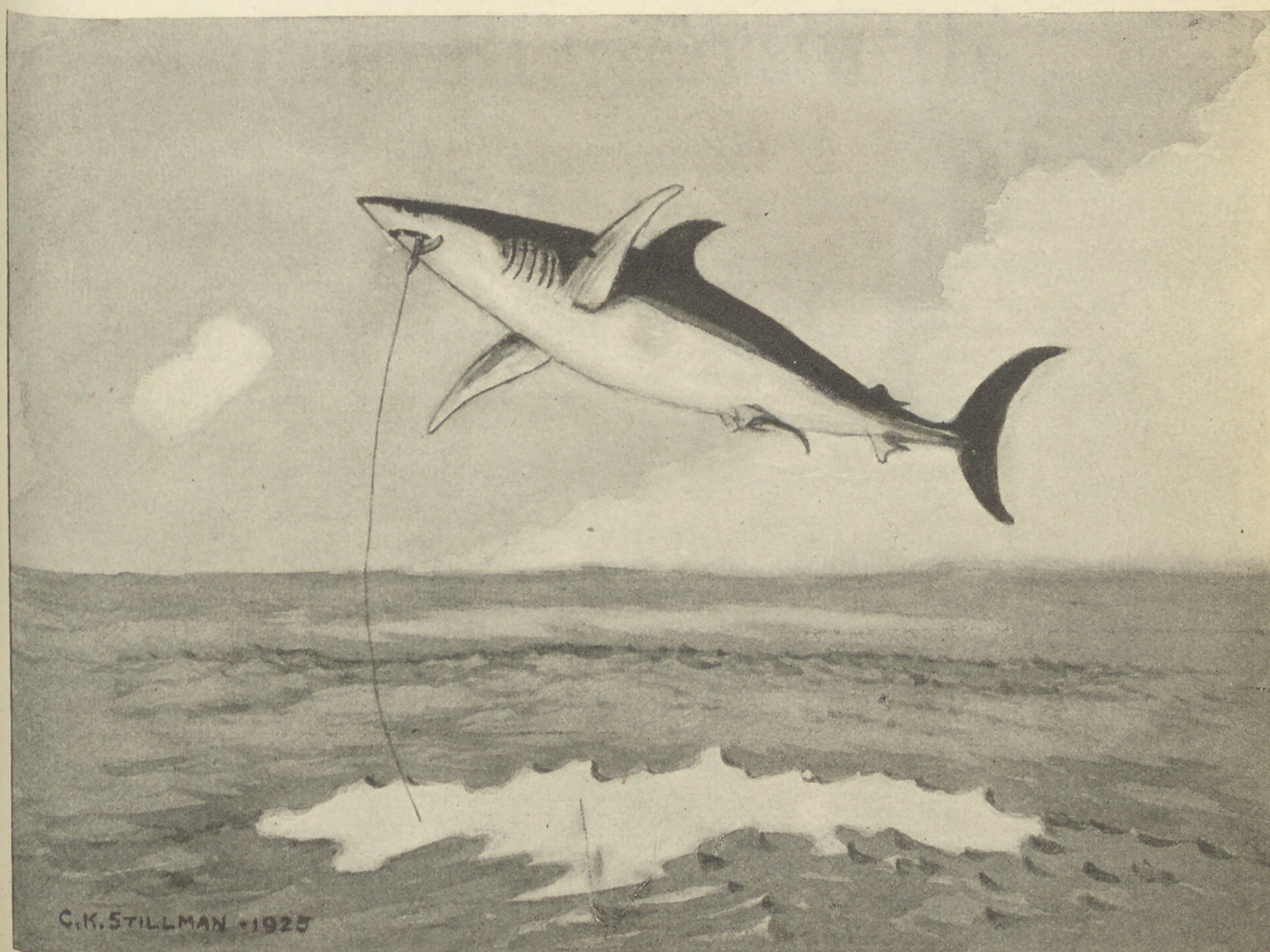
more slowly. They prefer to reconnoitre from a point under the surface, and thus, if for no other reason, are a greater menace to human life. Often, when tuna have unexpectedly stopped biting and there is dispute as to the cause, a glance under the stern will show *Squalus carcharias* under the keel, a gray heavy body, immobile, a menacing shape half as long as the boat. His confidence is hard to gain.

One quiet morning, with the tuna scared away and our vengeful spirit therefore well developed, we tried to coax one of these monsters to doom by the heavy tackle route. Knowing that his teeth would cut our wire leaders, I put on about nine feet of medium size dog chain and baited an attached tarpon hook with a chunk of tuna. *Squalus carcharias* looked this gear over cautiously and slowly backed away from it. I had finer chain and replaced the first one with it. The quarry showed more interest, but still lacked confidence. Finally, I gave up the chain altogether and tied on the usual swordfish gear, a 10/0 O'Shaugnessy hook on No. 036 wire. The shark took this bait at once and swam to the surface not ten feet from the boat. This fish was about 13 feet long and more than usually slender. The curious part of it was that when he reached the surface he lay rather quietly on top of the water and goggled at us foolishly with his large peculiarly shaped eyes. He elevated his head, but made no other motion except to wave fins and tail airily to and fro.

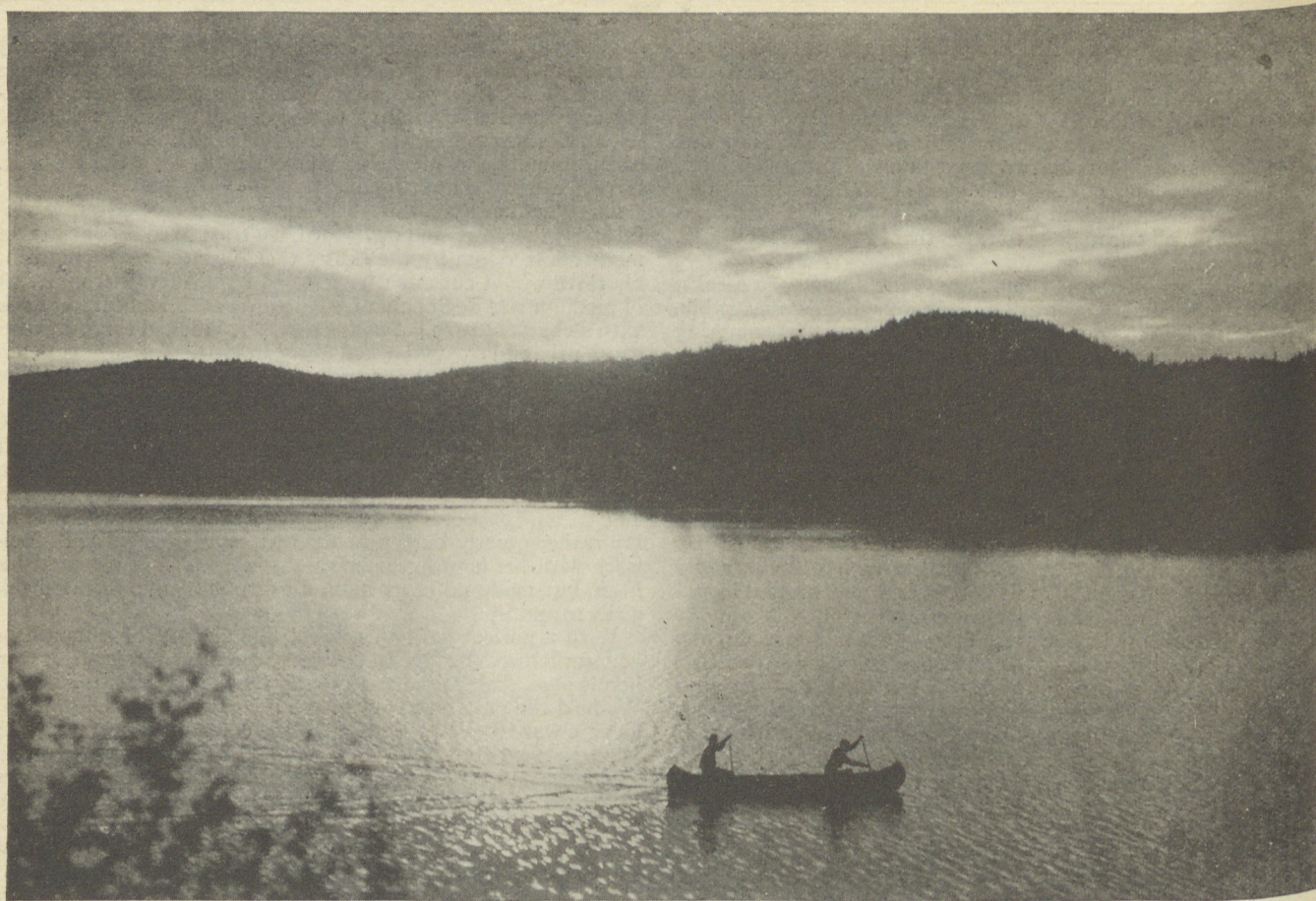
With a perfect light this was a fine chance for a man-fish-action picture. I called to George to get the camera, struck an heroic pose, and waited expectantly for the click of the shutter. We held the pose for about fifteen seconds, but no click came; George was too sick to locate the scene in the finder, and thus passed a great opportunity.

The behavior of this fish taught us something. Often we had read of the man-eater who followed the doomed ship through tropic seas. How the thoroughly unnerved crew at last got out the trusty shark gear and trailed it overstern, baited with a piece of pork; and how the shark nosed it and refused it, but was right there with the wallop when the seaman fell overboard, or the yellow fever

[CONTINUED]
[ON PAGE 75]



Like a flash it came out of the sea in a wild, free jump.



All The Way Through

by H.W. Slaughter

Photographs by Bert L. Brown

RAIN—a steady, monotonous, silencing downpour—not a wind-driven deluge, breaking fiercely over all and then ceasing—a sullen, dismal continuation of the same maddening regularity . . .

Two canoes creeping slowly the length of the mill-pond with an occasional scraping of paddle on gunwale offered the only sound foreign to the beat of rain on the dead water. In one canoe labored two men fairly well along in years, carrying in their faces the unmistakable marks of the city, yet handling their paddles with the skill of long experience. Not a word they spoke, paddling on with sweeping, determined strokes.

In the other canoe, the man in the stern carried the stamp of the woods. His age was indefinite; sharp youthful eyes looked out from a wrinkled, toughened face. In the bow of this second canoe paddled the youngest of the four, another man of the city, handling his paddle with the faulty movements of the novice with sore hands. The Woodsman addressed the back of his bow paddler.

"See that p'int with the three pine trees on it? Yonder's where we put in fer tonight; and yer Doughnut Rapids lies over 'bout a mile's carry to the east."

The young fellow lifted his head to follow the guide's arm, but he continued his paddling; it was too chilly to stop. But even in his rain-soaked, chilled condition of commiseration, with muscles aching from stiffness, joints suffering from the cramped position and palms bleeding from the wet wood of his paddle—in spite of all this, he felt a giant thrill at the words "Doughnut Rapids," and as the canoes ran aground in the gravel of the point, he jumped quickly out to pull the canoe as far on shore as possible. The Woodsman grinned behind the young fellow's back.

"He's larnin'," he told himself.

Of course about this time someone wants to know what it's all about—why these sodden voyagers have just crossed a mill-pond and are about to portage over to the Doughnut Rapids. The story really begins about a week before, somewhat in this fashion—

McReady and Peters, in whose hands lay the guidance of the Penimick Lumber Co., were talking things over in the office of the latter.

"How's your young friend Stinson getting along?" McReady asked.

Peters frowned and looked out the window.

"Not as well as he should, and I can't see what the trouble is. He's had a year as Sales Manager now, but he doesn't seem to be showing up as well as I thought he would."

McReady grunted.

"Do you know why he isn't showing up so well? He plays too safe. He's got brains but no drive. He gets discouraged. He's all right until the show-down; then he backs off. He's never had the thrill of getting his back up and mixing in the last little rumpus that so often gets the business. He doesn't see the deal through."

"Now, I've nothing against him personally; I like him, in fact, or I wouldn't have had him around here this long. But—he'll have to go."

Peters was silent for a long time while McReady played with his cigar.

"I've an idea, Mac," he finally said, "that may do the business," and he went on to explain his idea hurriedly. McReady listened impatiently at first, but Peters gradually swung him over. Finally McReady threw away his cold cigar.

A membership in the Izaak Walton League of America



"It'll be awful tough goin' this time of year, but you're the General! I'll write tonight and have Ole Tom meet us. He'll kick like a pup in a bad dream, but he'll take us down through the Doughnuts, and then we can see for ourselves. Only"—he paused disconsolately—"it's a dirty trick to treat the kid so rough and then have to fire him."

"Yep, it is," agreed Peters, "but it would be a dirtier trick to fire him without trying it."

Young Stinson had never been in the woods, nor did he have any particular desire to go now. He was like those people who don't care for certain food because they've never tried it. But he had no opportunity to refuse, and besides, the Big Bosses didn't ask everybody to take a vacation with them.

Consequently, travelling as light as possible, the two canoes had for four days, in an unceasing rain, made their way towards the Doughnut Rapids, that boiling, rocky way that set the blood racing in the veins of everyone who had tackled it.

McReady and Peters were anything but pleasant companions. Their talk consisted of two themes: grumbling because of the rain, and the use of the phrase, "if we ever get through those rapids." Stinson had taken it all quietly at first, not exactly understanding what was expected of him. The first day out they had run through a little fast water—hardly more than a few yards—but he had felt then the thrill of what lay ahead and had enthused for a while. But four days of rain, wet clothes, wet blankets, no fires, and no relief whatsoever, had quieted his ardor, until now he was little more than an automaton. Even the grumbings from the other canoe ceased to jar his nerves.

And now four soaking figures sprawled beneath the overhanging fly of a sodden tent, miserably wet and uncomfortable in the chill of the rainy twilight. They were waiting only for complete darkness to drive them into the slight comfort of wet blankets. Through the drip of water on leaves came the roar of the Doughnut Rapids lashing themselves furiously a mile to the east. Young Stinson listened and shivered.

Peters broke the silence.

"Isn't this a hell of a trip, Mac?"

McReady stopped tying knots in his pack-rope.

"I'll say! This is one of those times when we can all say we

know there isn't any Santa Claus, and are beginning to investigate the credentials of our Heavenly Father!"

"The water is higher this year than usual; there has been more rain than last year," Peters advised.

"Guess you're right, Pete," McReady acknowledged gloomily, "but then you know we always have heavy rains this time of year."

Stinson, who had been nursing his raw hands, looked up at this remark, a queer light in his eyes. He glanced at the two men quickly, then dropped his eyes to the bandages again. Peters went on talking.

"There's a lot of water running the Doughnuts now. We may get through without piling up."

McReady grunted sardonically.

"Sure the water is high; but it's plenty fast too. And no amount of this — rain can give us enough water to get over most those rocks."

It was dark now, but in the darkness a grim smile played around the corners of young Stinson's mouth.

The morning dawned dismal and overcast, but the rain had stopped and, after another cold breakfast, they were under way on the portage to the head of the rapids. Tom slung his pack and led off with one of the canoes. McReady followed suit, while Peters and Stinson brought up the rear with the duffle.

No word was said until all four, breathing heavily, rested beside the roaring waters of their destination, and then Peters turned to Stinson.

"There she be—the grandest ride in the River country!"

Young Stinson stood silent, looking down the turbulent river. Rushing water breaking over and around huge boulders greeted his sight. White water, with seemingly no safe way through, as far as he could see. A thrill and a shiver ran through him at the same time. He set his teeth at the sight of those cruel jagged rocks, treacherously covered by so little water.

"Isn't it —?" He commenced, only to stiffen in his silence.

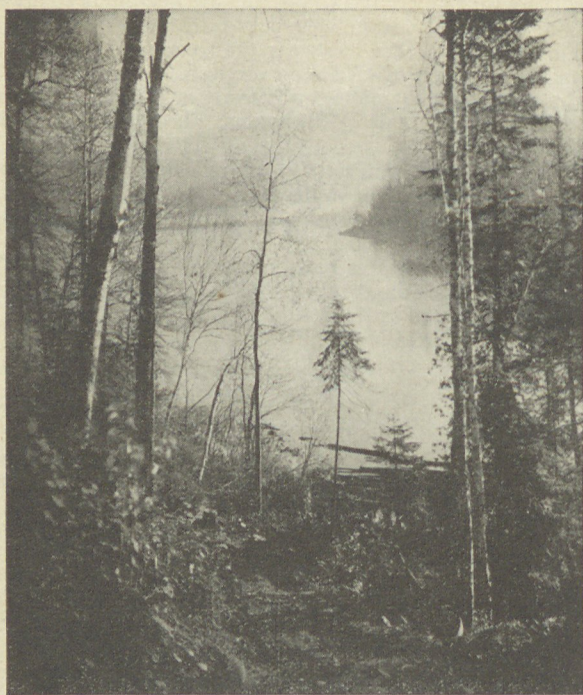
McReady, already busy loading his canoe, answered him.

[CONTINUED]
[ON PAGE 73]



The start.

Represents an obligation and a responsibility.



A canoe route through Northern Ontario.

Letters of a Little Lady Vagabond

by Hal Kane Clements

Photographs by the Author

the prosperous quaintness of Ohio, made most tempting by the tantalizing smell of early apples, drifting along the road—the breath-taking swoops down the steep hills of Pennsylvania, past picturesque old white-washed farm houses set among twisted apple trees in southwestern New York—and woven throughout the whole flying picture, great glowing splashes of flower color—gorgeous hollyhocks along a stone wall—lovely gardens everywhere of sweet william, larkspur, bachelor buttons—and rambler roses clamoring for admiration from doorway and gate!

A never-to-be-forgotten sight was Niagara Falls during a terrific electrical storm at night. It was pitchy dark over the falls, except during the flashes of lightning, and then that whole miracle of magnificence would shine from way up the river as though phosphorescent. Thrilling? It was just the scariest glory I've ever seen!

At last Toronto, and then the sea-going chariot was given a chance to get rested, and a train brought me the rest of the way to Metagama, Ontario, through wild, bleak country, some of it that makes you think of the end of the world, and then the next mile brings you a stretch of breath-taking scenery.

One of the charming allurements of Canada is that you never quite know just what it intends to do next—first there are great hills of warmly pink rock a few miles out of Sudbury—long stretches of burned out timberland—lovely little lakes set like jewels in a pine-fringed valley—lonely little stations—lumber camps built up of log cabins and a saw-mill—and then, Metagama, after all those miles!

Dinner, and a good one, too, in the box car dining room, of a section gang—a visit with some old Airedale friends and their owner, Mike Bates, a rare person and our host—and eventually, with pack sacks and duffle bags, following our good friend Charlie, we start on the four-mile trail to camp.

The trail is composed largely of fallen trees, over which we must climb, and rocks over which we stumble. (About this time I'm breathless and feel a good round one hundred and fifty years old.)

When the four miles seems to have stretched

[CONTINUED]
[ON PAGE 75]

DEAR Stay-At-Homes:

It all began when I was born, I guess. Perhaps the moon was a little off color—or the stars a bit mixed—but whatever the reason I seem to have arrived among those present all fixed up with a bad case of heel itch, which for many years I covered up the best I could.

Somehow I managed to reach what really should be the age of discretion (if one is ever to have such a disadvantage wished on one), without getting into serious difficulty—and then one lovely day in June—the worst happened!

On the picture cover of the highly respected and conservative Saturday Evening Post I looked upon a tragic sight. A tired out, stoop-shouldered, old bookkeeper, probably the watchword of the office for his punctuality and steadiness—sits dreaming of his Ship of Adventure, which somehow never came true. In his faded, half-blind blue eyes there is a look of hopeless wistfulness—he realizes he is too old to sail the high seas of Adventure even if the chance should come—and he has had his dream for many, many years!

"My grandfather's ghost!" says I to myself. "Just suppose that should happen to Me. My joints don't exactly creak yet—but Time has a mean way of sneaking past—and that pathetic old dreamer probably has been planning on getting away next year, for the last forty of 'em. And that dream I've had for most of my life of a long, meandering ramble through the North country seems a bit mossy. Right now is when I'd better do something about it or quit thinking of it."

Making dreams come true is easier than forgetting them, you'll find, if you try it. So I turned my thinker upside-down in a desperate effort to find the ways and means to get my little old Ship of Adventure out of port, and me with it—and then, lo and behold—out of a cubby hole, forgotten and dusty, I dragged forth an Aladdin's lamp idea that only needed a little rubbing—and I found that all I had to do was to unwind a little more sail—and then—away!

Between this log cabin, where I am writing you this letter (four miles from even the meager civilization of Metagama, a station and three log cabins plus one water tank, and the nearest human being except my comrade), and Chicago, there stretches a thousand miles of endless interest and beauty.

Driving on splendid roads most of the way, through the dunes and fragrant clover fields of Indiana, great fields of buckwheat,



The Little Lady Vagabond.

A membership in the Izaak Walton League of America

Bait and Fly Casting Department

National Association of Scientific Angling Clubs

Edited by FREDERICK J. LANE

ITS objects are to promote interest and appreciation of scientific angling through tournament or contest casting; to perfect universal rules governing tournament casting; to encourage the formation of clubs devoted to scientific angling and the art of fly and bait casting; to promote and maintain a high standard of true amateur sportsmanship among anglers; to lend moral support to all moves toward true sportsmanship in all sports; to establish a proper demarcation between the amateur and professional tournament casters; to assist in the propagation and protection of game fishes and influence legislation toward this end, and to promote such social conditions as are incident to the sport of angling and of tournament casting. Officers of the Association are: Edwin F. Sutter, president; Frank S. Leach, Chicago, secretary; Walter Backus, Portland, Ore., first vice-president; Otto H. Peters, Buffalo, N. Y., second vice-president; L. J. Hurst, Indianapolis, third vice-president; Arthur J. Neu, Newark, N. J., fourth vice-president; R. S. Jeffers, Chicago, treasurer; John S. Schwinn, Newark, N. J., Delegate on the Board of Governors of the A. A. U.; Frederick J. Lane, Editor.

Announcement

As the basic principles of the Izaak Walton League of America and the National Association of Scientific Angling Clubs are similar and their aims identical, in respect to the art of angling and the promotion of good sportsmanship, OUTDOOR AMERICA has agreed to act as the official organ of the National Association of Scientific Angling Clubs. With this issue OUTDOOR AMERICA will inaugurate a Department of Bait and Fly Casting, edited by the officers of the N. A. S. A. C. in which will be published each month all official communications, items of interest to the casting fraternity; scores and tournament reports, which were formerly published in the Scientific Angler.

This department will also conduct a Question and Answer for the benefit of the casting public, the novices and all who may be interested in this branch of sport.

All members of affiliated clubs who are not members of Izaak Walton Chapters are earnestly urged to subscribe for OUTDOOR AMERICA in order to receive news as published by the official organ of the N. A. S. A. C.—Subscription rate \$1.00 per year, address The Izaak Walton League of America, 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago.

The Seventeenth Annual National Tournament under the auspices of the Officers of the National Association of Scientific Angling Clubs, and not a Tournament given by an affiliated club, will be held in Lincoln, Garfield, and Washington Parks, Chicago, August 19th to 23rd inclusive.

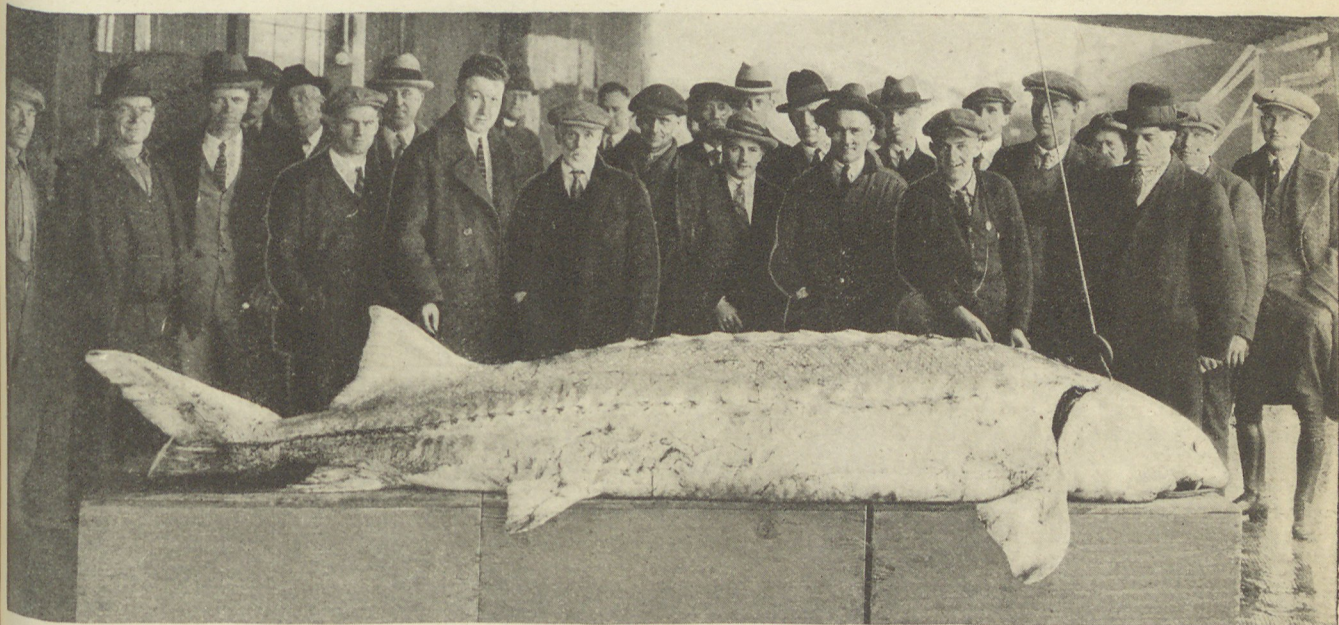
This Tournament will undoubtedly be the largest and best in the history of the Association, and we will have in attendance the greatest number of nationally known bait and fly casters that have ever been seen in competition before.

Following is the tentative program of events:

Wednesday	Thursday
Aug. 19th—Washington Park	Aug. 20th—Lincoln Park
5¾ oz. Distance Fly	5¾ oz. Accuracy Fly
¼ oz. Distance Bait	½ oz. Accuracy Bait
Friday	Saturday
Aug. 21st—Washington Park	Aug. 22nd—Garfield Park
Salmon Fly Distance	5¾ oz. Dry Fly Accuracy
½ oz. Distance Bait	5¾ oz. Fisherman's Dry Fly
½ oz. Accuracy Bait,	Accuracy (unknown distance)
Ladies' Event.	¼ oz. Accuracy Bait
Sunday	
August 23rd—Washington Park	
⅝ Plug Accuracy Bait	
⅝ Plug Accuracy Bait, Ladies' Event.	

Transportation to and from parks will be furnished free to visiting casters. Headquarters will be at the Hayes Hotel. Reservations should be made [CONTINUED] [ON PAGE 64]

Try this on your fly rod.



This sturgeon, which tipped the scales at 1,015 pounds, with a total length of twelve feet, was caught by Pat Edwards, a half-breed Indian, in the Fraser River in Canada, forty miles upstream from the Gulf of Georgia, on April 21. Before the

monster was brought alongside the boat he destroyed 135 fathoms of his captor's (s-h-h-h) net.

Outdoor America is indebted to Mr. Fred James of Ottawa, Canada, and the Toronto Daily Star for use of the photograph.

Floating Down the River

by Guy Von Schriltz

Part II

I WANTED to stop and fish from the foot of the island. Dad objected.

"We'll come to a million places as good as that before we take out," he said. "We can't shore fish much if we go through eight days!"

That is another thing about this White River float. If the river is followed from Forsythe to Cotter, a party should take at least three weeks for the trip. We passed countless fishing spots without as much as looking at them. We caught one fish out of pools which would have netted four or five or perhaps more, because our boats flew past so rapidly. That was a terrible strain on me. I tried every available spot that I could reach, just as often as I could reel in and cast out, but when I realized that in just seven more days, or in three more days, I would be back at my desk again, and fishing entirely a luxury of the past, I just *hated* to see so much fine fishing go to waste.

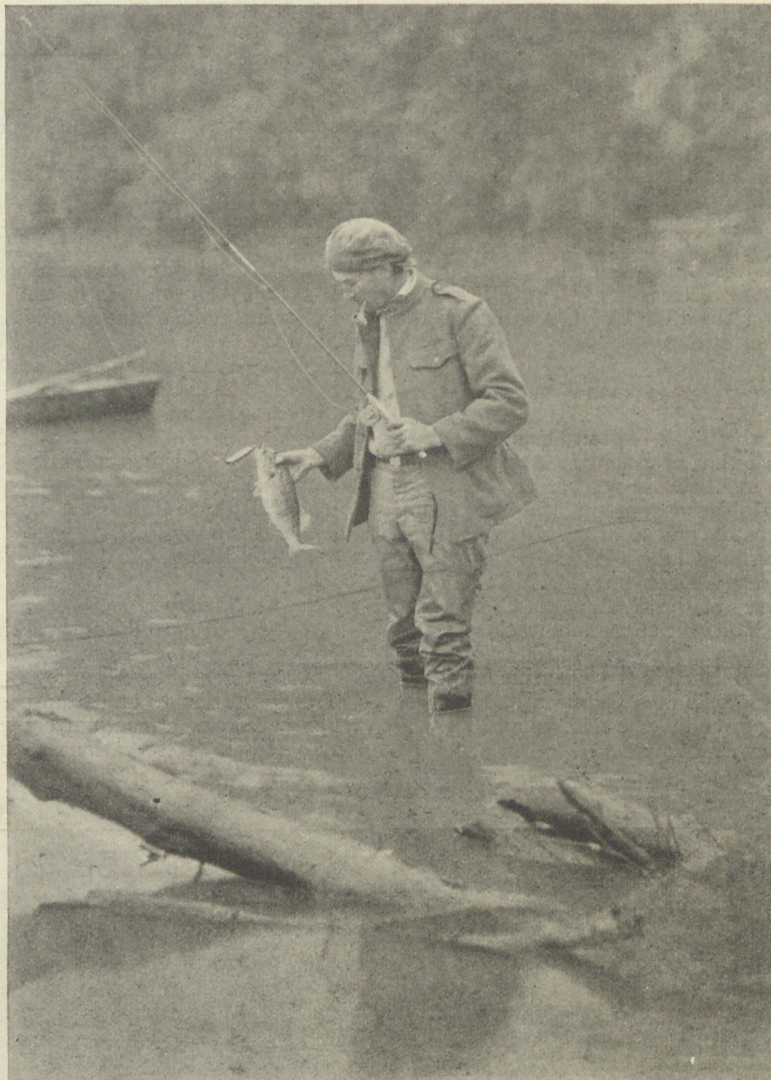
That night our boat brought in about six bass. Jack, Doc, and Vern had five, I believe. I had a terrible ache in my shoulder blades from so much casting and had wrecked a couple of my best baits. We had fried bass for supper. We ate the entire catch. They tasted very good to us. Lige had prepared them to a turn.

We camped on a sand bar on the west side of the river where the current was deep along a rocky, woody, steep hillside.

I remember the incident distinctly. It was after dark. The frogs sang. The river rippled unceasingly and pulled and pulled at our boat as Dad baited the hook with minnows. Down stream the camp fire flickered on the tents and the boys sat about in the half lights.

I looked at Dad's back in the bow of the boat. He had done this sort of thing all his life. Had grown aged boating and fishing. He was a fine old gentleman.

"Like to fish, Dad?" I asked him suddenly. I had long ago asked him everything else I could think of and his patience had weathered the strain.



The author himself.

"I used to. I don't fish much any more. I reckon I would if I would just do it."

"Do they catch as many fish from the River as they did when you were a boy?"

"No. We used to reckon on takin' out fifty pound a night. Now if we get ten pound we will do right well."

"What about the bass? Are there as many as there formerly were?"

"Well, there's still right smart of bass in the River. When I was a boy we didn't fish for bass so much. But we didn't think anything of takin' a five pound 'line side' off a trot line."

"Gee! You s'pose we'll get any that large?"

"We might," thoughtfully. Then, as though to be absolutely truthful, "We'll catch plenty of two pounders, and maybe one or two up to three and a half or even four. But if we get any bigger than that it will be unusual."

"You mean there aren't larger bass than that in the River?"

"Oh! I reckon there are still big bass in the River, but they are mighty knowin' and the boat fishermen don't often catch them."

As Dad baited the hook a long, undulating cry came down the River. Echoing from hill to hill, nerve-thrilling, this cry rang back and forth and died out in a murmur.

"Well what the——" I began, when the cry was repeated. Part yodel, part song, utterly indescribable, the cry reverberated about the valley. I sat and held my breath.

"Wonderful!" I must have thought it aloud.

"We call it the 'Nigger Yell'" explained Dad. "Somebody fishing about the bend yonder. I saw their fire when I was after water."

"Why that name?" I was eager to hear more.

"I reckon it come up from the South." And that was Dad's sole information on the subject.

Back at camp, I found the boys very much excited about the "Nigger Yell." Lige also knew little about it. We all hoped the "Yeller" would repeat his performance. He did, and we sat

A membership in the Izaak Walton League of America



open mouthed until the last echo had died. It was weird. It was wonderful. Unanimously we agreed to go up to the fishermen's camp. It was only a quarter of a mile. Such a camp! A bare fire on the bare gravel beside an overthrown tree, two men and two boys, not a thing to sleep on, not a thing to eat. One boy slept upon the trunk of the tree. His shapeless hat had fallen from his face and his worn trouser legs came to knee and ankle, respectively. His coat was ragged and thin. He shivered in his sleep. He reminded me of one of my boys. A lump came into my throat and I wanted to run back to camp for a blanket.

One of the men was a Justice of the Peace. The other was a "doctor." Our M. D. had much amusement testing the various methods employed by this gentleman in emergencies. He knew absolutely no medicine, and many of his explanations appeared to me to be not only amusing, but ridiculous, if not even dangerous.

The Justice of the Peace was the "Nigger Yeller." He modestly declined to perform for us, however, while we were present, but when we had gone home, entertained us with a single selection. On the trip down the river we heard this "Nigger Yell" several times. Always it rang out from the hills, absolutely unexpected. Always it thrilled me and I listened eagerly. Never was it repeated after the first night, and though I frequently sat expectant and floated past the spot from whence it seemed to have come, my expectancy was never rewarded by a second selection.

The "Doctor" had two pearls which he had taken from river clams. In the firelight they were pulsatingly beautiful. I bought the larger for a pittance and do not know to this day whether I received my money's worth or not.

In the morning we took exactly ten pounds of catfish. The largest weighed four pounds. We all caught bass that day and made camp tired and happy.

Next afternoon I again rode with Uncle Billie and Dad. About the middle of the afternoon we came to the lower end of an old bayou. This had once been a river current, but in recent years it had filled up. Dad paddled us up this. The water was impure and still. I fished diligently but without hope. At a mass of old trees and debris which had drifted in, Dad stopped. I heard a trickle of water and climbed out. A tiny

stream flowed beneath the ruck of tree trunks. I crawled through. I found a beautiful "trout stream" falls, pools and all. I saw a widening ripple on a little pool. I dropped flat and slipped forward. From behind the upright bole of an old dead oak two feet in diameter, I swung my red Dowagiac into the water among the sticks and floating foam.

Something grabbed it!

I reeled in a half pound "line side."

I tried again and again. No result. I waded upstream, sensing the very pleasant change in my mode of fishing. A round shallow pool twenty feet across came next. The little creek pattered down into the far side of this pool as prettily as you please. I cast an inch too far the first attempt and dragged a bit of grass entirely across the pool when I reeled in. Next time I did better, changing the destination of my plug to a deep spot a foot from a chunk in the water.

A bass took it. I worked my reel handle rapidly. It suddenly stopped! I had a nice fish. I waded into the water to my hips and fought Mr. Bass to a surrender. It was another "line side" and I guessed him at two and a half pounds. I strung him and his smaller "buddie" on a bent willow and crawled through more ruck of fallen trees.

I was having a very fine time indeed! I regretted that Dad and Uncle Billie, back in the boat, weren't in on the sport, but I could see no help for them.

A shallow weedy bend, which ended in a long deep channel overhung with willows, opened out before us. I dragged a wooden minnow entirely through the shallow water without result, then snagged a three quarter pound bass from beneath the willows almost at my feet.

The huge logs and dead timber were piled in the old river channel so thickly about me during all this time that I had much difficulty in getting through. It was one of the novel adventures of my life. I delight in recalling it. The sun was hot overhead and the water was pleasant to the touch. My view was shut in in all directions. I waded and climbed farther up through the slough.

A dam of stranded tree trunks completely blocked my progress soon after this and I was obliged to cut across through a dense growth of willows. I scratched myself and practically ruined my clothing before I

[CONTINUED]
[ON PAGE 82]



Bucking the current.

Represents an obligation and a responsibility.

I. W. L. A. Now Buying Hay Land in Jackson's Hole

THE Izaak Walton League of America Winter Elk Refuge in Jackson's Hole, Wyoming, has been definitely established, and while we have not purchased all the land necessary to the completion of this project, the League has bought and paid for 1,760 acres of the best land, which is so located as to be of the greatest value to the elk, and has leased an additional 1,000 acres adjoining it, at a total cost of \$36,450.

C. R. Hallowell, of Waterloo, Iowa, who represented the League in the transaction, recently returned to national headquarters full of enthusiasm for the enterprise and confident that this will go down in history as one of the greatest achievements of national conservation.

Mr. Hallowell, by way of introduction, is considered one of the best authorities on land in the State of Iowa. He agreed to go over the proposed area and determine its exact value when requested to do so by the National Executive Committee.

He left shortly after the recent national convention and put in approximately two months studying land conditions, interviewing Wyoming authorities and tracing every conceivable source of information.

The results of his investigation proved that this land has an abundance of lime, is irrigated, and is in perfect condition to provide a record crop of hay. It has been seeded in timothy hay, clover, and alfalfa,—fifty per cent of the latter and twenty-five per cent each of timothy and clover.

To the man accustomed to middle west hay production it does not seem possible that hay will keep, in good condition, for a period of three years, but this is true of the hay in Jackson's Hole, Mr. Hallowell said. On one of the pieces of property purchased, the investigating party dug into one pile of hay that had stood out for more than three years. The center of this hay was still green.

"In establishing this refuge," Mr. Hallowell said, "the League is doing a wonderful work for an animal that is considered by many to be the greatest big game species left on the North American continent. The tales one hears from settlers in Jackson's Hole get right beneath a fellow's shirt and make him wonder why such a project was not started years ago.

"We have made a good start toward the goal in purchasing this acreage now, as it establishes this League in the minds of the settlers as an organization that



Land on the government Elk Refuge adjoining I. W. L. A. property.



Government Refuge adjoining our land.

does things—that we finish the things we start.

"I was very careful in buying this land to make certain that it was so located as to be of practical use to the elk as well as from a standpoint of actual crop production. It connects with the land of the elk refuge now owned by the government and operated by the Bureau of Biological Survey. It will make a valuable addition to this established refuge and do much to insure the elk against a period of starvation such as that which occurred several winters ago when hundreds of them perished from cold and lack of food.

"The hay produced from this land has a great food value, greater by far than hay raised on land immediately outside the Hole.

"The people of Jackson's Hole are willing to cooperate with the League and it was largely due to the courtesy of Mr. Richard Winger, who gave me every assistance, that I was able to complete my trip in such a short time. They have confidence in the Izaak Walton League and they have done a lot for the elk themselves—even when their cattle needed the hay.

"We have founded a great thing, and it is up to the sportsmen of the United States to further this project to completion within the shortest possible time, as no man can tell what the

coming winter may mean to the herd, which will increase during the winter months."

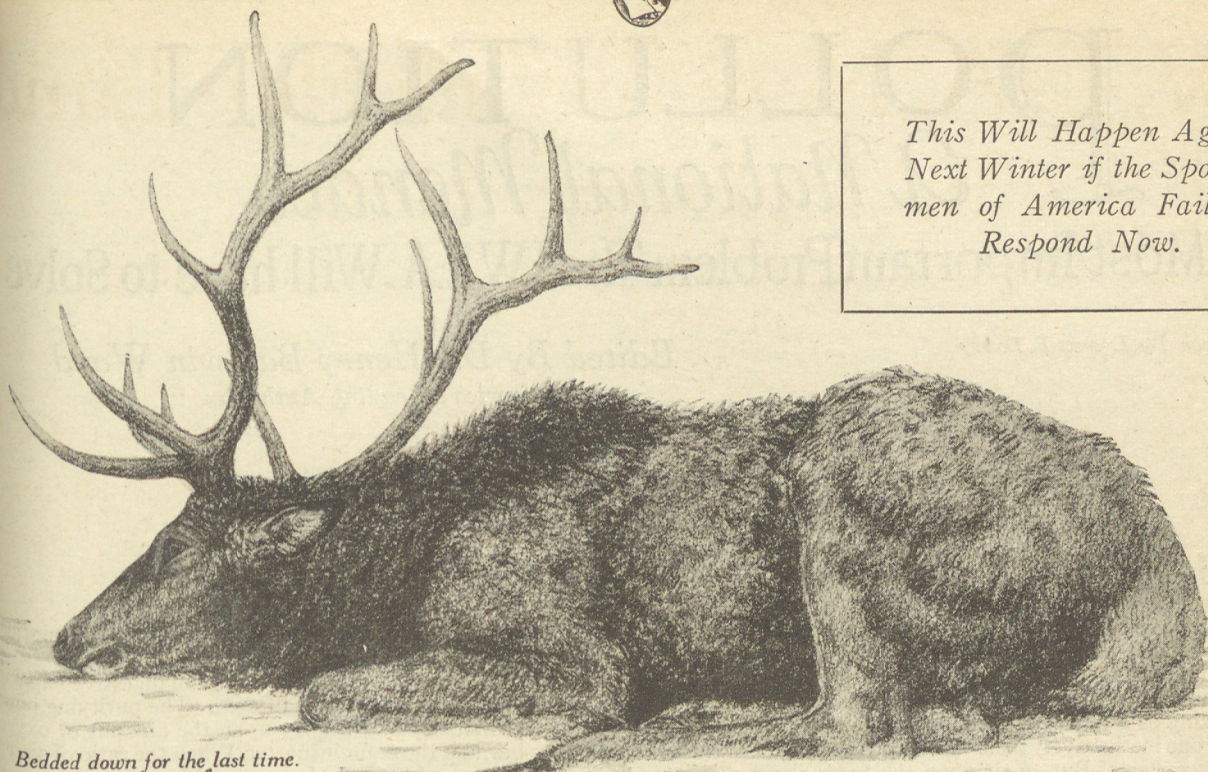
Mr. Hallowell is right—we have assumed a moral obligation to the elk that we cannot overlook nor in any way evade—we must come through!

Think it over. Have you really been hitting the ball on this proposition or have you been content to let the other fellow do the work and sort of pat yourself on the back with a vague impression that you have done or will do your share sometime.

You can't afford to do it, old man. You may have the best intentions in the world, but it is pretty generally conceded that

the nether regions are paved with these same good intentions. Elk cannot exist on good intentions. An armful of hay is worth all the intentions in the country to the elk, and there is but one way to get that armful of hay—that is to dig down in your jeans and prove yourself a sportsman. Or if you have given all you can afford to give, you can tell the other fellow what this is all about and give him a chance to do his part. Take the petition on the next page and fill it up!

A membership in the Izaak Walton League of America



*This Will Happen Again
Next Winter if the Sports-
men of America Fail to
Respond Now.*

Bedded down for the last time.

OSBORNE
AYER

Now Is the Time to Help the Jackson's Hole Elk!

Nature has come to our assistance this season and the elk will return to their summer ranges in fairly good condition due to the mild winter and sufficiency of hay on the government feeding station property. BUT NEXT WINTER IS COMING AND NO MAN CAN TELL WHAT IT WILL BRING WITH IT. We cannot trust again to fate. By the time next

winter rolls around the Izaak Walton League Elk Refuge must be in operation. Now is the time to do it. Just clip out this petition and ask your friends to chip in a quarter or a dime. Tell them the story as you know it. You will find they are anxious to help if you only give them a chance. Right Now Is the Time to Do It.

Clip or Tear Out Petition on This Line to Comply with Postal Regulations.

City	State	Date	Total \$
Name.....	\$.....	Name.....	\$.....
Address.....		Address.....	
Name.....	\$.....	Name.....	\$.....
Address.....		Address.....	
Name.....	\$.....	Name.....	\$.....
Address.....		Address.....	
Name.....	\$.....	Name.....	\$.....
Address.....		Address.....	
Name.....	\$.....	Name.....	\$.....
Address.....		Address.....	
Name.....	\$.....	Name.....	\$.....
Address.....		Address.....	
Name.....	\$.....	Name.....	\$.....
Address.....		Address.....	
Name.....	\$.....	Name.....	\$.....
Address.....		Address.....	
Name.....	\$.....	Name.....	\$.....
Address.....		Address.....	

Represents an obligation and a responsibility.

POLLUTION

A National Menace

The Most Important Problem The I.W.L.A. Will have to Solve

Cartoon By Everett E. Lowry

Edited By Dr. Henry Baldwin Ward
America's Leading Authority

Making a Stream Habitable

*The Prevention of Pollution by Sewage Treatment
Gives Desirable Residents a Chance to Thrive.*

By Charles F. Schurch

ALL who feel the lure of the out-of-doors know the almost irresistible charm of the flowing stream inhabited by finny creatures that delight the eye and try the sportsman's art. A stream without fish is about as forlorn and uninviting as a city without inhabitants or a tree without leaves, and one instinctively feels that some menace lurks in the uninhabited waters. But to sit upon the bank about a quiet pool and watch the capricious play of dusky or speckled beauties, even when no colored "bobber" wags in warning, is contentment enough for any true outdoor American.

Cultivating the right kind of inhabitants in a stream is much the same sort of a problem as securing desirable residents in a city. The first and last requirement is that the environment be right. Fish are as particular—pernickety, to use the expression of Henry Van Dyke—about their environment as they are about the kind of bait they will respond to at any given moment. They detest filth, and while they may occasionally be found in highly polluted streams they never breed and thrive there. Fish are great travellers, and their roving sometimes carries them into localities where they would not think of rearing their families. Crayfish, snails, and clams, which have not the rapid means of travel of their finned neighbors, are even less tolerant of a filthy environment, and except for occasional sorry-looking vagabonds are always found in or near clean water. These inhabitants make their meals for the most part off of the minute plant and animal life that thrives in normal streams and are not at all fond of dead food such as frequently comes to them in the form of sewage.

The tendency of nature is always toward self-purification. In the normal life of a stream the dead animal and vegetable matter that it collects in its course is digested and oxidized to harmless gases and inoffensive solid substances. If the amount of organic matter does not exceed the digestive capacity of the stream, this purification may go on continuously without endangering fish life. Man has for centuries relied upon this natural

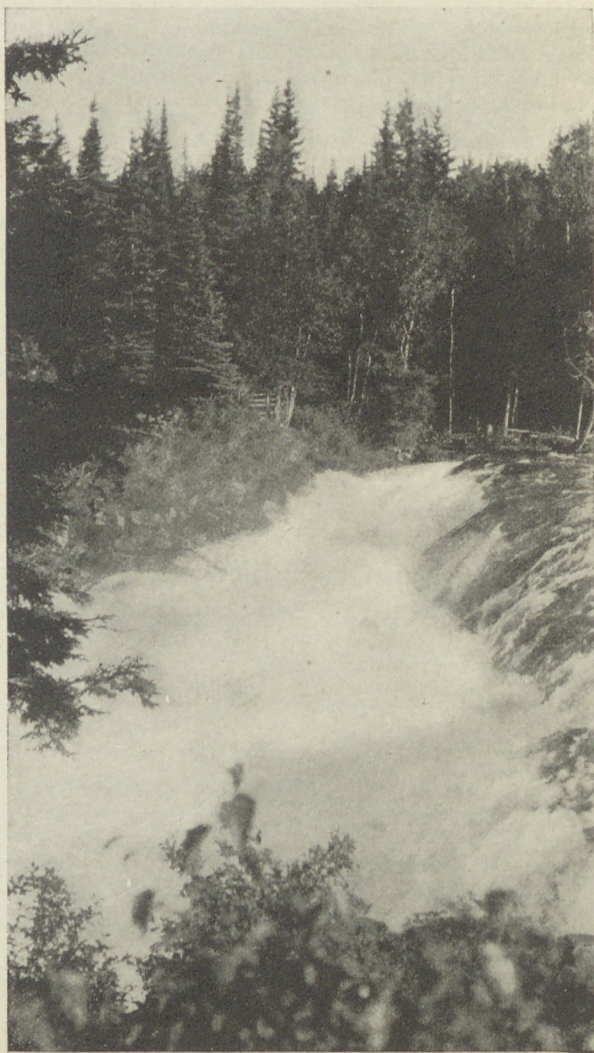
method of purification, sometimes called the dilution method, as a means of disposing of human wastes.

But with the growth of modern cities the digestive capacity of streams has been taxed to the utmost. The purifying power of running water depends largely upon the amount of oxygen present to burn up the organic matter. When the ratio of sewage to clean water exceeds one part in forty—although this ratio may vary considerably—the oxygen is likely to be used up before all the organic matter is oxidized. In the absence of oxygen the water becomes uninhabitable to fish and other forms of healthy water life, and the undigested organic matter is carried along

by the slimy water to putrefy on the way. Such a stream is avoided by all living creatures except a few low forms that thrive in filth, and the menace of disease is ever present.

Fortunately, we no longer have to rely upon nature's inadequate method of self-purification to make streams habitable. By modern methods of treatment, sewage and industrial wastes can be digested and oxidized before they are allowed to flow into the stream, so that the digestive capacity of the running water is not taxed. When stream pollution is prevented by such methods the fish and other organisms that make their natural home in clean water become permanent residents.

The story of how one stream has been made habitable and is gradually building up a population of desirable residents is revealed by the investigations of the Salt Fork of the Vermilion river in Illinois, made before and after the sewage treatment plant at Champaign-Urbana was put into operation. These twin cities occupy a unique geographical position in that they are situated on a "divide" from which the water flows away in four different directions. Consequently, there are no large streams in the immediate vicinity into which the wastes of the community of 40,000 inhabitants can be discharged with sufficient dilution to insure self-purification. In dry weather the flow in the meandering course of the Salt Fork is sometimes no greater than the vol-



A virgin river.

A membership in the Izaak Walton League of America



ume of sewage that was formerly added to it in the raw condition.

While this flood of untreated waste was pouring into the stream there was no chance for the desirable scaly residents to thrive in its waters. The fish that occasionally came upstream during a period of high water could be seen floating upon its slimy surface when the water subsided, and crayfish were seldom seen shambling along its reeking margin. For ten and sometimes fifteen or twenty miles along its course, depending upon the season and the volume of flow, it was a dead and decomposing stream, avoided by man and by all clean-water dwellers.

In November of 1924 the new sewage treatment plant was put into operation. This plant, which is modern in every

respect, is of the Imhoff tank-sprinkling filter type. The sewage from the two cities flows into a series of four specially constructed tanks 33 feet deep, known as Imhoff tanks after their inventor, where the solids digest and settle out. The digested matter is pumped out at intervals from the bottom of the tanks and spread upon beds, where it dries to form a black, humus-like sludge, inoffensive in odor and appearance. The top liquor, with most of the organic matter already removed, is further purified by sprinkling it over a huge filter bed, covering 1.6 acres, which consists of crushed stone and gravel laid to a depth of ten feet.

The sprinklers operate like lawn sprinklers, spraying the fluid evenly over the surface of the crushed stone. As the water trickles down over the stones, microscopic organisms which have attached themselves to the surface act upon the organic matter still remaining in the water. The effluent which drains from the bottom of the filter bed, a fluid practically clear and odorless as a result of having been relieved of its burden of organic waste, flows into the stream with little effect upon it save a slight increase in mineral salts.

The new plant has been in operation only seven months, beginning in the winter season when biologic activities are at their lowest ebb, but already there are many indications that the stream is vastly improved. Like a patient convalescing from a severe disease the Salt Fork is gradually regaining the vigor and healthy activity of a normal stream. There may be a temporary relapse during the hot season when the sludge banks that have accumulated along its course begin to decompose, but the crisis is past and the Salt Fork is in the process of becoming a healthy, habitable stream, sought for the pleasures afforded by its cool shades and gently flowing waters, and for the finny tribe that may soon cavort in its pools and ripples.

Already the filth-loving organisms are on the decrease and healthy forms are becoming more abundant. Crayfish have been found with eggs attached to their abdomen, showing that they are breeding, and several species of frogs have been observed there for the first time in many years. Minnows or

Represents an obligation and a responsibility.

"shiners" can now be seen swimming about in large schools, and other fish are finding favorable environment for growth and reproduction. Several green bass were noticed in the vicinity of the new plant, giving promise of the time when other and larger game fish will make their habitat in the stream and perchance mock at the wily art of the fisherman until some all-too-realistic minnow inveigles them to throw their usual caution to the currents.

Making a stream habitable is one of the most profitable undertakings a community can engage in. It is an advance over the old alchemist's dream of turning base metal into gold, for no matter how much the stream is used it always remains to give pleasure and sport to the next comers. Those who dwell along the Salt Fork of the Vermilion River in Illinois

will tell you that sewage treatment as a means of preventing pollution pays big dividends. A clean, habitable stream is an actual asset to a community as well as a source of pleasure to all outdoor Americans.

Fair—And Warmer



AN EX-POLLUTER ON THE STYX

Moaned this shade: "There's some Mistake—
Handing me the 'Fiery Lake.'
Why, all on earth I did was spoil the fishin'!"

Old man Sharon grunted: "Nix!
Don't you foul the River Styx.
Even we're ag'in pollution, in Perdition."

E. E. L.

What Are You Doing For Your River?

Chapters of the Izaak Walton League have achieved some splendid results in restraining pollution in their particular communities. It seems they are altogether too modest about announcing these accomplishments. This is false modesty, as national headquarters is anxious to hear about the chapter activities and all other units in the League would like to hear what the other fellow is doing. Some time ago OUTDOOR AMERICA suggested a plan to "Adopt A River" — to take charge of the individual stream or lake near each chapter headquarters and follow through until that particular body of water was free from pollution.

We know from conversation with various chapter officers that this plan is being adopted nationally, yet we have had no written report of the progress being made. The only way in which we can keep the other chapters informed is for you or your chapter secretary to tell

us what you are doing for your river or your lake.

Every reader of OUTDOOR AMERICA is interested in pollution. It is the most important problem this League will have to solve and it is one of the hardest things we have to combat. Only by complete and active cooperation may we expect to attain our objective.

The elimination of pollution can only be accomplished by education. Many who are now destroying beautiful rivers and lakes by dumping poisonous substances into the water, actually do not know that the people of their communities are sufficiently interested in this water to care what happens to it. They only know that the people as a whole assume an attitude of indifference toward the value of pure water until an epidemic starts. When their lives or the lives of their children are threatened the people start something. Tell us what you are doing and we will give you every possible cooperation.



Record Crowd Attends Oklahoma State Convention

FOUR hundred registered delegates and five thousand Waltonians attended the Second Annual Convention of the Oklahoma State Izaak Walton League Division, held at McAlester, Oklahoma, May 8th and 9th.

It was a record event and scores of prominent men were in attendance, among whom were Governor M. E. Trapp, United States Senator J. W. Harreld, Congressman Thomas D. McKeown, Congressman Charles Carter, Congressman William Hastings and a large number of state senators and representatives of the state legislature.

The convention opened with a Waltonian parade through the streets of McAlester. The crowds cheered lustily and the "keys of the city" were awarded to the delegates.

An impressive memorial service for the late Earl M. Stapleton, former president of the Oklahoma Division, was held and glowing tribute to the memory of a man who had done much for his state was paid by the Rev. C. W. Kelly, following which plans were laid for the establishment of a game refuge to be known as "The Earl Stapleton Game Refuge."

Many women attended the convention as accredited delegates, among them was Mrs. F. B. Hancock, Chairman of the Conservation Committee of the Oklahoma Division of the National Federation of Women's Clubs. Mrs. Hancock is an enthusiastic Waltonian and attended the Third National Convention of the League recently held in Chicago.

Governor Trapp, a Waltonian of first water degree, made the principal address at the banquet in the evening.

In his address Governor Trapp pointed out the need for intelligent conservation of our wild places and wild things, dwelling on the value of our natural resources and advancing ideas for restraining their further destruction.

He told of the new state game commission and of the wonder-

ful things this commission can do for Oklahoma with the co-operation of the State Division.

Governor Trapp was repeatedly applauded (and well he might be—Oklahoma is indeed to be congratulated upon having such a farsighted man for governor of the state as it was through him that the constructive legislation passed the last session of the state legislature).

Music was furnished for the banquet by a woman's organization known as "Susie's Band."

Local conservation problems were discussed and the passing of resolutions endorsing suggested remedies, featured the Saturday morning session of the convention which was held on the shore of Lake McAlester. Bait and Fly casting tournaments and a trap shooting contest provided the day's entertainment for the crowd of 5,000 people.

Officers were elected in the afternoon session and Ponca City, Oklahoma, was chosen as the site of the next convention.

Officers elected were: President, Sam L. Morley, McAlester; First Vice President, Dr. L. W. Weaver, Antlers; Second Vice President, Carl McDonald, Ponca City; Third Vice President, Watt Campbell, Tulsa; Fourth Vice President, J. G. Ralls, Atoka; Secretary, Frank J. Hill, Oklahoma City, and Treasurer, Will A. Guthrie, of Oklahoma City.

New members elected to the state board of directors were Mrs. F. B. Hancock, of Yale, Oklahoma; Harve Langley, of Pyron, Oklahoma, and Charles Robinson, Pawhuska, Oklahoma.

It was a wonderful state convention and proves conclusively what can be done by constructive work. No one was more impressed than Mr. Jack R. Cunningham, of Kansas City, Mo., Chairman of the National Executive Committee, who represented the national organization.



It was impossible to print this picture of the convention in one piece so we split it in two. Some crowd!

A membership in the Izaak Walton League of America



Outdoor Literature

A REVIEW OF OUTDOOR BOOKS

By Thomas Ambrose

2nd Vice President I. W. L. A.

Now the Four-way Lodge is opened,
now the Hunting winds are loose,
Now the Smokes of Spring go up to
clear the brain;
Now the Young Men's hearts are
troubled for the whisper of the Trues,
Now the Red Gods make their medicine
again.

Four-way Lodge by Charles B. Reed,
illustrations by Earl H. Reed, 238 pages,
large 8 vol., Pascal Covici, Publisher,
Chicago, 1924. Price \$4.00.

Ye who love the haunts of Nature
Love the shadow of the forest
Love the wind among the branches
And the rushing of great rivers
Through their palisades of pine trees
will welcome this new idyll of the Great
Outdoors—of the Land of Hiawatha.

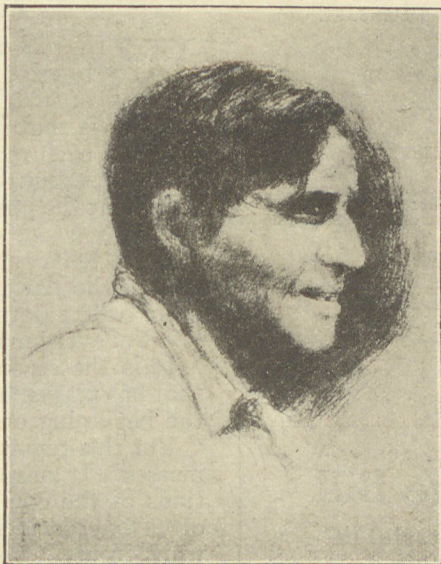
The weird north shore of the Big Sea
Water weaves a magic spell for those
who blaze a trail through its silent forests
to follow where the moose or bear has
brushed his headlong way, or with setting
pole and pliant paddle explore its lonely
lakes and breast the downward sweep of
its rushing rivers. There were, accord-
ing to our author (a member of Chicago
Chapter),

"The unceasing nod of the treetops,
the tumult of the falls, the fleeting
shadows of bird and cloud, that pass in
swift unreality over the surface of the
water, all unite to produce a spirit of
expectancy, transition and vague unrest
..."

"But wonderful as is the river with its
amber current sweeping endlessly by, it
lacks the solemn grandeur of the great,
palpitating forest, shaggy, primeval and
full of adventures without end. Here
life is everywhere. Through such delight-
ful enchantment one can wander for hours
and from loneliest dell to forested peak,
there sweeps the symphony that con-
stitutes the chiefest joy in the worship of
the Red Gods."

"Beyond the margins of Superior the
maps showed only meager imperfect trac-
ings, while in actual travel we had never
encountered more than one of two time-
worm survey lines. Everywhere was wil-
derness and everywhere was solitude—
especially was this true of the Pinguisibi
which was a virgin river. The unknown
was a constant challenge, and season after
season we carried our tents farther and
occupied them longer on that delectable
waterway," and upon the return, "the
mad race down was a pleasure in anti-
cipation, a joy to remember, and an ecstasy
in performance."

"In the forest there is never a time
Represents an obligation and a responsibility.



Tawab.

when everything is just right. Under
chafe of harness all affectations cease and
unrealities disappear. All social defenses
are stripped away and the veritable Soul
of man stands forth unashamed of its
nakedness and unembarrassed for its de-
formities."

"As we pushed up the dark gliding
river into the hidden heart of the Great
Woods we felt the elate expectancy of the
pioneer. We were traveling on an un-
known stream, through an unknown for-
est, to an unknown terminus—and the
deities of that esoteric region flung over
us their kindly spell."

The name of the Indian guide Tawab
seemed familiar and I tapped one after
another the braincells of memory until I
found one labeled "The Forest" and
revealed Tawab as the guide who wanted
to borrow Stewart Edward White's .22
pistol with which to kill a moose: "Me
creep up and shoot him in the eye".

Doctor Reed pays this compliment to
the author of "The Forest":

"Mr. White is a very interesting writer
and his account of the fishing and scenery
mingled realism and romance so vividly
as to stir both the master and neophyte.
With conscious art he named no names,
but the lure was irresistible and the dis-
covery not difficult. In consequence we
were met next Summer by serried ranks
of outstretched arms as we came to land.
The beach was so thickly populated that
we were reminded of the throngs of the
banks of the Styx when Virgil and Dante
made their epochal crossing."

Our author made use of the common-
place designation of a "fishing trip" for
his Summer excursions into the Northern
wilds, and some six pages before the close
of his narrative, he seems casually re-
minded of the fact; for on page 233 he
says:

"Speaking of fish, we are reminded
that we have made no reference to the
ostensible purpose of our journey. We
can no longer defer some account of it.
The trout were both abundant and hungry,
so that the small needs of the party were
only too readily supplied in a short time
each day, either at the portage, at the
noonday rest, or on any convenient occa-
sion."

He philosophizes: "Trout fishing is
essentially a solitary sport. It is prac-
ticed amid the vaulted depths of the pine
forests where Druids might worship and
where one is so enthralled by the sense
of immensity and by the Olympian calm
of the great hills that the day's return
finds in the creel only an infinitesimal
part of the reward."

Surely a book to delight followers of
the Father of the Gentle art.

In fact "there was good fishing all the
way. As Father Walton says, 'It is too
good except for very honest men.' Yet
while we conceded our worthiness gra-
ciously, none the less we often found the
collection of the reward beset with the
usual impediment to righteousness."

But this did not occur at "Lake Ke-
wagama where each and every trout
weighed exactly a pound and a quarter
and the fish rise at all seasons and all
hours at any fly."

The story of the taking of his greatest
trout is so graphically told that it is a
pity to spoil it by condensation into the
bare facts.

He dropped a Dark Dun just over the
Big One. No autumn leaf could have
kissed the surface more gently but the
great trout merely rolled up one eye in
blasé incurious recognition. To Mont-
real, Silver Doctor, Parmacheenee Belle,
Millers, Hackles and Palmers, he paid
not the least attention.

The fly book was skimmed again, ah, a
McGinty! He wetted the fly thoroughly
and then "down went McGinty." It
disappeared, a turn of the wrist and the
hook was set.

"An explosion, a maelstrom, a sub-
aqueous tornado. The reel whirled wildly
as with one tremendous plunge Old Agag
dashed across the stream for fifty yards,"
until at last

"Tawab, how much?"

"I tink he weigh fi' poun'." And he
did!

It would seem that all sorts and con-
ditions of men go a-angling in these
(Continued on page 53)



Outdoor America



Member A. B. C.

Owned and Published by

THE IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA

DEFENDER OF WOODS, WATERS AND WILD LIFE

National Headquarters
536 Lake Shore Drive Tel. Superior 1217
Chicago, Ill.

Issued Monthly—Single Copy 15c

Subscription rate \$1.00 per year in the U. S. and Canada. Cuba and Mexico, 50c additional postage. Foreign countries \$1.00 additional postage. Entered as second class matter August 9, 1922, at the Post Office at Chicago, Ill., under the act of March 3, 1879

Number of paid subscribers	122,673
Newsstand Sales	9,622
TOTAL	132,295

WILL H. DILG, *Editor*

E. H. ROSS, *Managing Editor*

The Game Refuge Bill

Taken from the June Editorial of
Forest and Stream

THE most important bill in the cause of conservation passed by the late Congress was the Upper Mississippi Wild Life and Fish Refuge Bill authorizing the appropriation of \$1,500,000 for the purchase of overflowed bottom lands along the Mississippi River, between Wabasha, Minn., and Rock Island, Ill.

The Agricultural Appropriation Bill for the year beginning July 1st makes an appropriation of \$400,000 so that work on this project can begin immediately. The bill was sponsored by the Izaak Walton League and was introduced in the House by Harry B. Hawes, Congressman from Missouri. By the passage of this bill Congress clearly demonstrates that it is alive and responsive to the call of the country for game refuges and is ready to face the situation squarely. It also indicates, as we have previously pointed-out, that the defeat of the Brookhart Game Refuge Bill was due simply to the fact that the best judicial and legislative minds of the nation are opposed to the creation of new federal bureaus to be supported by a new system of direct taxation.

In the past quarter of a century this country has accepted many new forms of taxation, both direct and indirect. The limit, however, has been reached and far-seeing statesmen, irrespective of party lines, recognize the fact that the over-centralization of power in Washington is leading us dangerously near autocracy.

Today President Coolidge and the leaders of thought in both houses of Congress are in favor of the creation of refuges for the preservation of our wild life. If they will drop their long cherished idea of creating a new federal bureau of super game wardens with a new form of federal taxation and will cooperate with the sportsmen of this country, a bill can be written by such men as Congressman Hawes and his associates that will pass Congress and the purchase of lands for game refuges can begin without unnecessary delay. The demand for

these refuges is so crying and so much time has already been lost that common cause should be made. FOREST AND STREAM is ready to work with the Hon. Harry Hawes, or any other man or organization either in or out of Congress.

What's on Your Mind?

WHAT'S on your mind these days as the warm breezes wander in through the open windows of your office, store or shop?

What is that indefinable something that causes you to groan each morning on the way to work and makes you exert every ounce of will power at your command to remain at the place which provides the daily bread and butter?

We'll tell you, Brother, it's the old call of the outdoors—the flaring into flame of that spark which lies more or less dormant during the winter months in the heart of every man, woman, and child in the world.

It is the seasonal revolt against things commercial that has played havoc with business organizations since the beginning of time.

Yet this revolt is not confined to the radicals or the masses. It ruins the reserve and strangles the resolutions of the company president—at the same time the office boy decides “life ain't worth livin' if yuh gotta work inside,” and proceeds to announce the death of another mythical relative whose demise is being mourned at the ball park. The boss is a bit more dignified and announces an important engagement—but it's the same old thing. The telephone number on the pad of his secretary is not that of a business associate but the locker room at the country club. We simply cannot get away from the call of the outdoors no matter how hard we try to evade its urge.

There is a little bit of the savage in every last one of us—in some it predominates and in most of us it is held in check with difficulty.

The craving for open spaces, visions of leaping bass at the end of a line, and dreams of clear cool water rippling gently beneath the rays of the moon comprise the greatest American heritage.

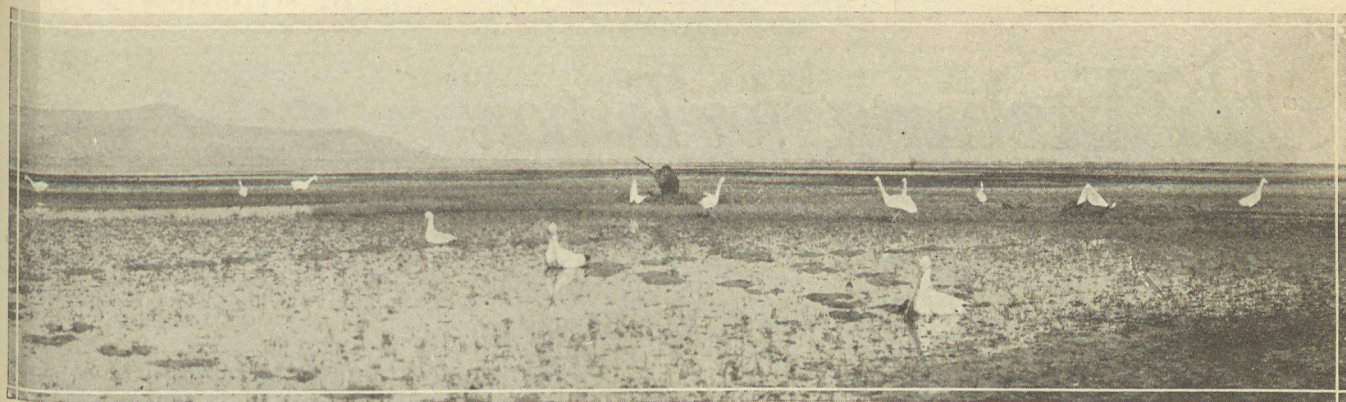
You realize these things, don't you? Of course you do or you wouldn't be a Waltonian. Well, isn't it reasonable to believe that every other human being you meet on the street is experiencing the same desires at this time?

It is. They are all thinking the same thoughts and RIGHT NOW is the time for us to get busy and tell them about this League. Get them interested in saving the things which we KNOW are worth saving and get the idea to them while they can see, all about them, the beauties of the out-of-doors.

Just take one man aside—tell him what this League is trying to do for him and for his boys and girls. Tell him this League is not a commercial organization and explain what it has done and what it can do with his support. Point out that it isn't exactly clean baseball for him to sit on the sidelines and let the other men of the community pay the freight for something he will enjoy in an equal measure.

IF YOU WILL JUST TELL THIS STORY TO ONE MAN WHO IS NOT NOW A MEMBER OF YOUR LEAGUE, WE WILL DOUBLE OUR MEMBERSHIP THIS SUMMER, YOU WILL BE PROUD OF YOURSELF, AND YOUR FRIEND WILL BE PROUD OF YOU FOR HAVING INVITED HIM TO BECOME A WALTONIAN.

A membership in the Izaak Walton League of America



The Hunting Story Contest

These two short stories, which have been held in type, are the last of the Outdoor America hunting story contest. All stories entered in this will be submitted to the judges within the next few days and the winners will be announced in the August issue.

A Mother's Bedtime Story

By R. D. HOWELL

A FORTY-SIX-year-old story told to a little boy, stayed the trigger finger of a nimrod to shoot at the only bear he ever saw running wild, and saved a mother bear from at least possible injury and perhaps making orphans two little cubs. After listening to big stories about the camp fire until the small hours our hero resolved he would get into the class of big game hunters. Long after the snores of his fellow campers had become loud and long, he planned a trip where he had seen signs of bear near an old deserted log shack, left years ago by wood choppers. He was up early and had the coffee cooking at sun-up. With nerves atingle he left camp alone, without a word to the boys.

About two hours of tramping brought him to the border of timber near a lake where the promised bear would be found. How loud every twig snapping under foot sounded, and how nearly real buck fever had control will be appreciated by those who have "been there." Real suffering it is we agree! Circling closer and closer to the old log shack this would-be big game hunter closed in. Seeing no signs and hearing nothing more than the twitter of some small bird or the fall of a rotten limb, blown down by the light wind, you know how all alone he felt; but he must find that bear.

With much bracing of the nerves, he looked in at the hole used as a door, two logs high from the ground, and decided Mr. or Mrs. Bear were not in the shack so he would conceal himself in the old log hut and await developments. After an age, as all waits seem to the lone hunter, there was a slight noise in a dark corner of the one room shack. If a man's heart can stand still and his hair stand up, those phenomena were right then experienced by our hunter. With strength about gone and that gun weighing a ton, he did a green-horn trick. A match was found and lighted with much effort. The glare revealed two very small cubs crowding each other farther into the corner. Quickly the hunter decided to get out of doors. After going some twenty rods to the edge of the clearing he halted, knowing nothing better to do.

Suddenly there loomed in front of the man the biggest bear, maybe, in the world and she was going to that shack. Would there be the sharp crack of a rifle? There would not, for even if that bear was marked for bad luck or your relator been in luck, there was nothing doing, for right then and there came a mental picture of helpless babes awaiting the mother's return, and the hark back to the bedtime story told the little boy of many years ago about the mother bear that never returned after meeting a man with a long gun over his shoulder. Say, fellows, I could not even have fired at that she-bear. Back to the camp I went, with never a word to the good old pals who wondered where I had gone.

Represents an obligation and a responsibility.

A Wild Goose Chase

By ROBERT NEILL

HONK! Honk! came the clear call of the flying V. The first of the large Canadian geese had come. My, what a thrill they gave me as I saw them gracefully circle and alight in the center of a forty-five acre wheat field!

Fifteen minutes later I was ready with my father's twelve gauge single barrel shot gun and some home-loaded shells.

After a half-mile walk I reached the corn field where my father was husking corn. He saw me and called me over where he was. I expected to get sent back home, but he only said, "Be careful not to get snow in the end of your gun. There's no use of you going, they'll see you. There isn't any place for you to hide, Bob." I replied that I could at least try. As I started through the standing corn again, he called after me, "It's a wild goose chase."

After a short tramp, I came to the edge of the wheat field. The geese were there, but how was I to get close enough for a shot?

The snow was beginning to fall. At first it was light, but it finally began to fall in big heavy flakes and flurries.

It seemed to me that I would never get within range. My hands were cold and stiff and I could hardly load my gun. At last I thought I was near enough, and I arose to my knees. The geese instantly took flight with a lot of loud, excited honking. They were farther away than I had thought, almost too far for a shot. Quickly I aimed and fired at the nearest goose, but none came down.

This disheartened me so much I nearly threw my gun down in disgust. Sadly I watched them going out of sight. One big gander seemed to lag. This gave me new hope so I began to follow. It was turning very much colder and my clothes were now almost frozen stiff. My hands were cold and blue and my teeth chattered, but I forgot all these things when the lagging goose began to circle—each time coming a little closer to me. I was almost running now. Suddenly the goose went limp and fell to the ground about a quarter of a mile from me. What a thrill and joy the sight of that falling goose gave me! It did not take me long to reach the spot where my goose had fallen. I thought he weighed a ton when I tried to lift him.

No time was lost reaching the corn field where my dad was about to take a load of corn to the barn. As I approached the wagon he said, "Well! what did I tell you, Bob? It was a wild goose chase, and you're tired."

"Yes," I said, "it was a wild goose chase, but please take him out of this coat, he's getting heavy."

Dad just stood and stared at me, then I turned around so he could get the big gander out of my hunting coat. As he held up my prize, he mumbled, "A real wild goose chase, after all."

Fly Fishing for Tarpon

by Thomas D. McKeown, M.C.

WHILE on one of my trips to the Panama Canal Zone I had the good fortune to meet and become acquainted with William Markham, of Cristobal, who is one of the many faithful employees of Uncle Sam on the Panama Railroad. Having heard of his accomplishments as a tarpon fisherman and being an ardent lover of fishing, I immediately touched on the subject of tarpon fishing. He at once offered to go fishing with me the next morning provided I would come out to the Gatun spillway.

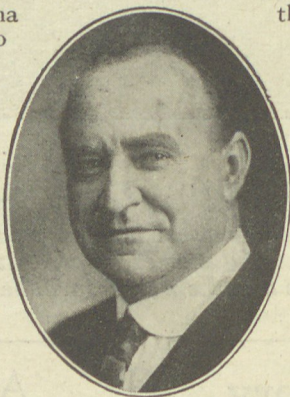
I accepted his invitation and he met me early next morning and took me to the Club House, located near the spillway, where he provided knee trousers with the admonition to wear stockings to prevent sunburn, and spiked shoes and, to my amazement, a Bristol fly rod with a two-foot extension on the handle, together with some large brown flies of his own tying from Rhode Island Red rooster feathers. The club house is a real substantial building, containing cots, stove, cooking utensils, shower baths, lockers, bait tanks, and such articles of furniture to meet the club members' requirements. This club house is located on the Gatun spillway.

The United States, in the construction of the canal, built the Gatun dam across Gatun Valley, through which flowed the Chagres River, at a cost of \$8,000,000. The government engineers were so accurate in their plans they provided a constant outflow of water equal in volume to the inflow of the river in normal times. Flood gates control the flood waters of the Chagres. The waters flowing out of the dam in normal volume pass through a hydro plant and furnish electric power for the Canal Zone. It then flows on down the channel of the Chagres River to the Atlantic Ocean six miles away. This dam impounds a lake of fresh water one hundred and sixty square miles, and is eighty-seven feet above sea level. It is here that the famous Gatun locks are located.

I learned from Markham that there were about seventy-five active members of the club, nearly all of whom were employees of the Panama Railway and Canal, and that the initiation fee was only \$10.00, with annual dues of \$10.00. The club is not pretentious, but comfortable and open to visiting anglers from the States.

When the rainy season is on and the gates are raised, many small fish from the lake go over the dam and become more or less stunned in the operation, thus rendering them easy prey to the tarpon, snook, jack, bass and red snapper, which are attracted to the spillway from the lower waters of the Chagres.

After giving me the fly rod and flies Markham accompanied me to the spillway to show me that tarpon could be taken on flies. I was a "doubting Thomas." The spillway is like a large cement bib extending the full width of the Chagres channel and for several hundred feet down the river. To fish successfully it is necessary to wade out into the water, which is eighteen inches to two feet deep. We waded out, and Markham made two casts, and just as the fly struck the water on the second cast there was a commotion, and the reel began to sing. He called to me to take the pole and land



Congressman McKeown of Oklahoma.

the fish. To this I agreed and in a very few minutes I realized that I had a real fish on my hands.

The fish rushed like a steam engine down the river and jerked the reel handle out of my hand, and in my efforts to regain it my hand was so battered it began to bleed profusely. I finally caught the handle and then for the first time I learned what had taken the bait, because at this moment the tarpon, a magnificent specimen, leaped fully five feet out of the water. The battle waged for several minutes, and after struggling for half an hour I finally landed the fish, but my hand was bleeding so freely I had to abandon further fishing for that day.

Until I met Markham I had never heard of tarpon fly fishing. I learned from him that a man by the name of Hamilton, from Kentucky, first suggested fly fishing for the tarpon, but that Cook Daniels of Denver developed the fishing with flies for tarpon. He used a No. 6 hook with white body and red hackle. Markham

used several combinations until he discovered that brown was the deadliest lure, not only for tarpon, but for other kinds. From him I learned that the honor of catching one of the largest tarpon ever caught at the Gatun spillway belonged to Rear Admiral Hugh C. Rodman, who took it on a white rag, which is his favorite lure. Since that time I am advised that the honor goes to Mrs. Everett Sanders of Terre Haute, Indiana.

In an effort to get moving pictures of the tarpon in action some picture people once visited the Gatun Club and rented a motor boat and trolled for several hours in the Chagres without results, and on returning, when near Houston landing, they found a very large tarpon floating on top of the water, securely caught by a throw line tied to a tree. It seems a West Indian baited his hook with a six or eight-inch fish, and had thrown the fish into the river, tied the line to a tree and gone home, and the tarpon had taken the bait. The Movie boys took the tarpon off the hook and fastened it on one of their hooks, and let

him play and leap until they had secured their pictures, then returned and put him back on the West Indian's hook by hooking him through his tail. Since that time the West Indian tells every one that tarpon always stuns the bait before taking it by slapping it with its tail.

Some tarpon are to be found in Gatun lake, but their presence there is accounted for on the ground that they come into the locks with the ships and get into the lake.

Markham does not believe that tarpon spawn in the lake or the river, and bases this belief on the fact that in seining for live bait no tarpon under ten inches has ever been taken.

The day I was the guest of Wm. Markham at Gatun Club was one of my most interesting and enjoyable experiences.

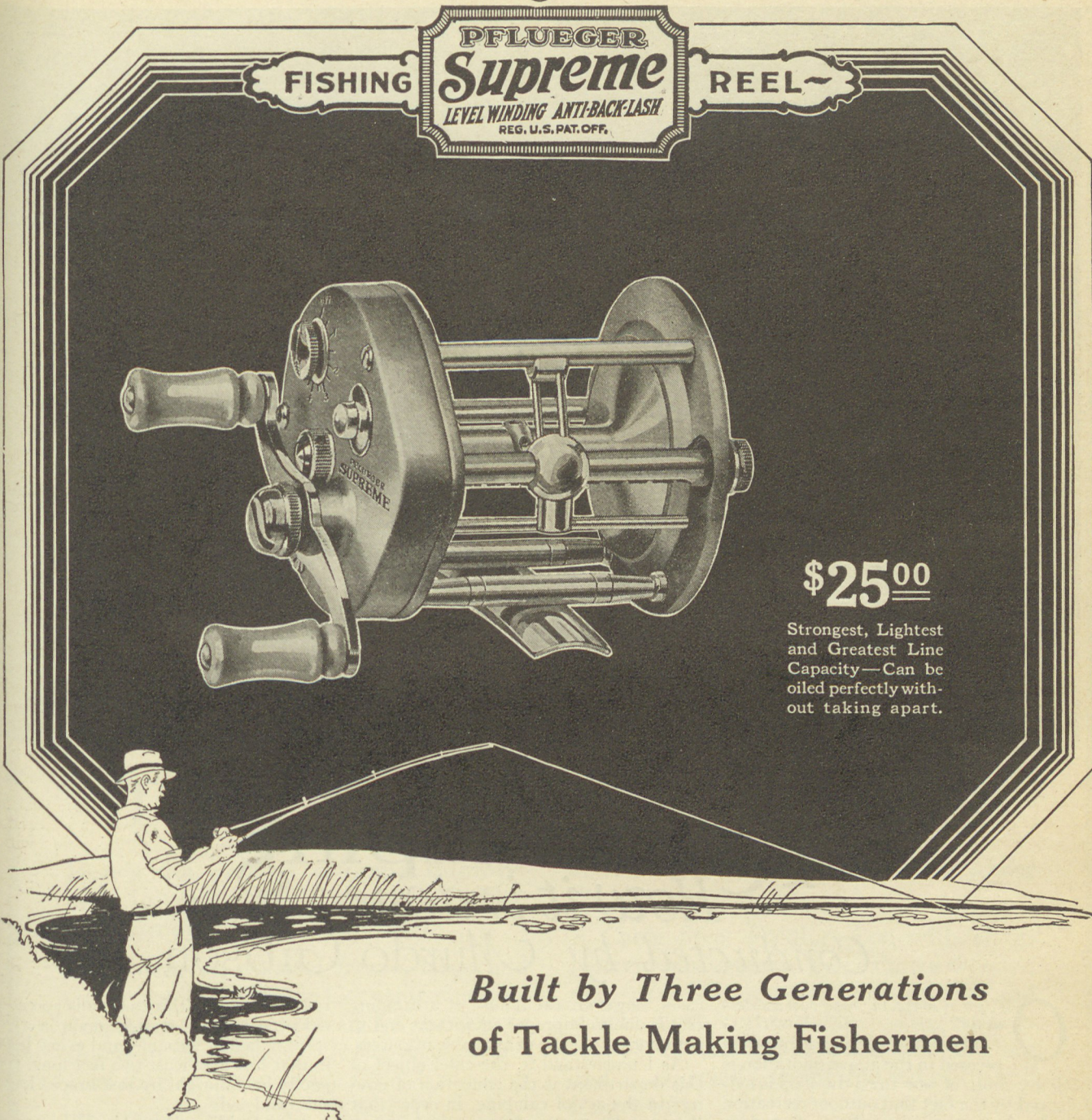
The following paragraph is taken from an address Congressman McKeown made before the House of Representatives in support of the bill to prevent inter-state shipment of black bass:

"I am hoping that this generation will be kind and thoughtful enough of the Americans of the future to leave them a bountiful supply of fresh-water fish, so that when they grow up they can go fishing and solve the perplexing problems of their age and improve their moral characters."



Mrs. Everett Sanders of Terre Haute, Indiana.

A membership in the Izaak Walton League of America



PFLUEGER
Supreme
LEVEL WINDING ANTI-BACK-LASH
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

\$25⁰⁰

Strongest, Lightest
and Greatest Line
Capacity—Can be
oiled perfectly with-
out taking apart.

**Built by Three Generations
of Tackle Making Fishermen**

Here is a "thinking" reel if ever there was one—automatically thumbs the line and stops it the instant the bait strikes the water thus preventing all possibilities of back-lashing. And its level winding, double threaded shaft insures an evenly-wound free-flowing spool at all times.

In the Supreme Reel, Pfluegers have anticipated your every requirement. Themselves fishermen as well as tackle

makers, they know what a reel must undergo—the atmospheric influences and the severe tugs and jerks of battling fish.

That's why the Pflueger Supreme will stand the gaff. It is made of Nickalum—a metal very light in weight yet as strong as steel. It has been tested from every angle for strength, ease of handling—smooth running, etc., by both the makers and thousands of users, and in every case has proven worthy of the famous Pflueger No Time Limit Guarantee. Fully described in Pfluegers' "Pocket Catalogue". Mail coupon for your copy today.

THE ENTERPRISE MFG. COMPANY
"The Pfluegers" Dept. OA-7 AKRON, OHIO
Oldest and Largest Fishing Tackle Manufacturers in the United States

ENTERPRISE
MFG. CO.
Dept. OA-7
Akron, Ohio

Gentlemen:—Please send
copy of The Pflueger "86 High
Spots" Pocket Catalog.

"Pocket Cat-
alogue" Free

Shows and de-
scribes a piece of
tackle for every
kind of fishing.
Yours for the ask-
ing. Send coupon.

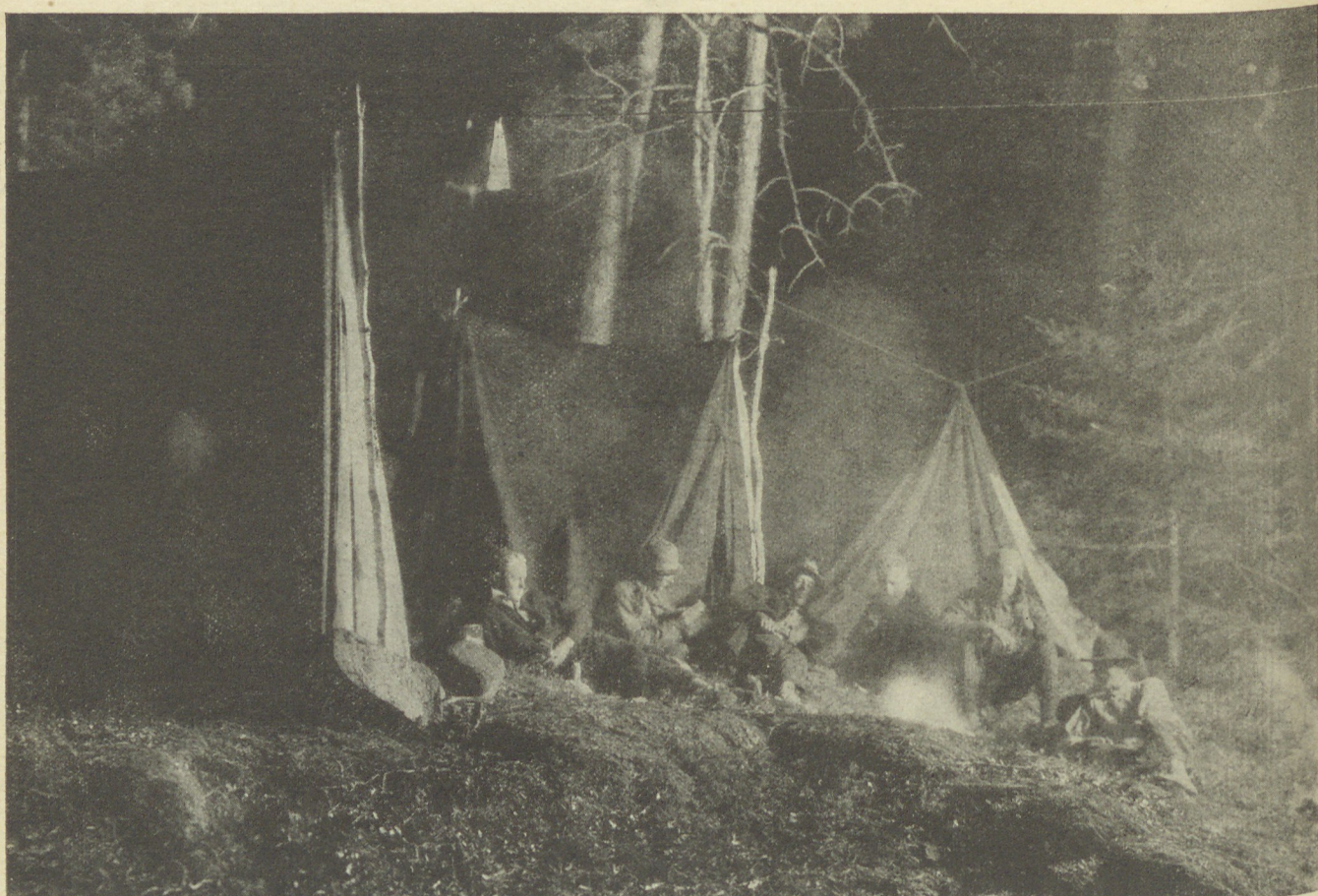


PFLUEGERS'
PRONOUNCED "FLEW-GER"
FISHING TACKLE
Leaders Since 1864

Name.....

Address.....

Patronize the Advertisers who patronize our Magazine.



Photographs by Kenneth M. Wright

Real Camping

How it is done

Conducted by Murdo Gibson

"O H, for a lodge in some vast wilderness!"

That the yearning so well expressed in the above quotation is felt by most of our town-dwellers is evidenced by the fact that outdoor recreation is the fastest growing phase of modern American life. The desired lodge may contain many bathrooms and be surrounded by an eighteen hole golf course; it may be a mere shelter, composed of a single sheet of cotton cloth; but the basic emotion that causes the annual migration from town to country is the same in kind, if not in degree.

It is now generally conceded that everyone should respond to this inherent urge and spend a considerable part of their time in the open air, away from the nerve-destroying harassments of city life. Some of our greatest employers recognize the economic value of these opportunities for relaxation and recuperation, by practical means encouraging all employees to spend their holidays in the country amid healthful, enjoyable surroundings.

Among those who have heard and heeded the call of the wilderness are some who met disappointment while afield. To them, gipsying proved a disagreeable and uncomfortable experience which they are bitterly opposed to repeating. In most

cases, however, the failure of a camping trip is due to improper equipment and to ignorance of the use of available resources.

As I understand it, the chief object of this department is the education of novices in the art of camping, in order that they may become enthusiastic missionaries of the gospel of Conservation.

No two persons being exactly alike in anything else, it is unreasonable to suppose that the ideas expressed in these columns will precisely suit any reader of *OUTDOOR AMERICA*. All I expect to do is to pass along some of the knowledge gathered during a lifetime of actual camping in the wilder parts of the United States and Canada.

"Let's go camping!" The picture you mentally envision at these magic words indicates pretty clearly your favorite form of outing. The writer sees a lone timber cruiser bivouacking on the shore of a northern lake. Supper eaten, night-wood cut, he is seated before a quietly glowing fire of dead aspen logs. He is smoking a mixture of "kinnickinick" and tobacco in a short briar pipe blackened by some twenty years of intermittent use. . . . Behind him, a light but waterproof cotton sheet, pitched shed-fashion to act as a combined windbreak, rain shelter and heat

reflector. Under this canopy is spread an eiderdown robe, resting upon a thick, springy bed of balsam—and every bough in that bed is at least two feet long, compactly held upright by well braced logs at sides and ends . . .

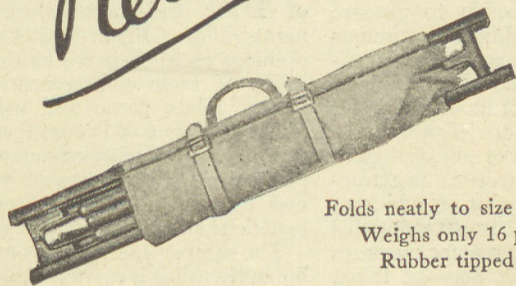
A high-riding Hunter's Moon silvers the surface of the water and casts fantastic shadows among the birches whose white trunks might well be pillars of some pergola in fairyland. The beauty of the scene precludes sleep and induces a mood closely bordering upon worship . . .

"Let's go camping!" The trout fisherman sees an insect-proof tent in the grassy clearing of an abandoned logging camp. He hears the rush of falling water as it pours through the rotting sluiceway of the dam. He visualizes the big fish caught with light tackle in the pond above the dam and the monster in the pool below—the one that broke his leader and remains still a challenge.

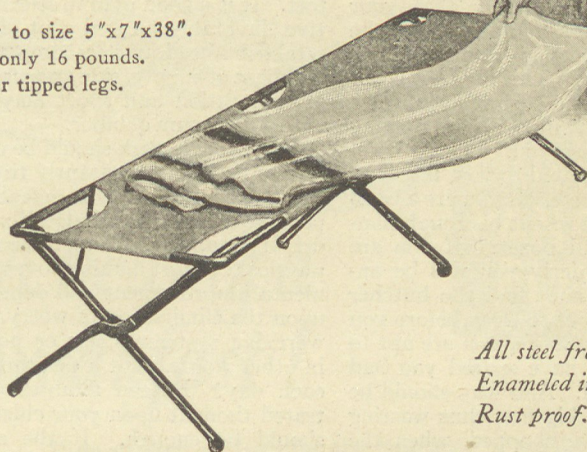
"Let's go camping!" The Boy Scouts and the Girl Scouts will see the bathing beaches, the mess tents, and the playground, of the organized camp and will recall with something akin to ecstasy the thrilling stories told around the evening bonfire. Fathers and sons who have

A membership in the Izaak Walton League of America

New!



Folds neatly to size 5"x7"x38".
Weighs only 16 pounds.
Rubber tipped legs.



*All steel frame.
Enameled in green.
Rust proof.*

Start on Your Camping Trip With The Cable Steel Folding Cot

Here's the greatest camping improvement in years! You'll want to take it on your camping trip this summer.

Made with an all-steel frame, large and comfortable, the Cable Cot assures perfect sleeping comfort. It can be opened or closed in 50 seconds. *It automatically adjusts itself to uneven ground.*

The Cable Cot can be carried about without fatigue, even on long hikes. It weighs only 16 pounds. A convenient handle makes it easy to carry. It can be placed

on the running board of the car or under the seat.

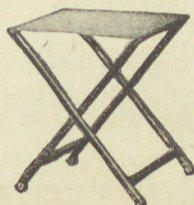
A Cable Steel Folding Cot, with all its betterments, costs no more than a wooden one. Yet this new-day cot is sturdier and much more comfortable. The tailored top of 12 oz. khaki duck will not sag and is especially tested for strength and long wear.

Visit your dealer today and insist on seeing the Cable Cot. No other will satisfy you.

Also Cable Steel Chairs and Stools



New-day refinements. Fold compactly. Rubber tipped legs. Longer life. Handsome green enameled steel. Strong. Comfortable. Chair weight, 4¾ pounds, price \$1.50; Stool, 4 pounds, price \$1.25.



Order Here

only in case your dealer cannot supply you.

OA-7

THE CABLE CORPORATION, Sales Dept.
Woolworth Building, New York City

Enclosed find \$5.50 for which please ship me one Cable Cot, prepaid.

Name

Address



camped together will review with pleasure the hours of intimate association and good fellowship wherein each revealed to the other unsuspected traits, feelings, thoughts, and desires.

The ordinary home life of the city dwelling family is so crowded with overlapping distractions that there remains but little opportunity for real communion. Awaiting a more suitable time or occasion, expression of the deeper emotions is generally postponed until it becomes impossible.

Camp life in the wilderness is a very severe test of friendship. The fact that your neighbor is obliging or that your deskmate is agreeable is no sign that he won't irritate you beyond endurance after a week in the woods. This may be, probably will be, without conscious fault on his part—he may, indeed, be making every effort to please you. If your companion is not well suited to you, it will be noticed almost at once. If you are a careful person, you will resent his rough handling of packs and boxes. If you are methodical and orderly you will be annoyed when he cannot find the butcher knife, etc. If he goes to sleep before you do, and happens to snore, you are apt to feel that he could have spared you had he been so inclined. And why should he wish to keep up a big fire, thus wasting the wood you have chopped, when the weather isn't at all cold? In such a mood you will be suspecting him of feigning sleep each morning in order that you will be forced to roll out and cook breakfast.

My reason for hinting at these possibilities is to impress upon the camper the vital importance of choosing a kindred spirit for a vacation chum. If, after living a month together in a tent, two men

remain on easy terms with each other, the chances are that only death will end the friendship.

Personnel once decided upon, the next step is to plan the trip, considering (1) its object; (2) its destination and route; (3) the equipment necessary.

If the object is combined relaxation and recreation it is foolish to prepare a schedule demanding almost continuous travel in all weathers—a schedule necessitating a wearisome round of making and breaking camp. Most of us would prefer to take our holiday in more leisurely fashion, with some measure of physical comfort. It is a good plan to select an attractive, favorably located spot on which to establish a headquarters camp. Using this as a base of supply, side trips for purposes of exploration and sport may be taken with a minimum of labor.

Just enough work should be done every day to make one pleasantly tired. Overexertion is quite apt to defeat the main purpose of the trip. Moderation in eating, drinking, and smoking, is necessary for physical comfort and improvement, while mental improvement will depend largely upon the elimination of worry. Do your worrying systematically or not at all—in other words, allot a definite time to it each day! Fifteen minutes of concentrated thought upon your chief problems should be enough. If the solution is found the first day, well and good; if not, try again at the same time next day—but don't allow the mind to dwell upon unpleasant questions except during the intervals set apart for that purpose. This time-limit scheme for retaining control over the thoughts has worked wonders in many cases and is well worth a fair tryout.

It might be remarked, in this connection, that a guilty conscience is a foe to health, being able to retard progress toward physical and mental well-being. If only for this selfish reason, it behooves us to obey the laws of the country we camp in, to observe the forestry regulations concerning sanitation, cutting of timber, and the absolute extinguishment of fires. Regardless of our personal opinions as to their wisdom or the possibility of their enforcement, we should never violate game and fish laws, nor avoid payment of license fees. The satisfaction of knowing ourselves worthy to be trusted with the freedom of the wilderness can and does add materially to the beneficial effects of our outings.

The camper does well to remember that life in the wilds is more or less of a novelty to most people, so that frequent mistakes of omission and commission are to be expected from the novice. The more seasoned hand must, therefore, school himself to be agreeable, avoiding petty criticism. Blessed is he who possesses a wholesome sense of humor, enabling him to smile at incidents which otherwise would annoy.

A really good camper does no unnecessary borrowing from his companions. He has his own strictly personal articles, and uses them. He knows that laziness in camp is not an unpardonable sin unless indulged in at the expense of others. He does his full share of the work, but does not try to do all of it, lest in so doing he seem to imply contempt for another's ability.

It would be impossible to over-emphasize the value of cleanliness in camping. The need of it there is no less imperative than at home. Garbage and refuse



Where the garns are thickest.

A membership in the Izaak Walton League of America



must be buried or burned promptly, dishes washed immediately after meals and the dishwater poured into the garbage hole. To pour dirty water on the ground or to scatter it over bushes is to invite flies and insects. Garbage pits and latrines should be as deep and as small in diameter as they can be dug. Bottles, cans, and metal boxes should be buried therein, not thrown into the water or brush. *The appearance of our abandoned campsite is a pretty accurate measure of our sportsmanship.*

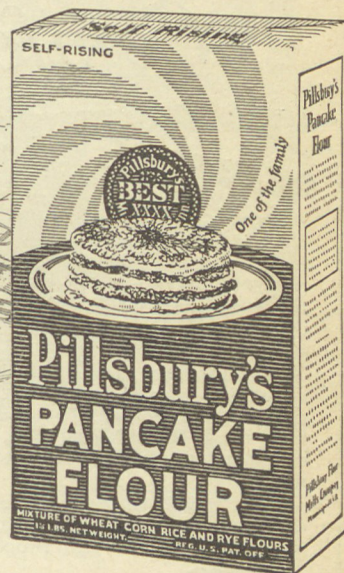
Countless green trees are destroyed annually because thoughtless folk practise axmanship and marksmanship upon them. Ornamental trees are too valuable for such mistreatment. One, at least, of the camp axes should have a nail-pulling slot, so that if nails or spikes have been driven into a tree, they can be removed before camp is broken. (It is a fact not widely known that many mill workers have been killed by flying fragments of saws, broken upon imbedded spikes.)

Those who enjoy the wilderness to the utmost are friends of all the wild things inhabiting it. They encourage the birds and animals to stay around camp, placing uncooked food so that the more or less wary partakers may be photographed while feeding. Sportsmen—the thoroughbred type—do not wantonly or thoughtlessly shoot at any living thing. They would drum out of camp anyone who did. Your true sportsman is never cruel. He will kill his fish at once or return it unharmed to the water. There is something radically wrong with the person who can enjoy himself while the gamey fish he has caught lies gasping, slowly smothering to death in the bottom of the boat. One thrust of a strong, sharp knife will sever its backbone just behind the head, relieving it from misery forever.

What
do
you



One of the family



A bear of a breakfast!

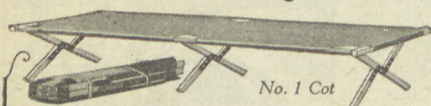
Pine-scented air fetching the fragrance of sizzling bacon and bubbling coffee—the aroma of a stack of “wheats” browning in the pan. Wham!—that’s when the old appetite rises like a “pink-eye” leaping for a Dusty Miller.

WHEN belts are slipped a notch and pipes are drawing sweet, outdoor men hand it to Pillsbury’s pancakes! Packed to rough it, Pillsbury’s Pancake Flour is the champion “chow” for quick, satisfying meals in the open. Every ingredient for perfect pancakes is right in every package. Simply add water or milk—and bake in any frying pan. You can do the whole job in six minutes flat!

You can’t pack a better pal than Pillsbury’s—strongly packaged, simply prepared, supremely palatable. It’s right in the contract that Pillsbury’s will deliver tender, fluffy, golden-brown pancakes *every time!* Take it with you on your next trip and be sure to take plenty. Good stores sell it by the package or the case.

Pillsbury's Buckwheat Pancake Flour

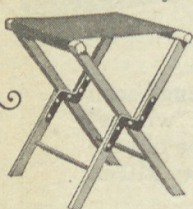
Here's Camp Comfort



A handy "Gold Medal" table and a cot and chair apiece is what you need for comfortable camping. You awake refreshed after a night's rest on a comfortable "Gold Medal" cot. You completely relax in these comfortable chairs.

You get, too, the utmost in lightness, durability, ease of folding and compactness when folded. These qualities have made "Gold Medal" the choice of experienced campers and tourists for 33 years.

The secret is in the construction that combines seasoned wood, steel and canvas in exactly the right proportion



describes Home and Camp uses of "Gold Medal."

For your protection every piece of genuine "Gold Medal" carries the trademarked, brand name "Gold Medal." Insist upon the genuine, look for this name.

"GOLD MEDAL"
TRADE MARK REG.
**Folding~
Furniture**

FOR
CAMP

FOR 33 YEARS
THE RECOGNIZED
STANDARD

FOR
HOME

If you don't know the nearest dealer write us for his name.

Gold Medal Camp Furniture Mfg. Co.
1753 Packard Ave.
Racine, Wis.



No. 13 Table
48

Write for your
copy of our
**FREE
BOOK**

"Comfort for
Home and
Camp" which



Solid comfort.

Motor Camping

Conducted by HOMER BOW

BEAUTIFUL words, well arranged, telling of sunrise, sunset, woods, roads, and streams, will not stop the rain from coming through a poorly water-proofed tent, nor will they prepare a nourishing meal out in the open. The autocamping American public is well informed on the beauties of our great country, and it is apparent from the increasing numbers of campers that no treatise along graphic lines is needed to inspire them to heed the harmonious call of the red gods.

The equipment taken afield by the autocamper spells the difference between dissatisfaction and disaster, or satisfaction and success. This holds true regardless of whether the trip is made in a palatial land-yacht, containing parlor, bedroom and bath, or in a small popular make of car with a pup tent strapped on the running board or thrown in the tonneau.

The first thing with which the autocamper is confronted is the purchase of his equipment. The public is fortunate in that they have access to the type of sporting goods salesman that is becoming general in most communities. He is a specialist and is handling the equipment that is becoming the most popular. The popularity of equipment comes only after that particular equipment has given success to many. The day of experimental

trips is practically past. Of course, there will be many developments that will add to the comfort of the autocamper while he is on the road, but today he can expect very close to the maximum of comfort if he follows the suggestion of some thoroughly reliable dealer.

It is a shame that some genius has not invented mechanical equipment that will erect a camp by merely pushing a button. After all is purchased and properly loaded, the unpacking and setting up of the camp will bear out the truth of the old adage, "practice makes perfect."

The packing of equipment and the erecting of the camp are essentials with which the prospective camper should be entirely familiar. This familiarity will come only through actual practice. Pack the equipment to the best of your ability and then take a ten-mile drive out to some spot in your locality. Pitch camp, and then tear the whole works down and repack it. After several of these trips it will be very well to try a week-end jaunt, and get used to the utensils that are to be the companions on your trip.

In short, do not start on your tour until you are perfectly familiar with what you are going to take. This sort of practice will no doubt prove that some things that you intended to take are unnecessary, and that other things which you have

Any questions pertaining to Motor Camping will be answered by Mr. Bow, address: Motor Camping, Outdoor America, 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois

Our income from advertising is put to work for conservation.

neglected to take have come under the heading of necessities.

So much for the camping end of the equipment, now for the transportation.

The average autocamper is today very familiar with his means of transportation—the automobile. It should suffice to say that all should be in first-class order from the tires to the top. Implements should be included that will be of aid should the roadbed prove too soft for traction. Chains are invaluable. There should also be one of the modern tow lines, either for your use or to help some less fortunate brother of the road. If the tourist is to go into localities where the modern improved roads are not general, there is a "Puller," consisting of pulleys, etc., that will enable one man to remove a machine from a very bad hole.

People residing in some localities are under the impression that it is impossible to run out of gasoline without being able to coast to a filling station. The abundance of these stations has given the impression. The condition does not hold true, however, in all localities, and rather to be safe than sorry a receptacle providing several spare gallons of gasoline may prove to be a great saver of sole leather.

Oil and water, too, should be included in the emergency supply; both may be needed when the least expected.

The addition to the equipment of the tools necessary to remove a foundered automobile and the cans of gas, etc., have a great utility. The tools come in handy to dig latrines, bury rubbish and to trench around tents in wet weather. The can of gasoline will save the trouble of taking gasoline from the automobile to fill the air-pressure gasoline stove, which by all means should constitute a part of the equipment.

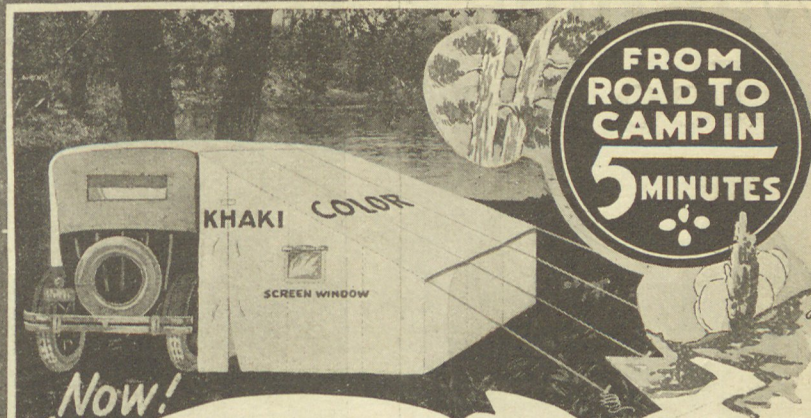
Cooking in camp is a delicate proposition for the novice. There is no doubt that the city-dweller afield will find considerable change in the volume of food required compared with that used at home. The oven in which things were baked and roasted was so firmly attached to the kitchen stove at home that it was impossible to bring it along. The wise camper has provided a reflector or folded oven within his kit, for a great danger is in store for the novice that relies too fully upon the tin can and the skillet.

Fortunately, in most parts of the country it will be possible to purchase fresh produce from the grower. If not from them, it is available in the stores of the cities enroute. The use of these fresh products will make the trip more enjoyable. No matter how beautiful a mountain or river may be it is not particularly appealing to a person with a case of indigestion. Stay away, as near as possible, from the greasy skillet and the canned articles of food.

It is apparent, and true, that an autocamping trip requires great forethought and preparation. For one to set down all of the details in one article would make a book very similar to the famous work of Noah Webster. Each phase will have to be treated separately and in its place.

Tell your motor camping troubles to us,—we'll eliminate them!

Make OUTDOORAMERICA bigger by patronizing our advertisers.



**FROM
ROAD TO
CAMP IN
5 MINUTES**

Now!
for \$17.50 A Burch
Balloon Cloth Auto Tent

With Sewed-in Floor **\$20.00**

9 Piece Camp Outfit \$48—
Complete for Two

Includes items listed at the right—everything for camp comfort—and is a real bargain at this combination price.



Burch Bark Water Proofing

Makes any canvas water-proof. Easily applied in a few minutes. One gallon covers 100 square feet. Price \$2.40 delivered anywhere in the U. S.

F. O. B. Pueblo

One Burch Special Auto Camping Tent with Canvas Floor.

One Burch Ideal Folding Steel Double Spring Bed.

Two Camp Chairs with Backs.

One Folding Gasoline Stove.

One Folding Table.

One Water Bag.

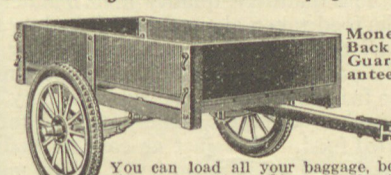
One Wash Basin.

One Dunnage Bag.

The F. J. Burch Mfg. Co.
243 Burch Bldg. Pueblo, Colo.

Only \$39.00

For This Highest Grade Auto Camping Trailer



Money Back Guarantee

You can load all your baggage, bedding, coats, tents, cooking utensils, etc., in this light weight auto trailer and hitch it to any automobile and never notice any extra pull on the car. Why? Because it is scientifically built, weighing only 275 pounds with a guaranteed carrying capacity at automobile speed of 1,000 pounds. We are ready to prove this, hitch it behind your own car, and you be the judge. If you are planning an outing, don't fail to write us at once for complete details. Act, at once.

THE BOWER MANUFACTURING CO.
Box 18 Fowler, Indiana

SLEEP IN YOUR CAR!



Are you prepared to sleep in comfort when camping or touring? You will be if you take along a "Foldaway Bed" and sleep in your car.

It is easily installed in a few minutes' time—when not in use folds up into shape and size of a golf bag—low in price.

Models for all cars—closed or touring, including Fords, Chevrolet, Essex Coach, Dodge, etc.

Sold on "Money Back" guarantee if you are not satisfied. Write for Descriptive Literature H-1.

OUTERS' EQUIPMENT COMPANY
2415 South Keeler Avenue Chicago, Illinois

Get Our Catalogue

TENTS

AMERICAN AWNING & TENT CO., 236 State St., Boston, Mass.

Waistline Too Big?



It doesn't need to be!

No longer is there any need of carrying a burden of excess fat around the waistline. Director corrects this condition instantly. The moment you slip on a Director the waistline is reduced 2 to 4 inches. Continued wearing makes this reduction *permanent*. All this without drugs—without dieting—without exercise—without the slightest effort or discomfort or inconvenience on your part.



No need of carrying excess fat like this

Note This Change

Note the remarkable improvement in your appearance, the moment you put on a Director. Clothes fit and look better without a heavy waistline to pull the coat out of shape. Trousers won't sag and bulge—vest won't creep and wrinkle. Note the delightful feeling of ease, comfort and renewed strength when the over-worked abdominal muscles are properly supported.

Melts Excess Fat Away

But best of all, Director gives more than temporary relief. *It actually dissolves excess fat away.* With every movement of the body, Director applies a firm but gentle pressure to the abdomen. This continued kneading motion acts exactly as a massage in dissolving and scattering fatty deposits. Thus the continued wearing of Director permanently corrects over-development.

No Laces, Hooks or Buttons

Director is woven from the finest mercerized web elastic—all in *one piece*. There are no buckles, straps, laces, hooks or buttons to bother with. Since each Director is *made to measure*, no adjustments are necessary except as the waistline grows smaller. It slips on easily and is delightfully comfortable, as thousands of men testify.



Waistline is inches thinner with Director

Write Today for FREE PROOF

Write today for a Director and see for yourself how effective it is as a flesh reducer. The price—made to measure—is only \$6.50. Each garment is guaranteed to be satisfactory or your money will be refunded promptly and the trial won't cost you a penny. Be sure and give height, weight and waist measure when ordering. The coupon is for your convenience. Tear it out and mail today.

Landon & Warner, Dept. 97, 225 N. Michigan Blvd., Chicago

LANDON & WARNER
225 N. Michigan Blvd., Chicago, Dept. 97
Send me a Director under your money-back guarantee. My weight is my height is
my waist measure is

☐ \$6.50 enclosed. ☐ Send C. O. D.

Name

Address

MERCHANT Write for special proposition. Here is an opportunity for profit while correcting figures hard to fit. No obligation in getting the facts. Write today.



An Auto Camper's Bill of Fare

By George A. Barclay

Thousands of auto campers are hitting the trail to go gypsying over the country. Thousands more will join the procession every week throughout the summer, as the head of the house gets his business arranged for vacation and piles his family into the car for the trip he has dreamed of all winter. Camping, which once was a sport for men only, has been made available for the whole family by the automobile. Moreover, with a car the mobility of camping has been increased to an almost unbelievable extent. You can pull up by a lake or stream, park the automobile, pitch the camp, go fishing or swimming, or hiking through the woods. And you can linger there for just as long or short a time as you desire. When you want a new camp-site, you hop in the car and drive on until you find it.

One of the most important things the auto camper has to think about is his culinary outfit and food supply. Of course, bedding arrangements and tenting protection are essential, but an auto camping party "moves on its stomach" as much as does an army.

Personal choice determines pretty much what the selection of foods will be.

The quantity, quality and manner of the food taken along or purchased on the way depend largely on those making up the party, and how far the campers may be from a place where supplies may be bought. Campers usually eat too much fried food. It is just as easy to boil or broil food as it is to fry it. Too much meat, pork especially, is bad in hot weather.

While it is possible in many cases for automobile campers to obtain staple supplies, including fruits, vegetables, eggs, etc., almost daily the question of milk is a problem. You may be able to get it at frequent intervals, but it will sour rapidly

in warm weather. Your coffee or tea without cream would be as flat as a blown-out tire. Campers can solve this problem by using evaporated milk. It is easy to store. Sealed in sanitary containers, it will remain fresh and sweet and impervious to ordinary temperature changes. How to keep the milk after the can is opened may have puzzled many. But it can be kept fresh indefinitely by a simple action that reseals it air-tight. Simply be sure to include a cake of paraffin among your supplies. In opening the can of milk, punch two small holes in the top directly opposite each other. One will serve to pour the milk out of. The other to supply the air opening to make the milk flow. When you have finished with the milk, melt some of the paraffin, with a match, placing it over the holes in the can. This will keep out the air and preserve the milk. Incidentally the paraffin will come in handy for oiling pans when you want to do some camp baking.

Many people still hold the belief that canned foods must be removed from the can to prevent them from becoming tainted. This is entirely without foundation. Evaporated milk is safer in the tin than anywhere else. The tin itself is sterilized by intense heat. The tin from which it is made is new and scrupulously clean. Tin itself does not affect the contents. In the evaporation process, the milk is subjected to 240 degrees Fahrenheit for half an hour. This is 100 degrees more than is required for pasteurization. All bacteria cease to exist.

A word on other foods. Prunes and dried apricots should form part of the camper's larder. They are excellent when you cannot get fresh fruits. It is well to carry such foods as flour, beans, rice and other staples in waxed bags. Bacon should be carried in a grease proof bag.

Results mean more advertising. Help our advertisers get results.



Tea, salt, pepper and spices come in cans, so no provision for other containers is necessary.

The question of a fire for cooking operations is important. The area in which the motorist camps will largely determine this. In parts of the West where wood is scarce, a gasoline stove will be most practical. In the East and Central West where wood can nearly always be found, and where desired, a wood stove can be used. But a small grid for cooking over an outdoor fire surrounded with sheets of metal or with stones piled closely in a semicircle, conserving the heat even in a strong wind, will be quite satisfactory. Incidentally, it will reduce the load you have to carry.

Many campers abandon the idea of baking as impractical. Yet it is not half so difficult as they think and it adds a variety to the camp menu that more than compensates for the time and effort. A friend of mine who goes motor camping every year had the accepted idea about baking in camp. But last year he learned something. His experiences were so interesting that they deserve to be set down.

"My pal, Bob, and I were camped close to a lake and had hired a boat to do some fishing," he told me. "We were looking around for a good-sized stone to use for an anchor, when we stumbled on an old iron pot, the kind that was in use in grandmother's day. It was cracked at the bottom. It looked as if it would do nicely for an anchor. Then Bob got an idea.

"Why not use this old pot for an oven?" he asked. "If it works we can bake anything we want."

"I was skeptical about it, but Bob was so enthusiastic that I agreed to try. The upshot was that we improvised a Dutch oven. We filled the pot two-thirds full of dry pebbles and put it on the fire to heat. Then we put a stone large enough to lay across the pot's cover directly into the coals.

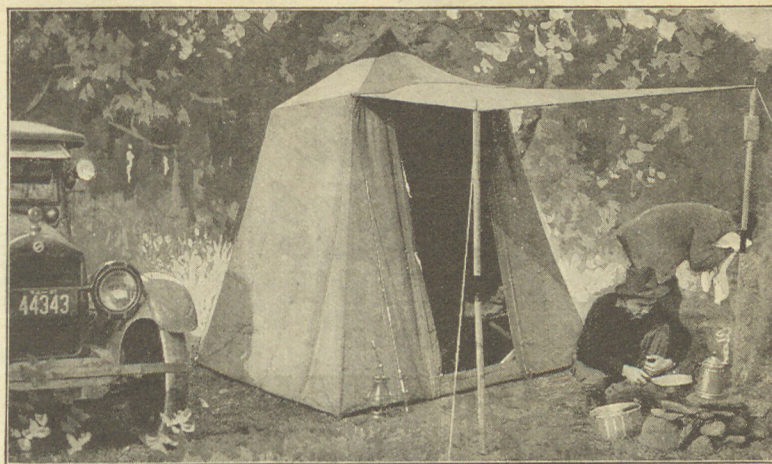
"We left the pot on the fire for about forty-five minutes, until the stones were good and hot. Meanwhile we had mixed a batch of biscuits and had them waiting in a pie tin. We took the pot off the fire, put the biscuit dough on top of the hot pebbles and set the big, red hot stone over the pot's cover so that our oven would have heat above as well as below. Then we watched the results. In half an hour we had some fine biscuits. There was a wild raspberry patch close to camp. We picked a lot of berries, covered them with sugar, laid them over the biscuits and poured on evaporated milk for serving. This made the best raspberry shortcake you ever tasted. After that we had turnovers, muffins and corn bread regularly. Just finding that old iron pot made last summer's trip the best camping experience I ever had."

I was so impressed with his success in camp baking that I asked for some of the recipes for his delicacies. A few of them follow:

BISCUIT

4 cups bread flour . . . 6 tbsp. fat
8 tsp. baking powder 1/2 cup evaporated milk
1 tsp. salt . . . 1 cup water

Mix and sift dry ingredients. Work in fat with tips of fingers. Add diluted milk



Red Top Tents

Ready In A Jiffy Wherever You Wish To Stop

Make the motor trip a genuine pleasure with freedom from hotel expense—enjoy invigorating, healthful nights in the open with the wonderful conveniences and protection afforded by a Red Top Tent.

Double waterproof treatment makes Red Top Tents absolutely rainproof. Double stitching and reinforcements give great durability without adding weight. Will withstand the roughest weather. A light, tough screen and specially constructed door keep out flies and insects. Waterproof canvas floor. Convenient window in back.

Set up and taken down in a few minutes. In two sizes for large and small families. Rolls up on the running board. Costs no more than an ordinary tent. Send for Catalog of Red Top Tents and other needed equipment.

WM. H. VANDERHERCHEN

Dept. A-4

414 Callowhill Street Philadelphia, Pa.

Cut Out This Coupon and MAIL TODAY
Gentlemen:
Please send a Red Top Tent Catalog.
Name . . . Street . . . City . . . State . . .
A-4

I Will Loan You a Hawkeye BASKET REFRIGERATOR

Without a cent of cost to you, I want to loan you a Hawkeye Basket Refrigerator.

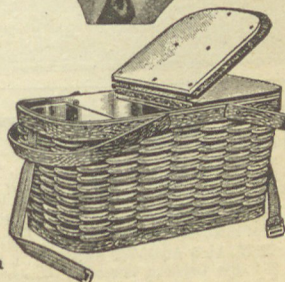
It's a neat, light, portable, basket refrigerator that will keep your lunch on your outings and auto trips deliciously cool, fresh and appetizing.

Write me now for pamphlet illustrating these basket Refrigerators and select the style you want.



E. A. Harang
President

Member
Izaak
Walton
League



Burlington Basket Co.

420 Hawkeye Bldg.

Burlington, Iowa



NORTHERN WISCONSIN

**Bargain
Vacation
Fares**

Fish that fight—speckled trout, bass, pike and the mighty “muskie”—eager to snap at your bait. Get out the tackle and the old kit bag and take a fishing holiday up in the pine and balsam of Wisconsin's Land o' Lakes.

For illustrated map folder, detailed information and fares, ask



C. A. CAIRNS, Pass'r Traf. Mgr.
Chicago & North Western Railway
226 W. Jackson St., Chicago, Ill.

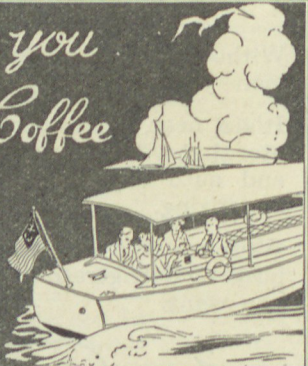


CHICAGO & NORTH WESTERN RY.

A Reminder! Take with you
G. Washington's DELICIOUS INSTANT Coffee

Convenient—compact—saves weight and space. Ready instantly—simply add water. No coffee-pot required. Trial size 10 cents. Booklet free.

G. WASHINGTON COFFEE REFINING CO.
76 VARICK STREET, NEW YORK



Attract Fish and Ducks

To your favorite haunts by planting now Terrell's Wild Celery, Sago Pond Plant, Wild Duck Millet, Coontail, Duck's Meat, etc. Planting advice and new illustrated folder free.

TERRELL'S AQUATIC FARM
25 L. Bk. Oshkosh, Wisconsin



DEFENDER Keyless LOCK

NO KEYS TO LOSE
No Springs! No Hinges! No Rivets!
A strong, rustless padlock that will last a lifetime. Opened quickly day or night. You can easily change combination: 1024 to select from. Send \$2.00 for most satisfactory lock you will ever own, or pay postman \$2.10. Money back guarantee. Agents Wanted.
DEFENDER LOCK CO.
Dept. RA, 68 Cliff Street, N. Y. C.



and stir until just well blended with a fork to form a soft dough. Toss on a board with a little flour and knead for a few seconds to form a smooth mass. Pat out to one inch in thickness, and cut out or pinch off balls of dough rolling in palm quickly to shape. Place in greased tin and bake twelve to fifteen minutes in hot oven. Makes 30 biscuits.

For shortcake or turnovers increase fat to 8 tablespoons in above recipe.

MUFFINS

$\frac{3}{4}$ cup evaporated milk	4 cups bread flour lightly sifted
$1\frac{1}{3}$ cup water	4 tbsp. sugar
2 eggs	8 tbsp. baking powder
4 tbsp. melted fat	

Mix and sift dry ingredients. Beat eggs thoroughly, add milk, water and fat and combine quickly with dry ingredients with only just enough stirs to mix. Bake in hot oven. Makes 18 muffins.

CORN BREAD

2 cups corn meal	2 eggs
2 cups white flour (bread)	$\frac{3}{4}$ cup evaporated milk
6 tsp. baking powder	$1\frac{1}{3}$ cup water
4 tbsp. sugar	4 tbsp. melted butter

Mix and sift dry ingredients. Beat the eggs till light. Add the milk and fat, and combine with dry mixture, with just enough stirs to mix. Pour into well oiled, shallow pan and bake in a hot oven. This is enough for four generous servings.

CAMPERS' ONE DISH DINNER

8 cooked potatoes	1 cup evaporated milk
1 cup Swiss cheese	
2 egg yolks	1 cup water
Buttered bread crumbs	4 tbsp. flour
1 tsp. salt	4 tbsp. butter
	1 can salmon

Make a white sauce of milk, water, flour and butter and add the egg yolks and finely shaved cheese to it. Mash the potatoes, and line a greased baking dish with them. Pour half of white sauce mixture over potatoes, then add the flaked fish and cover with remaining sauce and buttered crumbs. Bake in an oven for twenty minutes.

BOILED CHICKEN AND DUMPLINGS

Clean a mature chicken and leave whole. Rub well with salt. Tie up in a wet cloth sprinkled generously with flour. Simmer gently until chicken is done (20 minutes to the pound). When done remove chicken and add drop dumplings to the liquor in which the chicken is cooked. Put on lid and cook dumplings for 15 minutes. Uncover, remove and serve at once.

Any other game or meat that can be procured by the camper can be prepared in this way.

DROP DUMPLINGS

2 cups flour (bread)	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup evaporated milk
4 tsp. baking powder	$\frac{3}{4}$ cup water
1 tsp. salt	3 tbsp. fat

Sift the dry ingredients. Rub in fat with tips of fingers; add milk and combine quickly with just enough stirs to mix. Drop by spoonfuls into liquor.

BAKED HAM WITH POTATOES

1 slice ham about one inch thick.



Trim fat from edge, cut into inch cubes and place on top of ham. Lay in a baking pan. Cover with one cup evaporated milk diluted with one cup water. Cook in a slow oven for one-half hour and then cover thickly with sliced raw potatoes. Add another cup of evaporated milk, and one cup of water. Cover and cook slowly until potatoes are tender, or about one hour. The ham will usually be salty enough to flavor the potatoes, but in case it is not, more salt may be added in the last fifteen minutes of the cooking.

Outdoor Literature

(Continued from page 39)

Northern waters. A companion of the author upon a previous trip fished with fair success until it occurred to him that it was tiresome to catch trout so small as ten or twelve inches, and, since in his opinion a fish larger than this was too coarse to eat, why fish at all? He put away his rod and fished no more!

Another, a lawyer named Evans, trolled from early morn till dewy eve for speckled trout in the waters of the rock bound coast and counted that day lost if more than two or three fish were taken—one who played solely for the pleasure of the game, and scorned its prizes!

And then there was the "banker from Peoria," who, departing, left upon the shore a great pile of slaughtered trout to decay and leave almost as great but not so lasting a stench as the name of the plutocratic fish killer.

There is a graphic story of a forest fire, and of a malevolent and conscienceless canoe, told in proof of "the total depravity of inanimate things;" another of the "Medicine" of Waboons, and a fourth of the inexplicable and uncanny tracing and finding of a long lost Medicine Pouch of a chief long dead. In fact about three-fourths of the book is devoted to wild Indian legends of the wild North Shore.

"In the twilight of the trees the wild ancestral self of man awakens and comes forth as of old—mute, alert, and feeling the old affinity—the ancient spell of the forest . . . We yield to it, we rejoice in it and we immerse ourselves in its wonder-working emanations as in a bath of life's elixir. The obstacles of the journey arouse our primitive ambitions and bring the inveterate reward—a keen eye, a toughened sinew, and renaissance of life."

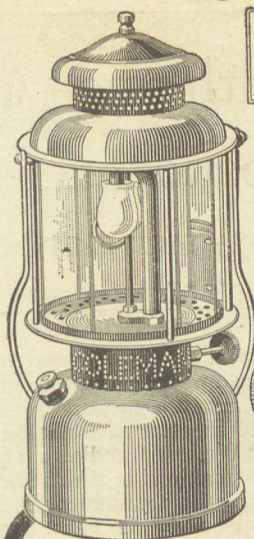
The ten beautiful etchings are by the author's brother, Earl H. Reed. The book is beautifully printed from clear type upon special paper, wide margins, rough edges, and tastefully bound in blue and gray—a book of which author, illustrator, publisher, and possessor may well be proud.

Not the least attractive page of the volume is the dedicatory tribute by the author to his fellow Outdoorsman, W. A. Greeson, Waltonian also, who was just enough of a controversialist to keep the talk from becoming so one-sided as to threaten the equilibrium of the Canoe.

This is followed by lines from Kipling's "The Red Gods," which suggested the title: "Four-way Lodge."

Patronize the Advertisers who patronize our Magazine.

Member
IZAAK
WALTON
LEAGUE
OF
AMERICA



Two Pals for Every Camper!

A Coleman Camp Stove for plenty of well cooked "eats"—whenever your appetite insists. A Coleman Quick-Lite Lantern for all the good light you need—anywhere, any night, in any weather.

The Coleman Camp Stove—regular model No. 2, illustrated above, is acknowledged by out-door experts as the finest camp cooker made—a miniature gas range with everything built-in:—Coleman Hot Blast Starter, Swinging Fuel Tank, Built-in Oven and Drum Heater, Built-in Wind Baffle and Warming Cabinet, Built-in Air Pump and Filling Funnel, Speedy-Heat Flame-Spreading Burners—everything you need for easy, quick action camp cooking. Uses common motor gas for fuel. Other models—No. 9 without built-in oven or drum heater. Prices in U. S. A.: Model No. 2 only \$12.50; Model No. 9 only \$9.00.

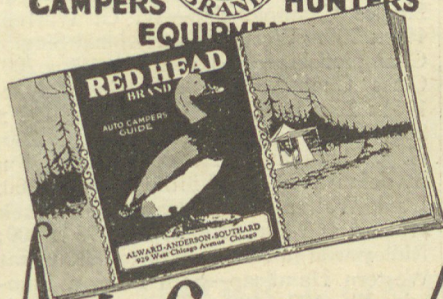
The Coleman Quick-Lite Lantern—Lights up the whole camp. Brighter than 20 old style oil lanterns. Has mica chimney—is wind-proof, bug-proof, rain-proof. Makes and burns its own gas. Sturdily built. Can't spill fuel even if tipped over. More than 40 hours service per gallon of fuel (common motor gas). U. S. Price \$7.50;

Ask your dealer to show you both the Stoves and the Lantern. Descriptive literature on request. Address Camping Dept. O. M.30.

THE COLEMAN LAMP COMPANY, Factory and General Offices: **Wichita, Kansas**
Branches: Chicago, Philadelphia, Los Angeles, Canadian Factory: Toronto, Ontario

Coleman Camp Stove

RED HEAD
CAMPERS' BRAND HUNTERS
EQUIPMENT



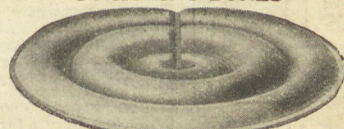
Auto Campers
Get this free book!!

WANT to know what to take along on your camping trip? The "Auto-Campers' Guide" will tell you. Will be a big help to you in making your plans for this summer. Also tells all about RED HEAD BRAND Outing Equipment. You should have a copy.

Write your name and address on a post card and mail to us for your copy.

ALWARD-ANDERSON-SOUTHARD CO.
Incorporated 1915
923 West Chicago Ave., Chicago, U.S.A.

**BRINGS COMFORT
TO ACHING BONES**



ALL PURPOSE CUSHION

For boat seats, camp stools, sitting on the ground, anywhere a dry, cool, comfortable seat is desired. A few ounces slipped in your pocket insures health and comfort under all conditions.

OUR CATALOG ON REQUEST

Describes Air Mattresses, Pillows, Cushions, swimming devices, hospital rings, etc.

AIRUBBER CORP. 579 E. Illinois St., Chicago, Ill.

You Can't Beat It!

For comfort and ease of erection



NO CENTER POLE

The "Jiffy" Palmetto Tent

No center pole—sets up in 2½ minutes

Send for literature and liberal offer

F. O. BERG COMPANY
Spokane - Washington



Aladdin Thermalware Jar
Keeps Food or Liquids Hot or Cold



Gallon Size
Now \$5
\$5.25 in far West;
\$7.25 in Canada.
16 big cups
of hot coffee or iced drinks
—or 8 lbs. of food

On auto, camping, boat or fishing trips—for picnics, vacation outings and year around use at home—an Aladdin Jar is simply wonderful. Holds enough for all for all day. Keeps food or liquids hot or cold.

Get the genuine Aladdin—excels twelve ways. Rustproof, wearproof, leakproof and sanitary throughout. Steel jacket stands rough use. Glassy smooth, porcelain-like inner is easily wiped clean. The original, largest selling and best large thermal jar.

ALADDIN INDUSTRIES, Inc. CHICAGO

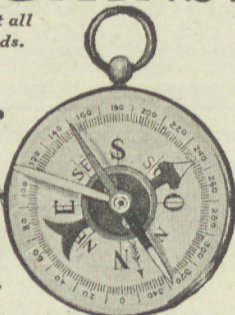


Dealers everywhere. Booklet on request. Aladdin "DeLuxe" Jars (polished aluminum and ebony jackets—lined with heavy heat-resisting, ovenware glass) Gallon size now \$8.50, 2-qt. \$7.50, 50c more in far west. \$2.50 more in Canada.

BARGAINS!

We are closing out all of our Army Goods. Get our List

Order Now! 95c



These are the genuine U. S. Army Engineer Pocket Compasses. Two inches in diameter. Jewel bearing. Worth \$5.00.

SALE PRICE 95c POSTAGE 15c EXTRA

Sold subject to your examination

General Camp Outfitters
MICHIGAN TENT & AWNING CO.
1932 W. Canfield Ave. Detroit, Mich.

With the Trapshooters

Conducted by JACK SMITH

A snow storm that was followed by several days of cold weather was the only circumstance to mar the pleasure of the two hundred odd shooters in attendance at the first Great Western Handicap. The visiting shooters were loud in their praise of the conduct of the tournament, and they were unanimous in the belief that the Western Association has secured the the finest equipped shooting grounds in this country. The beautifully furnished club house and the excellent meals that were served in the spacious dining room were a revelation to the "tournament goers." During the entire week there was never a single break in the smooth running tournament machinery. The Chicago Business Men's Racing Association was so well pleased with the innovation of a trapshooting tournament in their monster racing establishment that they have generously offered to maintain the present shooting equipment without cost to the Western Association. This means a permanent home of the first water, and all free. Trapshooting has certainly received the greatest boost of its career, and the Western Association is already working on plans for an elaborate program for next year.

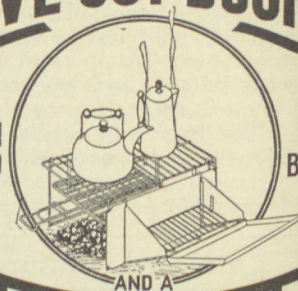
Hawthorne Introductory—Frank Hughes, 196 x 200. Western Amateur Doubles Championship—Mark Arie and C. W. Olney, tie, 184 x 200; Arie won shoot-off 47 to 46. Western Professional Doubles Championship—C. C. Mitchell, 186 x 200. Western 20-Gauge Championship—Stephen Fay, 87 x 10. Western Junior Championship—Chas. Rimby and Frankie Mueller, tie, 90 x 100; Rimby won shoot-off 23 to 22. Western Amateur Singles Championship—W. G. Warren, 194 x 200. Western Professional Singles Championship—H. Kirkwood, 199 x 200. Class Championships—A—Gus Payne, 195 x 200; B—J. M. Wilcockson, 192 x 200; C—Dr. A. B. Connor, 182 x 200; H. J. Chapman, 182 x 200. Connor won by default. D—E. Whitlatch, 186 x 200. Izaak Walton League Handicap—Frank Hughes and Wm. Ridley, tie, 95 x 100; Ridley won in shoot-off 24 to 23. Great Western Handicap—Sam Herzog, Summit, Ill., 100 x 100. Western Woman's Championship—Miss Harriet Smith, 170 x 200.

The Hawthorne Introductory was the first event on the week's program. The severe cold and strong winds cut the attendance to the more hardened campaigners. In order to get the first squad started it was necessary to decoy Sid Dodds with the loan of a fur coat. Frank Hughes, who comes from a cold country, must have felt at home as he broke 196 of the 200 target program. Gus Payne, Tulsa, Okla., was second on 194. Fred

LIVE OUT DOORS

WITH AUTO

OR BOAT



NUGGET CAMP STOVE

You can Cook, Boil, Bake or Broil Where You Will

COMPACT — CONVENIENT
GET YOUR MEAL—FOLD YOUR STOVE
Go On Your Way!

All solid, indestructible electrically welded joints. Outfit complete with Stove, Oven, Oven-Pan, Broiling Grid and Skillet in a Canvas Carrying Bag. Only 12 lbs. to tote when on the move.

Costs \$6.00

Sporting-goods dealers sell them. If yours does not have the NUGGET, send to us direct. It's worth while.

United Steel & Wire Co.

133 Fonda Ave.
Battle Creek, Mich.

Ask for Catalog of other Camp Stoves, Grids, Stools and Utensils



The Famous "WARD KIT BAG"
ONE YOUR SON WILL INHERIT

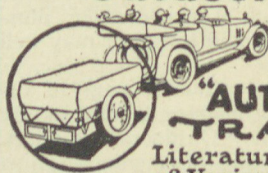


The Peer of Hi-Class Hand Luggage

It's Hand Made to your order, cut from a beautiful heavy California leather (no fibre or paper filler), handsome two-color Genuine Pig Skin Lining, large pockets in both sides, English steel frame, cast bronze trimmings. A bag for the most discriminating buyer who wants style and quality. Your initials hand tooled in small art panel on side of bag, name and address stamped on bottom. We take the risk, ship C. O. D., subject to your examination. If you find it the handsomest and best bag made in America pay expressman. If not tell him to return to us at our expense.

Price, 20", \$48.00; 22", \$50.00; 24", \$52.50
WARD MFG. CO., West Plains, Mo.

Get a Through Ticket to Outdoor Joys



Write for "AUTO-KAMP TRAILER" Literature and Prices of Various Models~

AUTO-KAMP TRAILER CO.
4326 Sheridan Ave. Saginaw, Mich.

PATENTS Send sketch or model for preliminary examination. Booklet free. Highest references. Best results. Promptness assured.
Watson E. Coleman, Patent Lawyer
644 G Street Washington, D. C.

Our Advertisers help us, let us help them.



Etchen, Kansas, W. Ridley, Iowa, and W. G. Warren, Chicago, tied for third on 193. E. F. Woodward, Texas and A. Buse, Indiana, landed in fourth place with 192. Bim Castle, Iowa, broke 191. G. S. Becker Utah, Phil Miller, Texas, W. Lambert, Oklahoma, and Mark Arie, Illinois, broke 190. J. R. Hinkle and Art Killam led the "Pros" with 192. Bart Lewis and John R. Taylor broke 191. C. C. Mitchell had a 189 and Bennie Meents a 188.

Tuesday's program consisted of the Amateur Doubles Championship, the Professional Doubles Championship, the 20 Gauge Championship and the Junior Championship. Mark Arie won the Doubles Championship in a shoot-off from C. W. Olney 47 to 46 after they had tied on 184 each. Phil Miller, after losing nine targets in his first event finally got the range and almost overtook the leaders, his 182 being good for second place. Gus Becker and Fred Etchen tied for third on 178. Gus Payne finished with 174. Frank Hughes broke 173 and E. F. Woodward broke 172.

C. C. Mitchell demonstrated the fact that he can break doubles by leading the entire field with a score of 186. Homer Clark and Art Killam were second high Professionals with 180. Jay Graham finished in third place with 172.

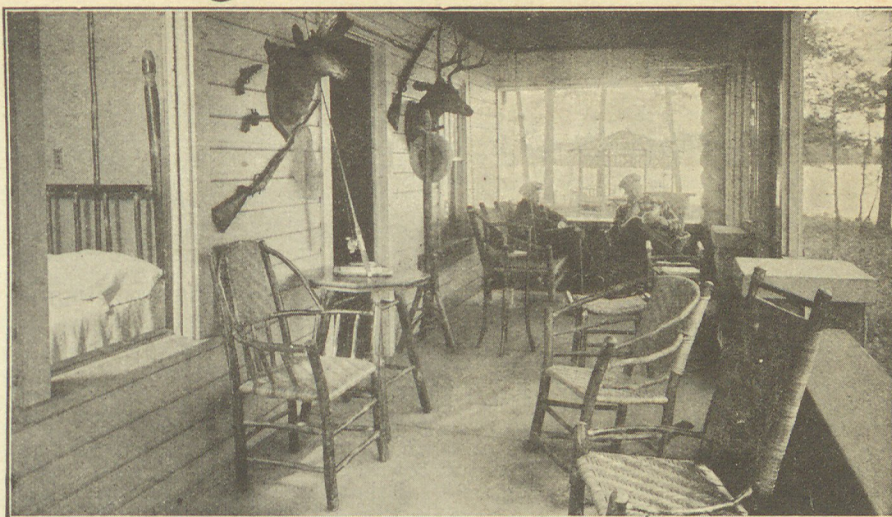
The 20 Gauge Championship was won by Stephen Fay, Chicago, on 87 x 100. Fred Whiting, Pawhuska, Okla., was second on 86. Gus Payne broke 83 for third place. A feature of this event was the wonderful shooting of Bart Lewis and Ed Troeh, "Pros." Bart broke 97 and "Ed" broke 95. Each of these wonderful shots broke the last 75 straight. Surely this is conclusive evidence that the "20" will break targets.

The Junior Championship furnished an exciting race and ended in a tie between Chas. Rimby, of Beaver Falls, Pennsylvania and Frankie Mueller, of Evanston, Ill., each lad broke 90. In the shoot-off Rimby won 23 to 22. Maurice Humber, of Butte, Montana, broke 88 after missing ten targets early in the race. This young lad had made the entire trip to Chicago by riding on freight trains, just to shoot in this event. When the news leaked out "the hat" was quickly passed and the boy was sent home in style and safety.

The Singles Championships, Amateur and Professional, were decided on the third day. A stiff cold wind blowing across the traps made the targets very tricky. W. G. Warren shooting in squad No. 4 turned in a score of 194 and it stood up for first place. J. M. Wilcockson, of Hammond, Ind., shot a great race and finished alone in second place on 193. The entire No. 7 squad broke 192. This same squad, Etchen, Miller, Woodward, Payne, and Lambert, had tied on the first 100 with 94, and they all broke 98 in the second 100. Geo. Landis, Milwaukee and Bim Castle, Iowa, also broke 192. Hughes and Gillespie broke 191. Mark Arie, D. M. Hudson and E. C. Buchan broke 190.

Horace Kirkwood, Chicago professional, put on the most remarkable performance of the entire week when he broke 199 of the 200 wind-tossed targets. C. C. Mitchell broke 195 for second place.

The more results our advertising brings, the more advertising we will carry.



Fishin' and Restin'

Fishin' is one thing; restin' is another, but after a big day with rod and reel, a good rest is mighty fittin'. Puts a feller in fightin' trim for the big day tomorrow.

After a day on the lake and a corkin' supper of fried fish, did you ever sit in a Rustic Hickory chair, an' smoke, an' talk, an' sort of fergit all the troubles you ever had? If you ain't, you ain't had a real fishin' trip.

An' after the pipes are out, an' the talk gets scarce, did you ever flop into a Rustic Hickory bed and go to sleep with the smell o' hickory bark in your nostrils? If you ain't, you've missed a million dollars worth of vacation comfort.

You can get any furniture you want in Rustic Hickory—for summer camp, cottage, lodge, or cabin—indoors or out. It's the last word in comfort, beauty, and durability. Made for nature lovers by nature lovers.

If you've never used Rustic Hickory Furniture, you've got a real treat comin' to you.

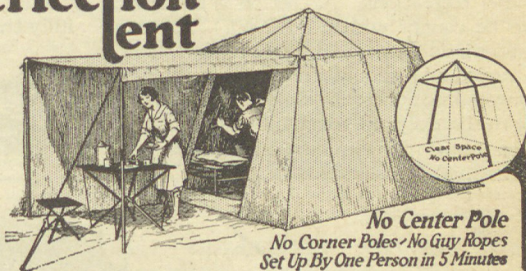
Write for our complete catalog with prices. Tell us what you wish to furnish and give us the name of your dealer and we will see that you are supplied.

RUSTIC HICKORY FURNITURE CO. 410 State Street, LaPorte, Indiana

The new Stoll Clear Space Perfection Tent

Here is the tent sensation of the year. A genuine, STOLL PERFECTION TENT with the added new feature of NO CENTER POLE—no corner poles and no guy ropes. Yet it is lighter, stronger and more rigid than ever before, due to a new, patented principle of arch construction (note illustration).

The arch is made of light pressed steel—jointed for folding and quick, rigid connections with an automatic tension take-up on each side which tightens the tent smoothly all around. The best and smoothest looking tent we have ever made.



**No Center Pole
No Corner Poles—No Guy Ropes
Set Up By One Person in 5 Minutes**

Biggest Tent Value Ever Offered

Notice extra wide hips of this tent—standing room all around. Thoroughly waterproofed and will not rub off on clothes. No odor. Mildew-proof. Sewed in floor and screened windows keep out insects. Extra large windows, door and wind-break awning. Elimination of center pole appears to give one third more room. Rolls into 10" x 42" light bundle. Be sure to see this tent before you buy. Four sizes to accommodate parties of 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6 people.

Write for Catalog

Big new Stoll catalog gives details and prices, full line Stoll tents—also folding steel spring beds (guaranteed sagless)—waterproof mattresses—folding tables, chairs and stools—waterproof carry-all bags, luggage carriers, etc. Write—

The Stoll Manufacturing Co.
3261 Larimer St., Denver, Colorado



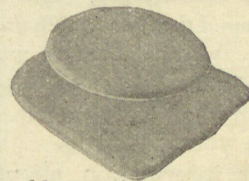
A SUMMER HOME ON WHEELS

The Clare Auto Tour Trailer is equipped with comfortable beds, a 12x14 ft. waterproof tent. Space under tent in which to cook and eat meals. Every convenience for comfort. Light and rigid, trails perfectly. Ideal for tourists.

Write today for catalog and prices.

CLARE MFG. CO. Clare, Mich.
Camping and Commercial Trailers.

For— Outing Comfort



—whether on a picnic, camping, fishing, touring—take along Frazier Free-Air Cushions. Made of thick sponge

rubber with green or brown felt top—round or chair shaped.

No. 2 Round \$2.85
No. 5 Chair 3.50

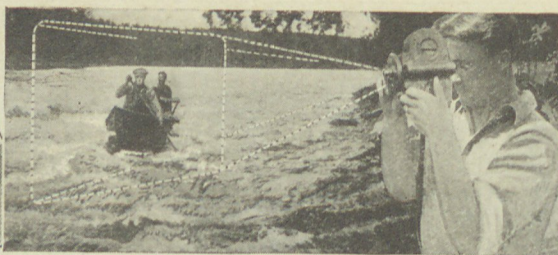
Sent Parcel Post Prepaid

The American Utilities Sales Co.
Terminal Bldg., Akron, O.

Enclosed find money order (P. O. or Express) for \$..... for which send me..... No..... cushions.

Name.....

Address.....



Shooting The Rapids Shooting a Long Drive 4-pound Bass Striking a "Bass-oreno"

"Shooting" the Rapids with *FILMO*

"Shoot" the rapids with FILMO Motion Picture Camera and later see these pictures with every action exactly as it actually happened. It gives you all the thrills of actually being in the boat.

WHETHER you enjoy paddling a canoe in rough water, or propelling a golf ball from tee to green, elevating a bass from a stream or following any hobby you happen to have, you can double your pleasures by "shooting" motion pictures of the big moments.

Every outdoor activity invites an action picture record. In no other way can the complete story be preserved for your future enjoyment. "Shooting your own" is a sport in itself—a sport that adds zest to all your other recreations. No action is too speedy to be caught with a FILMO. This little automatic Camera is always ready to shoot. Carried on a shoulder strap, or in the hand, it goes into action as quickly as you can raise it to the eye and touch a button. Anyone can use it. No experience is necessary.

And the pictures you get compare favorably with those in the best theatres. For the FILMO is produced by the same company that manufactures 95% of the professional Cameras and equipment in studio use. The FILMO Automatic Projector enables you to show your pictures at any time—at any lighting socket.

Learn for yourself how fascinating it is to "shoot" your own. Think of the pleasure these films will bring you next winter and for years to come. Send today for our booklet, "What You See You Get." It explains fully the whole interesting story of FILMO.



ESTABLISHED 1907
BELL & HOWELL CO.
NEW YORK BRANCHES HOLLYWOOD
820 W. 42ND ST. 1214 BATH RIDGE BLDG.
1851 LARCHMONT AVE. CHICAGO.



Battling Bass

"Pound for Pound the Gamest Fish that Swims"

Leaping, militant warriors! The scrappiest Bronzebacks that rise to lures. You get them in Canada's waters. You'll admit it on your first trip.

For latest information about where the old lunkers are hittin' best, and for quickest routes, write to

A. O. Seymour, General Tourist Agent,
Canadian Pacific Railway, 4946 Windsor Station, Montreal

Canadian Pacific

and John R. Taylor was third with 194. Spencer Olin broke 192. This was the third event of the week in which the Professionals topped the Amateurs, a little unusual in this day and time.

The Woman's Championship was won by Miss Harriet Smith, of Milwaukee, who broke 170. Mrs. Fred R. Etchen was second on 158, and Miss Ruby Dreyfus was third on 155.

The East-West Team Race was won by the Western shooters who were greatly in the majority. The score was 962 to 940. East Team—Wilcockson 193. Hudson 190. Howard 189. Shaw 185, and Rimby 183. West Team—Warren 194. Landis 192. Woodward 192. Etchen 192. Miller 192.

Class Championship's—Warmer weather and the four beautiful diamond trophies attracted a large entry list on this day. In Class A—Gus Payne took the high gun honors and the trophy by breaking 195. Mark Arie was second on 194, and W. G. Warren third on 193. In Class B—J. M. Wilcockson was high with 192. Geo. Landis second on 190. F. R. Smith and D. M. Hudson tied for third on 189. In Class C—Dr. A. B. Connor and H. J. Chapman tied for first on 182. Dr. Connor won the medal by default as Chapman had left the grounds. W. Lammers, of Danbury, Ohio, was second on 181. Geo. J. Roll finished third on 179. In Class D—E. W. Whitlatch broke 186 for first place and the diamond trophy. W. F. Frudeger was second on 178. J. G. Keays third with 175.

Izaak Walton League Handicap—This interesting event was staged on the fifth day. Wm. Ridley, an Iowa shooter of the old school, tied with Frank Hughes for high gun on 95 each. In the first shoot-off Ridley, who was shooting from the 21 yard mark, lost his last target and they were again tied, each had broken 22. The next time up Ridley broke 24 and Hughes 23. Mr Ridley is one of the finest sportsmen in the trapshooting game. He shot a great race and the first to congratulate him was Frank Hughes. There were four men tied for second place on 94. E. A. Hebard, 21 yards, J. M. Wilcockson 21 yards, A. Pierson, of Calgary, Alberta, 20 yards and Guy Vandervoort, 20 yards.

Those who broke 93 were: Geo. K. Nunn, Iowa, 20 yards; Mark Arie, 23 yards; C. C. Hickman, 20 yards; H. M. Cooper, Iowa, 20 yards; A. Quade, Illinois, 17 yards. The 92's were Gus Payne, 23 yards; W. Lammers, 20 yards; and E. Redshaw, 19 yards. The following broke 91: W. I. Howard, Stephen Fay, E. J. Jaeger, C. J. Mustion. The 90's were: E. C. Buchan, N. D. McQueen, D. E. Thomas, P. R. Miller, B. Dunnill, L. B. Roth, C. L. Miller, R. A. Nutt, J. C. Wiggam, H. M. Rowley, H. J. Chapman and P. J. Graham.

Great Western Handicap—For the first time during the week the weather was ideal for target busting. The large entry was on the grounds early, anxious to start the race that was to pay the winner \$1,000 and a beautiful diamond trophy. The section system was used and eight squads started off at once. As the returns began to come in it was quickly realized that the combination of perfect weather and perfect shooting grounds

When writing to Advertisers give credit to our Magazine.



Mile-High Motor Tent

REG. U.S. PAT. OFFICE
TELESCOPE FRAME



10-Year-Old Can Set Up "Mile-High"

"It doesn't require an architect or an engineer to set up a Mile-High."

There is no heavy, awkward or complex framework to raise and fit together, no complicated mechanism to adjust or get out of order—just an honest, well-built tent, easy and quick to erect—with patented telescope steel eaves rods and center pole.

THE DENVER TENT AND AWNING CO.

Alfred S. Procter, President

1611 Arapahoe Street

Denver, Colorado

The "Mile-High" goes up like a big umbrella. No ropes.

Our tents handled by all progressive dealers.

Write for illustrated catalog—No. 360—FREE.

The ARAB

The "Arab" is made in the same style and shape and of the same high-grade water-proofed material as the Mile-High. Economies in certain details enable us to offer the "Arab" at the attractive price of

\$35

was going to be productive of high scores. At the end of the first half of the race, when a thirty-minute intermission for lunch was called, there was one 50 and four 49 scores. Sam Herzog, a dark horse, had broken the 50 from the 16-yard mark. Dr. Timm, H. J. Chapman, Geo. W. Peck and E. C. Buchan were the 49's. When shooting was resumed after lunch, S. M. Christian in squad No. 7 went out with 96. This was soon tied by A. D. Lowden in squad No. 18. In squad No. 34 E. C. Buchan finished with a 97, but a few minutes later a cheer went up from trap No. 8 where Herzog was finishing his last event. This conveyed the news to the crowds in the stands and club house that a winner had been decided and that the first Great Western Handicap had been won on 100 straight. This event paid as follows: 100, \$155.00; 97, \$139.50; 96, \$116.25; 94, \$59.75; 93, \$37.60; 92, \$31.00 and 91, \$23.25. The Fontaine system proved to be the most popular system of money division ever used at a big tournament. Those who broke 94 were: F. Whiting, H. J. Chapman, A. Quade, W. F. Frudeger, A. Busse, W. I. Howard and Mark Arie. The 93's were: C. G. Burmeister, W. G. Watermann, D. E. Thomas, S. Chidley, G. W. Peck, N. McQueen and "little Charlie Rimby." The 92's were: E. Redshaw, P. J. Graham, C. C. Hickman, G. K. Nunn, G. Yeider, J. B. Rimby, H. M. Rowley and Geo. Hamilton. Those who got last money on 91 were: P. Miller, J. M. Wilcockson, A. J. Frauenholz and R. C. Smith.

The Kansas State Tournament was the first state shoot to be held under the auspices of the Western Association. Kansas shooters are delighted with the plan under which this shoot was operated. The daily registration fees collected are retained by the State Association. The scores are recorded by the Western Association for a nominal recording fee, and the State Association, after purchasing a number of beautiful trophies, has a surplus of several hundred dollars in the treasury. The tournament was the largest in the history of Kansas, 145 shooters shot the program on Championship Day, and it was unanimously decided to operate under the same plan next year. When the majority of state associations adopt this, or some similar plan, whereby the revenue raised in a state is retained and used within the state for promotional purposes, trapshooting will take its place beside other well organized and economically managed sports. If state organizations are to become active and function in a healthy way they must have finances to carry on the work. At the present time the state organizations receive no outside financial assistance. If the revenue that is raised within the state is not retained, how can the state machinery be kept oiled and moving? Statistics show that the game is thriving in those states that have active state associations, and the reverse is true of the inactive states. Let us hope the Kansas plan will be generally adopted next year.

Help us get advertising by patronizing our advertisers.



It Fits the Running Board
WHALL'S UTILITY TENT

Storm and Bug Proof
Can be set up by one person in five minutes. Sewed-in floor. Steel Stakes, Mosquito Netting, Jointed Pole and Carrying Cases.

Comfortable Camping

DAY and NIGHT when EQUIPPED with

Metropolitan Camp Outfits

Our Guarantee, "Satisfaction or Money Refunded," Your Protection

Metropolitan Camp Goods have stood the test for 33 years for quality, service and durability and are recommended by thousands of satisfied customers as most reliable for every outdoor purpose.

Don't buy elsewhere until you see our illustrated FREE CATALOG of Air Mattresses, Cushions, Pillows, Eider-down Robes, Whall's Umbrella and Utility Auto Tents.

SLEEP ON AIR in a Comfort Sleeping Pocket



With Inside Air Mattress
Packs 8 x 8 x 25 inches

Metropolitan Camp Goods Co.

Established 1891

Athol, Mass.

WHY PAY MORE?



Guaranteed Tent Umbrella
DIRECT FROM FACTORY **\$24.75**

WORLD'S GREATEST VALUE EVER OFFERED

Full size 7 1/2 x 7 1/2. Entire tent made of a durable, guaranteed waterproof khaki duck. Complete with screened door and window, with rolled curtain over each, detachable canvas floor, awning extension, collapsible steel frame, jointed pole, steel stakes. Folds compactly—Easy to carry.

Order Now—SEND NO MONEY

Just send name and address and pay expressman. Guaranteed as described and illustrated above or money back.

WEATHERPROOF CANVAS PRODUCTS CO.

4308 Grand River Ave., Dept. H, DETROIT, MICH.

Free CATALOG OF ARMY GOODS BARGAINS

Shirts, Pants, Boots, Shoes, Blankets, Tents, Guns, Harness, Tools—hundreds of articles you can use. Government's sacrifice saves you money. Write for Catalog, Free.

ARMY AND NAVY SUPPLY CO.
ESTABLISHED 1868
Dept. 314 Box 1835, RICHMOND, VA.



Kimball's FLY OIL



An auto trip without a spare tire or tube is no more foolhardy than starting off without Kimball's Fly Oil in your kit. It is a positive protection from black flies, gnats, midges and mosquitoes. Easy to apply. Won't soil garments. Clean and convenient. Handy tubes 35¢—at drug, sporting and general stores,—or mailed direct on receipt of price.

KIMBALL BROS. & CO., Inc.
Enosburg Falls, Vt.

BEFORE GOING Camping GET THIS



Tells all about Iceless Refrigeration—Pulmanizing your Auto—Erecting tent in record time—Packing properly—Master all mudholes—Never let engine carbon-Buy camp furniture for less—Many hints never before published. Postal brings you 1 No. Wantoloe FREE. Additional copies 25 cents each.

Rev. Benbau, Hersman, Ill., writes: "Wouldn't take \$10 for Wantoloe!"

A-B-C Mfg. Co. Kansas City, Mo.
3115 Gillham Road, W.

Another Dardevle User

Elkhart, Indiana

Lou J. Eppinger:

Please send me a Dardevle Imp as it is the last day before the season closes. I lost the one I had last week and the bass here will not take anything else in the lake I am going to. There is not a black and white Imp left in Elkhart.

Yours truly,

Z. D. Markell



Dardevles

for all requirements. The "Imp" with the weedless hook is certainly popular—gets the most fish and at the same time keeps you good-natured.

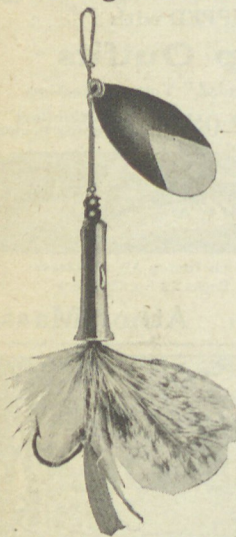
Dardevles and Dardevlets with plain hooks.....85c

With weedless hooks.....\$1.00

Dardevles Imp with plain hook.....65c

With weedless hook.....75c

Notangle Casting Spinner



And when it comes to Casting Spinners, Lou's Notangle is the popular choice everywhere. Notangle is designed and built so that it can't tangle in weeds and the hook or fly can't become enmeshed with the spinner.

Without fly, 3/8 oz. 50c

With fly.....75c

With weighted fly, 3/4 oz., 85c

Osprey Casting Line

Eighteen years ago Osprey Line was introduced to America's fishermen by Lou Eppinger. Osprey soon became the acknowledged leader and today is more popular than ever. Guaranteed waterproof, this Pure Silk casting line gives all kinds of service. Keep an Osprey Line on your reel all the time—costs no more than ordinary line. Osprey is made in all tests from 9 to 35 lbs.

Lou's Catalog Is Interesting

MEMBER
IZAAK
WALTON



Prices for 50 yard Spools

12-pound test,	\$1.50
15-pound test,	1.75
18-pound test—color black	2.25
20-pound test,	2.50
23-pound test,	2.65
26-pound test,	2.80
30-pound test,	3.15
35-pound test,	3.50

Send for the COMPLETE OSPREY CATALOGUE and send us your dealer's name. We'll appreciate it.

LOU J. EPPINGER

"Outfitters of Sportsmen"

Dept. W, 310-316 E. Congress Street,
Detroit, Mich.

"Gateway to Canadian Game Fish
and Big Game"

Angling Memories

By MEMBERS OF THE LEAGUE

Edited by WILL H. DILG

Illustrations by R. Fayerweather Babcock

Every Fisherman Has One Good Fishing Story in His System



After Yellow Tail

By BAYARD R. KRAFT

IT was the last day of my short stay at Avalon, Santa Catalina Island, and rotten luck as far as weather conditions were concerned was certainly chasing me around the block. On the way West we decided to stop off at Pass Christian, Mississippi, and arrived there the day before bass season closed to find all of the streams flooded and the Gulf playing leap frog; nothing doing in the fishing line.

We arrived at Catalina on Wednesday, April 14th, 1920, in time for lunch. However, the ladies in the party were not interested in food as the scenery and twenty-eight mile boat trip simply took them off their feet. Out bright and early Thursday morning, but the brightness soon disappeared and a nice heavy mist stayed with us for the rest of the day. We made a full day of it and caught fourteen bass, the largest weighing seven and a half pounds, but not a yellow tail strike. On Friday it cleared up, but the wind increased and the Captains refused to go out, although the gulls circled and dropped above a school of mackerel just inside of Sugar Loaf or what Mr. Wrigley has left of it. When I reached the fishing pier on Saturday morning the Captains were out in force, repairing tackle or testing kites, a good sign for another day's loaf. The wind was still blowing a gale, the sea was very choppy, white caps everywhere and the Fish Market at the end of the pier trembled and shook as the waves smashed against the piling. The fishing boats moored between the two piers were doing all sorts of stunts. Cap Edmundson did not want to go out and then flatly refused. Here was a "hellovameess." We left at three that afternoon and not a sizable fish. Cap changed his mind at last. Whether this change of heart was due to the sarcastic remarks of the men on the pier, Yellow Tail Johnnie in particular, or my sticking to him like a poor relation, will

never be known. We cast off about nine-thirty, yours truly dressed up in oil skins like the picture on every bottle of somebody's cod liver oil. It was so rough when we got out of sheltered water that rather than be tossed overboard in that rig and scare the fish for miles around or break a leg or two I had to sit in one of the fishing chairs, drape one leg gracefully about the iron base of said chair and proceeded to take all the varnish off of numerous parts of the cockpit trying to get a toe hold, all the while getting a fine shower bath, assorted sprays. We rounded the point at the right of the harbor and headed for Seal Rock, some five miles distant. It was great going with the wind, no spray or acrobatics, the ground swell made things interesting and notwithstanding the wind of the past two days the water was very clear. We noticed the gulls hard at it just ahead of us. Suddenly the water and air teemed with flying fish. "Oh boy, we were in them with both feet." In less time than it takes to tell it, the Fisher (one who fishes, by D. Webster) had a large shiny spoon trolling well behind. Cap put out a teaser, a spoon of the same size on a short line, perhaps fifty feet in length. Off Pebbly Beach a mile or so from the point we hit the fish; the first one hooked was very sluggish, and for several minutes neither Cap nor the one who fished was able to tell whether it was a yellow tail or a bass. Then the fish proceeded to show us his standing in the yellow tail family—some busy time.

How's your heart—when after some fifteen minutes of snappy work you look over the side of the boat and see Mr. Fish just below the surface of that green-blue water? Don't you nurse him for that next ten feet of line? And when Cap grabs the gaff and leans over the side for the leader and you see his elbow come up with a jerk and a man's size fish lands at your feet—"Ain't it a grand and glorious feeling?" The first fish was a little fellow, a shade over fourteen pounds, but first meat and that helps. Cap started the engine and we circled back against the wind. Not a strike, but



Memories

Our income from advertising is put to work for conservation.



plenty of gymnastics and salt water. We turned and started down the coast with the wind, easy riding, a contented feeling in your inerds and the gulls working overtime just ahead; how much am I bid for my seat? Watching the flying fish always fascinates me, but my watch was soon busted; another fish, we had our little old argument and he lost, two up and more to play. We're off again, up the coast, not a strike and the sea hadn't calmed down any. Around we went and there were the gulls having a picnic. The line had not straightened out when sort of unexpected like, strike, and a good one. How the fish was hooked we can't say, but "Allah was good." Take it from me this was a real fish, a regular scrapper; three times this fellow was worked boatward and every confounded time that fish got a look at us—off he'd go. We accept the nomination that we are not much to look at, but this fish was prejudiced. It was a killing pace and the third rush was a feeble one; carefully the fish was brought alongside. Cap was ready for it. A skillful grab and he had the leader, his left shoulder dropped, but came up mighty fast, and twenty-one and a half pounds of fighting yellow tail slashed around my feet as Cap reached for the persuader. Three down and going strong, three strikes and three fish—not my luck, fellows; heaven help the fellow who had my usual run of luck that day.

Cap shifted gear and we continued down the coast, a flying fish nipped my line as it hurled itself into the air and a flash of silver and the flip of an orange tail told another story. Doing everything possible to get out a decent trolling length and with a scant sixty feet of line out this fellow hit that spoon and I set the hook. Distance did not lend enchantment in this case, for out of the water he came and then down. The rush was a long one, but was finally stopped and the fish was coming in as they always do in fish stories when something broke. The air was blue for a minute or two, even cussed at myself for putting too much tension on the line and then it wasn't the line that played the trick on me at all. That fish was educated and simply kinked the piano wire leader when he came up to take a squint at the fellow in the yellow hat, and the strain caused by my trying to work that fish within gaffing distance snapped the wire. Three up and one gone; you can't land them all, but fellows, what about that three in a row.



A Two-hour Catch on a Shimmy Wiggler!

"Enclosed find picture of a two-hour catch of fresh water bass caught here by F. T. Bennett, W. Hobbs and myself on a Shimmy Wiggler."

"Had even greater luck next day but failed to get photo of same."

"Bream and other fish strike it equally as well as bass."

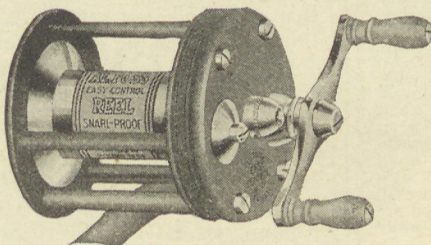
Yours very truly,

R. L. Jamison, St. Andrews, Fla.

The remarkable success over the past nine years of the AL. FOSS PORK RIND MINNOWS

has brought forth a host of imitations. Anglers who would like to know what real success in fishing is, are cautioned to accept no substitutes or "bootleg" lures. Realize that an imitation of a successful lure is not the result of years of painstaking effort to produce a lure that will catch fish but an attempt to evade patent protection and produce a close enough imitation to a successful lure to catch anglers!

The essential features that make Al. Foss lures fish-getters are guarded by patents. Imitations cannot duplicate the action which makes Foss lures successful. Be sure the name "Al Foss" is on every box and pork rind bottle you buy.



"Never a back-lash—every cast perfect—simply uncanny!"

So says an angler who used one of these reels on a two-weeks' fishing trip.

This snarl-proof casting reel is to all appearances, and in actual fact, equal in design, materials and workmanship to any other high-grade reel made. The only difference is a simple centrifugal device revolving within the reel arbor—a little policeman who raises his hand at the proper moment and stops a snarl from stepping in.

Make this test at your dealer's:—Have him rig up this reel with line and if there is not room for you to actually cast, just hold the reel in one hand with thumb off of line, and with the other give the end of line a hard jerk. You will see that while the line will unwind and apparently snarl, it can be readily stripped off, rewound and ready for another demonstration. Then try this with any other reel and see what happens.

Like all other reels, the Al Foss Easy Control Bait-Casting Reel will "back-lash" under careless handling. But the line will not become snarled, it will readily strip from the spool for re-winding and continued casting.

Specifications:—The No. 3-25 is nickel silver, satin finish, with jeweled end thrust bearings. Capacity 50 yds.—14 lb. test line. Double balanced handle; pyralin grips. Quadruple multiplier with click. Screw off oil caps. Spiral gears. Pivot bearings of high grade non-wearing bronze. All steel parts of best tool steel drill rod. Spool shaft of hardened tool steel. Has metal arbor 7/8" diameter, making it unnecessary to build up the spool with a lot of dead line. End plate diameter 2". Length of spool 1 1/2". Weight 8 oz. Leather case.

If dealer will not supply you, send \$25.00, and try reel 30 days. Then, if you want to worry along with your other reels, send it back, and money will be returned.

AL FOSS

Originator, Patentee and Manufacturer of the Pork Rind Minnow.

1730 Columbus Road

Cleveland, Ohio



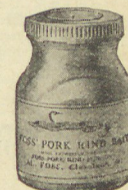
SHIMMY WIGGLER
1/2 or 5/8 oz., \$1.00



JAZZ WIGGLER
3/4 or 5/8 oz., 50c



ORIENTAL WIGGLER
1/2 or 5/8 oz., \$1.00. All Red, All White, or Red and White



45c—Bass, Musky and Fly Spinner sizes



Make OUTDOOR AMERICA bigger by patronizing our advertisers.



JAMISON BARBLESS

The Hook with the Hump

Humane—Sportsmanlike—Effective



"Smiling Bill" Goes Salmon Fishing

HELLO IKE!

Where have we been? We've been fishin' and look at what we brought back. This baby was 44 inches long, weighed 24 pounds, and I had to talk nice to him for an hour and seventeen minutes before I could coax him to come ashore and have his picture taken. He was awfully bashful. Was caught on a fly tied by Fred Peet on a No. 6 Jamison Barbless Hook. The Rod was a 5½ oz. 9½ foot Heddon Fly Rod, the reel was a Shakespeare Automatic, and the fish was taken at junction of Caines and Mirimache Rivers, 75 miles from Fredericton, N. B., Canada, on the 19th of May, and landed nearly an hour after dark.

There were three in our party, and we all took a lot of good fish. Those Salmon are some jumpers but they couldn't get away from the Barbless.

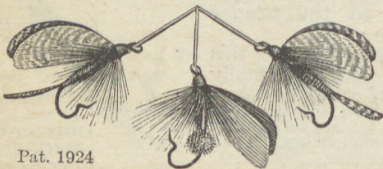
The good looking man on the left, trying to make out he caught the fish is Ed. Taylor. The funny looking guy is myself, Doc. Marcusson is behind the hill, but he was there when it came to catching Salmon.

Yours,

BILL JAMISON.

P. S.—If you want to try the Caines River write to Harry Allen, Penniac, N. B., Can.

TROUT and BASS FLIES



Pat. 1924

Hooks for Any Kind of Fishing

CHARTER MEMBER I Z A A K WATSON Catalog of Barbless Flies, and Hooks, Shannon Twin Spinners, Coaxer Baits, Silk Casting Lines, etc. Testimonials



LEAGUE OF AMERICA

THE
W. J. JAMISON CO.

Dept. W

739 S. California Ave.
CHICAGO, ILL.

We turned up the coast and not a fish blinked an eye at the bait, but as soon as we turned—biff—and the fireworks began. This fish was some traveler and despite all my efforts succeeded in tangling the line in the kelp. We had a great cussing match for the next five minutes, in which the fish received a lacing and the line was freed, but not for long; another rush—more kelp, I put too much pressure on the line and good-bye fish. Cap swears he heard this fellow singing "Good-bye forever" as he started on that second run.

Another rigging was on in a jiffy. We turned up the coast, but as far as fish were concerned that leg was a waste of gas, and talk about rough, wow, you couldn't stand up thirty seconds. Cap wanted to go in. However, it did not take much persuasion to get him to agree to one more round trip. Down the coast we headed, had not gone far—strike—missed—strike—hooked this time and full of pep. We were well out from shore when this fracas started. Imagine the antics of that boat, drifting in a sea that had been whipped by a gale for two days and yours truly virtually standing on his ear playing that yellow tail, and we got him even if Cap was nearly tossed overboard when he gave him the point. There was no protest this time when Cap said, "We'll go in."

Our arrival at the fishing pier certainly pleased Cap and the other guy in the boat has been known to smile. I jumped on the float to fend her off while Cap put out the fish. As no line was made fast this happened pretty quickly. Whack—the smallest fish hit the float, several caps appeared above the railing of the pier; sock—the seventeen pounder joined it, voices calling above us, more caps and battered felt hats appeared, smash—the twenty pounder slid between the others and then Cap brought out the largest one. It was not a large catch either way as yellow tail go, but it was the largest catch that had been made to date that season and Cap was as pleased as I was and I know that he got back at his cronies for their remarks of earlier that morning.



My First Big Fish

By Philip C. Duncan

From the far side of the lake it looked like a great place to fish. At the foot of that precipice the water certainly should be deep. I soon found out, however, that the only way I could anywhere approach the hole, was to wade out and climb up on a big rock that stood ten feet out of the water. It was a hard place to land

anything, but it was my only chance.

A strike! Another one! And the first cast at that! If you have never used a casting rod, you have no idea of the feeling it gives a man to have a fighting trout hit the end of a hundred foot line.

The third time I cast, I hurled the silver devon as far as was within my power. It described a beautiful parabola; flashing and glittering in the sunshine, it soared high into the air, and then diving gracefully downward, it took the water with scarcely a splash.

Suddenly, my line grew taut. A snag? Confound the luck! My Lord! Was that a fish on the end of my line? Good-night! I couldn't even hang on to my reel. How it sings! Half of my line is gone! Two-thirds! Three-quarters! No chance to stop it. If I tried, he'll break it, sure as I'm a sinner. The line is loose! Is he off? No! He is coming back! Did you see him leap out of the water? Five feet he jumped, shaking his head like a bull-dog, or I'm a liar. Straight for me he's coming! I can't reel in fast enough! He's at my feet, he's going down, down! Won't he ever quit going? He's coming up! By George, if he keeps traveling at that rate, I'll be all in. Out into the lake he goes again! In—out—criss—cross. Look at him leap! If he is an inch long, he is forty. Ah, as I hoped, he is tiring. Not much he is! Did you say he has lasted fifty minutes? Two hours and a half? I'll be—! Now, you devil, I'm going to get you. I've got ten feet of air to lift you through, but you are all in. This is delicate business—if you flop! I've got him on the rock! The hook is out of his mouth! Is he gone?

I had just as well tell you he wasn't "gone." As soon as I saw what had happened, I sat on him.



Memories of a Muskie

By A. P. Lodewick

The principal of this tale is hanging on a panel in the office of the Thousand Island House at Alexandria Bay, N. Y.,—and he is a perfect specimen of the Muskalonge—and weighed when caught, just thirty-two pounds.

I was fishing for bass in the St. Lawrence River one August day, three years ago. Had old Bill Sherman for guide. It was hot, and the bass were deep down, and I had on a Cincinnati bass hook—a number three with a twisted gut snell. Had a sinker on of course, with a minnow for bait—hooked through the back. Was using a Heddon rod with twelve pound test Ashaway line, and we were slowly drifting between two islands on the Canadian side, one of the islands barren and the other with a beautiful summer home

Results mean more advertising. Help our advertisers get results.



on it, belonging to a famous Canadian distiller, and on the shore playing were two small children.

Fishing was not very good—as it sure was hot—but in drifting down the narrow channel between the two islands mentioned, in a depth of possible forty feet—my rod suddenly bent backward, as if I had struck a snag—but still it felt suspicious. I glanced at Bill, who had been watching my tip, and he said, "Strike him." I struck—not hard—but just enough to sink in the point if it really was a fish. It started things immediately—my line just sung through the water as the big boy rushed to the surface and broke, about thirty feet in the rear. He dropped, making a rush right to the boat—passed it, and was on his way out the channel to deeper water of the small bay ahead. I had seventy-five yards on my Blue Grass reel.

The last words I heard spoken was a childish voice on the occupied island saying—"Oh, Papa—the man has a big fish." That's the last word I heard for fifty-five minutes. Not a word from old Bill, for he was the busiest man on the St. Lawrence just then, pulling at the oars to relieve the strain on the light and short line I was using.

Mr. Tiger would make a rush to the left—then to the right—then down—and up in the air—with Bill pulling like mad—and not saying a word. Bill had his job and I had all I could attend to—neither offered a single suggestion. My line was down on the spool, once, to not over two yards, and I thought, "There he goes," but he stopped in time and I retrieved quite some line. He began to tire; so did I; and so did Bill. He rushed again, but with less power this time. Shortly he came up from a deep rush on his side, about fifty feet away, then off again for a short spurt, then up again, this time within about thirty-five feet. Another weak rush, and to the surface again, but too far to reach with the gaff—and I dared not pump any—my line I knew, must be very weak by now—another effort on the Tiger's part to rush—too tired—could not make over five feet.

Bill now tried to paddle over sideways. We must get near enough to gaff. At last we got within reach and the old man made the prettiest gaff I have ever seen; hooked him right under the jaw and started him coming with one motion. He fell in the boat and I dropped on him—I meant him to stay there. I was slime up to my hair.

We heard some cheering and saw, for the first time, about six motor boats, that had been called to the spot by the owner of the island, who had phoned the hotel that one of their guests was fighting a Muskey—and they immediately started for the battle ground. But Bill Sherman, as well as myself, did not see a boat—or anything else outside of that Muskey—we were

ASHAWAY

"Sailor Laid and Tailor Made" Fishing Lines Since 1824

Buy Good Fishing Lines

Your rod and reel need the right line, and a good one. Buy an Ashaway Swastika Brand Fishing Line. Guaranteed right or make good. Made by America's pioneer line makers.

An Ashaway For Every Use

Ashaway World's Record and World's Gold Medal Lines include every kind, grade and size required on this continent. Accept no substitute.



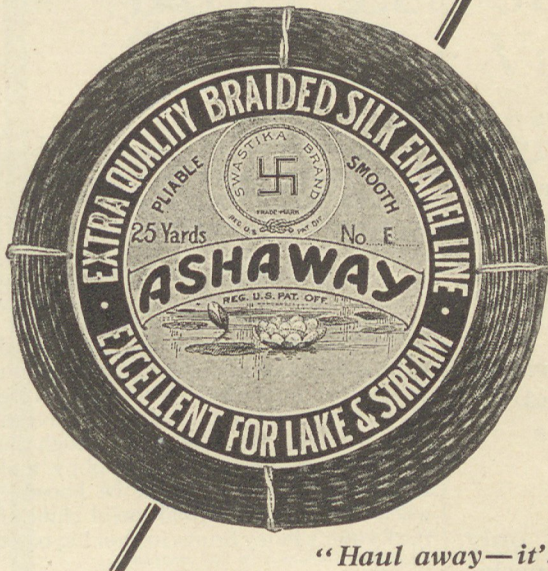
Bait Casters

You will find our Ashaway Extra Strength Waterproof Line—hard-braided, super-quality Japan silk—a smart caster and a sure stayer. Solid black color. Many others, too—all with the Swastika Brand.

Fly Casters

Your skill, time, money, rod and reel will find no quarrel with an Ashaway Extra Quality Braided Silk Enamel Line. Right weight, finish, flexibility and strength. Other good ones.

Get an Ashaway today!



"Haul away—it's an Ashaway!"

Ask your dealer. Look for the Swastika Brand. Write us for free Line Chart.

Ashaway Line & Twine Mfg. Co., Ashaway, R. I.

Makers of Guaranteed Braided and Twisted Silk, Linen, Cotton and Metal Fishing Lines

Swastika Brand



William Mills & Son

25 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK
Fishing Tackle Specialists
(OVER 100 YEARS)

Sole Agents for
H. L. LEONARD RODS
The Rod You Will Eventually Buy

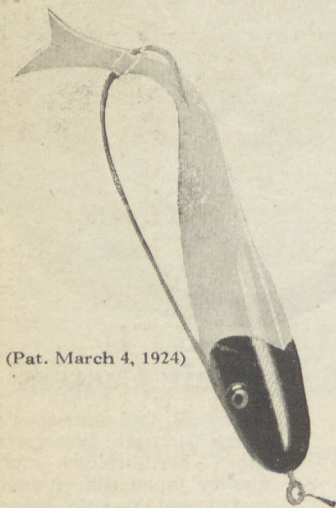
Our CATALOG contains not only descriptions and prices of goods, but also COLOR PLATES of FLIES; FISHING MAPS of MAINE and NEW YORK (nearby); ANGLER'S KNOTS; FLY COLORATION DESCRIPTIONS and a "NOVEL INDEX" describing outfits for angling for various Game Fishes. COPY MAILED ON RECEIPT OF 10c IN STAMPS.



"IT CATCHES the BIG ONES"



The Artificial Bait With
Live Minnow (Body and Tail) Action



(Pat. March 4, 1924)

Metallic head and rubber body.

Equipped with swivel which prevents twisting of line.

Standard casting weight, weighs 5-8ths of an ounce and is equally efficient as a trolling bait.

Swims in one position only, right side up, being properly balanced and is practically weedless.

Hook is detachable and can be replaced at a cost of five cents each.

The thrills of a catch of one outing will more than re-imburse you for the investment.

PRICE \$1.25 EACH

Made in 3 styles:

- "A"—Red head and white body
- "B"—Copper head and white body
- "C"—Nickel head and white body

Your Dealer Can Supply You

Or your order, accompanied by remittance of \$1.25 each, will receive prompt attention.

STREICH MANUFACTURING CO.
423 N. Chicago St. JOLIET, ILL.

both too busy, busy at the finest job I have ever had in my life—fifty-five minutes of extreme pleasure and thrill—but some real hard work—that kind of work that all fishermen are looking for and praying to find.

We found Mr. Muskey had a cut over two inches long, where the hook had pulled through the thin skin under his jaw.

He hangs today in the office of the Thousand Island House—as beautifully formed a muskelonge as was ever caught. His markings were wonderful. They make 'em bigger, I know, but no gamer or finer specimen of the *Esox masquinongy* have I ever seen—and his capture was due to old Bill Sherman, for had he not handled that boat in the masterful way he did, it would have been impossible to have landed this fish with the light tackle used.



Advice to the Fly-Tier

By John H. Warren

I BELIEVE it has never been advanced that any appreciable economies might be effected through one's learning to tie his flies himself; and, surely, any investment will bring ample returns through the development of an absorbing hobby, and that proud moment—let it be hoped—when that wonderful and awful child of the fly-tier's fancy brings its first big trout to net!

But, perhaps, here in the country one economy begets another. With all the necessary plumage, his for the taking, one will strive to attain to the "irreducible minimum," in order that these beguiling lures, fly-boxes, lines, etc., may, from time to time, be added to his equipment. And there may be those elsewhere who, discouraged by the figures into which the least pretentious fly-tying materials run, have deprived themselves of much pleasure and profit—of that which is to fishing what "Gasoline Alley" is to motoring.

The vise, of which I enclose rough sketches, grew out of my dissatisfaction with broad-faced vises. It took me about fifteen minutes to make, is completely satisfactory, and cost 12 cents. The materials were one 3" iron bolt, 1/4" in diameter, two hexagonal nuts, and a bit of wood 2" x 4" x 1/2". A friendly mechanic threaded the bolt to the head, and slotted it for about 2". Labor 10 cents; material 2 cents. A hole was bored in the wooden base an inch from one end, the head of the bolt counter sunk, and one nut run on tightly to secure the line upright. The second nut was run on about an inch, and

the projecting ends of the bolt sprung out. In the Y thus formed, a tenpenny nail was placed, and the two arms of the Y sprung sharply together, over the nail. A thin file passed between the points gave a little depth to the face of the vise, and the points were tapered down with the file so that a No. 16 hook could be held neatly. The upper half of the bolt was bent to the right 45 degrees, to bring the vise into the handiest position. A few turns of the top nut against the sprung jaws gives sufficient pressure to hold the hook immovable. Perhaps this is worth passing on.

A Day In the Limelight

By Florence Porter Hankenson

ON a dark, storm threatening morning, August 5th, 1924, my husband and I got our fishing tackle together and started for Razor Back Lake. We started out and began casting along the shore among the lily pads. It began to rain hard and steadily and we had to pull for a neighboring boat-house for refuge until the rain let up.

We started out again, and not being able to land any fish of any size in the shallow water, we decided to try trolling in deep water to see if we could find a big one. I dropped my line on which I had a heavy sinker and about a three foot gut leader with a fair size mud minnow for bait, into about a thirty foot depth. I had hardly settled myself when what seemed like a thunderbolt struck the end of my line. I began to reel in. Whiz! Out went the line, in a little, out again, in again. After every run I succeeded in getting him in a little further. Then whiz, bang! Under the boat! I was on my knees with rod and hands in the water. I heard the encouraging voice of my husband, "Be calm, let him play a little—keep the line taut." I got the rod out of the water, keeping a nice curve in it. I could feel that he was beginning to tire, and I began to know that he was mine. I happened to glance down at my right hand and saw that it was covered with blood, where the knuckles evidently hit on the drag when Mr. Bass made his runs. I got him up to the side of the boat, and as we had no landing net with us, my husband reached him, catching him under the gills with his thumb, and brought him in. We estimated him at seven pounds, but on weighing him later at the lodge, we found he weighed five pounds and nine ounces. This catch was repeated within twenty minutes, this time weighing five pounds six ounces; then five more weighing between three and one-half and four and one-half pounds, making seven large bass within an hour, my husband having added five to this, ranging from three and one-half to four and one-half pounds. When we came up to the lodge, the proprietor told us it was the largest string of fish ever brought out of that lake. Every one wanted a picture of the fish, everybody wanted to take our picture with the fish, and we felt sure for that day at least "Mary and Doug" had nothing on us.

Don't be afraid to tell our advertisers you saw their ads in OUTDOOR AMERICA.



In the Evening by the Moonlight?

The moon is often credited with strange things but this story IS rather unusual.

Bush, Ill.
May 11, 1925

Dear Sir:

I will send you a fish story that I have already sent to the South Bend people who made the bait, and they seem to think it a lie, but I assure you it is true, and we will inclose a sworn oath to that effect. I sent to the South Bend people for some of their famous Moonlight Bait, and when it arrived a friend, Mr. George Fetcho, wanted to go down with me that night to try it out. So as there was a full moon that night I went by for him, and we went down to the lake, and as the moon was not yet above the tree tops we sat down and filled and lighted our pipes and talked. So, perhaps, after a half hour I said, "George, I see the fish are playing, so I guess it is about time to start," so I wound the Moonlight Bait up to the tip of the casting rod and made a cast. George, in the meantime, had picked up a stick about three feet long, and as I reeled in I saw something run at the bait—I reeled in as fast as I could, and cast again where I had seen the fish last, and I saw a fish run at the bait, miss, and then make another mad rush at it and come clear of the water about two feet up the bank. George hit him with his stick and stunned him. He was about fourteen inches long. We strung him and George said, "Try it again." I cast again and another one ran out on the bank and George struck him with his stick and we strung him. I cast again and another one ran out on the bank and George hit him with his stick and we got him. George wanted to try for some more but I said, "I have to go to work," as I was working third shift, so he said, "Let's come down tomorrow night and try it," so we came down the next night and cast again and two more ran out to George, who was ready with a stick and struck them and we got them. So we returned home with a true fish story that no one will believe.

Respectfully yours,

W. R. Ross and George Fetcho.

P. S. The fish were all hickory shad. Sworn to, before me by Jack Ross and George Fetcho, this the 12th day of May, 1925.

Ed. Wood
Police Magistrate

Patronize the Advertisers who patronize our Magazine.

Don't Let Sunburn Spoil Your Vacation

APLY *Noburn* before each exposure and you are sunburn proof. No matter how long you remain in the sun, no matter how sensitive your skin may be, it positively will not blister, burn or peel. A liquid quickly applied, easily washed off, harmless and unnoticeable.



DR. WILLIAM H. HOBBS
103 MAIN STREET
BINGHAMTON, NEW YORK



Strong, Cobb & Co.,
Cleveland, Ohio

Dec. 23, 1924.

Dear Sirs:

I used your preparation *Noburn* this summer upon my children, my wife and myself at the seashore with most gratifying results. From the beginning, we used no other protection against sunburn than your preparation and am very happy to say that none of us had any discomfort whatsoever from exposure to the sun's rays. I am very glad indeed to recommend your product.

Respectfully yours,

(Signed) W. H. HOBBS

STRONG, COBB & COMPANY
In business 90 years

314 Central Viaduct
CLEVELAND, OHIO

Enclosed find \$1.00 for a bottle of *Noburn*. You agree to refund the dollar if it fails to prevent sunburn and windburn.

Name.....
Street.....
City..... State.....

FOREST RANGERS

Men wanting forest ranger, railway mail clerk, special agent and other government positions, \$1500 to \$2600 year. Write for free particulars and list of positions.

Mokane, Dept. 265, Denver, Colo.

Natural Wild Duck Foods

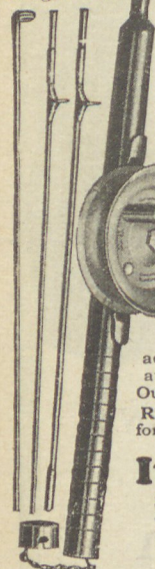
That will bring thousands of Wild Ducks to your waters. Thirty different duck coaxes. The natural wild aquatic foods which are hardy and guaranteed to grow.

Write, describing waters, and receive free planting advice, helpful literature.
Wisconsin's Aquatic Nurseries
Box 331 Oshkosh, Wis.



Gets the Big Ones

Length 4 ft.



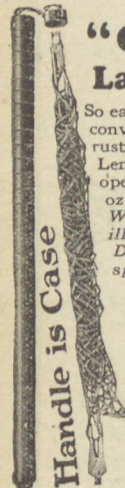
How's this? 24-lb. muskie at Echo Bay, Sault Ste. Marie; six big bass in one day at Indian Lake, Michigan, and three Florida Bass weighing 5, 8 and 14 lbs.

Getum Rod & Reel

This gamey fish conqueror knows its business. Balanced nicely, casts well and stands the gaff. **THE HANDLE IS THE CASE** for three spring tempered solid steel joints; equipped with single action, anti-back lash reel with automatic brake, thumb controlled. Outfit complete only.....\$4.00
Rod only, with reel seat for multiplier.....\$2.50

It all goes into the Handle

Getum Fly Rod and Reel
Length 9 ft. 6 in., same principle as Getum Rod and Reel except it has hollow joints. It is light, flexible and strong. Price of outfit complete.....\$6.00



"GETUM" Landing Net

So easy to carry. Light, convenient, serviceable rust proof and fool proof. Length encased 22" — opened 38". Weight 10 oz. Each.....\$3.50
Write for complete illustrated catalog Dewey's "Getum" sporting specialties.

OUTING Mfg. Co.

Also manufacturers of Getum lures, folding metal decoys, "Durabilt" tackle and fly boxes and folding camp furniture.

558 E. Jackson Blvd., ELKHART, INDIANA

How Briggs Came to Take up Bass

(Continued from page 22)

frail little rod bent double, I took time to steal a triumphant glance at Briggs crouched there, alert, but suspicious, as he had a right to be. It had all happened too suddenly, and besides, how about the man in the mist?

With clear water, and a vast length of line out, it seemed safe to take a chance, so for once I gave myself up to the delicious vice of gloating. My spirits that had been so low a few moments before, had suddenly mounted to the skies, and at every fresh drive, and at each new line-testing plunge of my friend in the water, I laughed aloud. It pleased me at times to affect a grand indifference as to the outcome of the battle, and I told Frank, confidentially, that I would much prefer the bullhead to the bass, as bass were such a nuisance to land. I even essayed to hold the creaking rod in one careless hand, while with the other I directed Briggs' attention to the beauties of the sunrise. I referred to them as "scholars," but all my taunts were wasted. By this time my gallery was thoroughly awake, and with eyes riveted on the whorling waters, were oblivious to all else but the fate that literally hung at the end of that thin, slicing thread.

Then an unexpected thing happened. We all at once became aware of a strange looking object propelling itself through the water in our direction with great rapidity. We could not make it out at first, but, appearing on the scene at that critical moment, exhibiting every evidence of extreme haste, it could not fail to command our interest. In fact, atten-

tion for the moment was diverted from the main attraction, and we craned our necks to stare. Then the truth suddenly dawned on us. This hurrying messenger from the battlefield, frantically kicking its way through the water could be none other than our old friend Beelzebub, miraculously escaped from the jaws of death. It is needless to say we gave the brave fellow a rousing cheer.

He had been knocked free, no doubt by the first savage lunge of the fish, and while I never saw a frog in such a hurry to get some place as Beelzebub was to make that island, he was still game, and to show that he recognized us, and as if to say: "Give my regards to the kiddies!" he suddenly changed his style of swimming from the regular frog fashion, and took up a fine overhand stroke as he passed by, not two feet from the boat.

This digression should have cost me the fish, but even so, you must remember that we owed a debt to Beelzebub. However, now that he had made his island in safety, I was faced with the ticklish business of landing my prize without the aid of a net. I thought I had detected a nascent gleam in Briggs' eye, but to make him a sure enough bass fisherman, it was necessary to add the finishing touch, and after jockeying into position, a diagonal run with an upward trend, jumped that bronze boy fairly into his lap, and as I watched the wild struggle between Briggs and his first scrappy small mouth, it came over me that perhaps the Red Gods had placed Beelzebub into my hands for a purpose.

Bait and Fly Casting

(Continued from page 31)

direct with the Hotel Company. The following clubs have donated trophies: Chicago Fly, Lincoln Park, Illinois; Fish Fans Club; the Izaak Walton Chapter, all of Chicago; also, the Buffalo and Indianapolis Club. We need four more.

The officers, assisted by all the casters of Chicago, believe this tournament will be a record breaker, and you will find a hearty welcome awaiting you, as well as reasonable accommodations and prizes, the same as usual. So let your slogan be, "ON TO CHICAGO" for the greatest tournament of all.

In order to help start things, you are invited to send the usual entry fee of ten dollars for the All-round, to the National Secretary, Frank S. Leach, 154 S. Hamlin Ave., Chicago, as soon as you wish.

The Secretary is ready to handle all orders for supplies, weights, flies, etc. If not ready to send an order now, will you please send an estimate of what you

will need for the season, so that the supplies may be ready for quick delivery.

The National officers feel that now is the chance for all clubs to show their good will, and they bespeak your wholehearted support. So start it "ON TO CHICAGO" — and come strong.

CLUB NOTES

The Ohio State Association will hold their Annual Tournament at Columbus, Ohio, July 3-4 and 5th. J. Dwight Palmer, President of the Ohio Association extends a hearty invitation to all casters to visit Columbus on above dates.

* * *

The Buffalo Club has chartered a car and is coming to the National Tournament strong, headed by Newcombe and Peters.

* * *

Hurst reports that not less than twenty-five from Indianapolis will be in the lineup at the National Tournament.

Our Advertisers help us, let us help them.

High-Grade Split Bamboo FISHING RODS

Write for Special Booklet describing Thomas Special and Dirigo Rods

Made at the Rod Shop of THOMAS ROD COMPANY BANGOR, MAINE

Manufacturers of the Fishing Rod of Quality

GRANGER RODS

For Fly and Bait FISHING

\$20 to \$45

Most power per ounce, beautifully finished, with wonderful action and balance. Your dealer or our catalog will tell the story.

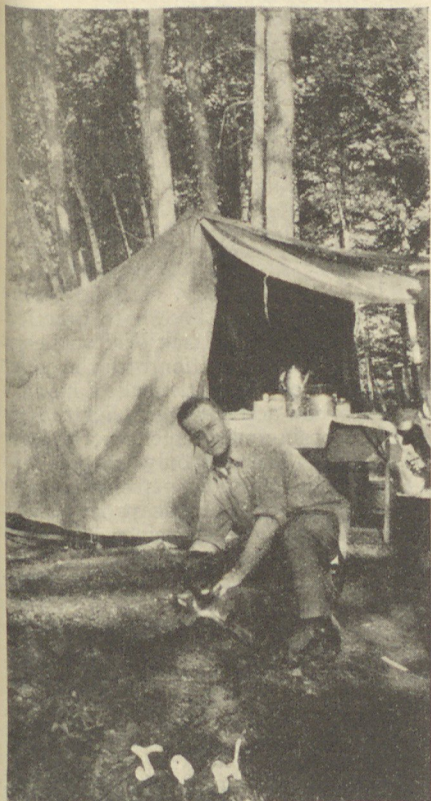
GOODWIN GRANGER & CO.
1257 EAST NINTH AVENUE
DENVER, COLO.

It is needless to inform you that the three aces from Newark, N. J., Jack, Charlie and Art, will be present.

San Francisco will be represented by Chas. W. Kewell and other expert Fly artists from the Golden Gate.

The largest delegation will be from the eight Ohio Affiliated Clubs, among whom will be the champions of their State Tournament held in July.

Club secretaries are requested to send all news items direct to the Editor, care of OUTDOOR AMERICA, also all communications in regard to the department Bait and Fly Casting.



W. A. Kimball in camp.

The Endowment Fund

(Continued from page 23)

ties and good fortune, who are in a position to make substantial gifts from their estates. The men of great means, whose fortunes have been made in America, have set some notable and recent examples of the splendid use of money. What finer use could be made of money than to dedicate it to the purposes of the Izaak Walton League—the living symbol of that which is dearest to the donor? This applies to each and every member of the League, be his worldly goods great or small.

May we not have a discussion of this matter? May we not have an Endowment Fund?

The more results our advertising brings, the more advertising we will carry.



Fisherman's Luck

Tangled tackle—and such language! The overhanging bough may get you while you're casting—but your tackle will always be in perfect condition while it's in a Kennedy Kit.

It will hold all your hooks, sinkers, artificial and bottle bait, several reels—with room for a vacuum bottle besides. Electrically welded, rust resisting, waterproof, finished in brown baked enamel that won't chip off. Buy one now. Get set for life with the best tackle box made. When you're hunting it's a perfect shell box. The price will be a pleasant surprise. At all sporting goods stores.

"There's a distinction between fishing—and just catching fish"

KENNEDY MANUFACTURING COMPANY
208 Harrison Street, Van Wert, Ohio



TRADE

Kennedy Kits



MARK



A new Pork Rind Lure The Heddon-Stanley Ace

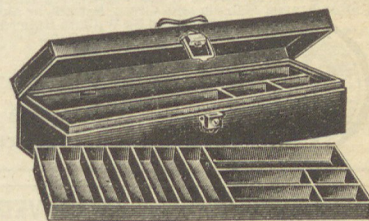
The peculiar shape body gives it a rolling motion—the fly, spinners and pork strip add a combination almost impossible to beat.

This is the latest member of the Dowagiac family which, in fourteen years of Field & Stream's Prize Contests have taken more prize bass than all other artificial minnows combined.

JAMES HEDDON'S SONS
Dowagiac, Michigan

Heddon Fishing
Genuine Dowagiac Tackle
Heddon Made — Well Made

HOBART WATERTITE TACKLE BOXES



A SIZE FOR EVERY NEED

K-1—14" x 6" x 5" —one tray —\$4.00
K-2—14" x 6" x 6½" —two trays —\$4.75
K-3—22" x 6" x 5" —one tray —\$5.50
K-5—22" x 6" x 6½" —two trays —\$6.50

Shipped postpaid if your dealer cannot supply you. Substantially built with double seamed and soldered corners and electrically welded partitions.

Catalogue on request.

HOBART METAL MFG. CO.
16th Ave. & 8th St. S. E., Minneapolis, Minn.



VL&A Catalog

NEARLY every item advertised in Outdoor America is listed in the VL&A 1925 catalog. Our line is the most complete in the country; we guarantee lowest market prices; our service is beyond comparison.

Well-Known, Dependable Products

- | | |
|----------------------|----------------------|
| Heddon's Rods | Shakespeare Reels |
| Hardy Rods | Martin Reels |
| Granger Rods | Henshall's Lures |
| Devine Rods | Wildier Dill Lures |
| Leonard Rods | Jamison Flies |
| Bristol Steel Rods | Harrimac Nets |
| American Steel Rods | Eppinger's Baits |
| Vom Hoffe Reels | Creek Chub Baits |
| South Bend Reels | South Bend Baits |
| Meisselbach Reels | Skinner's Spoons |
| Foss Reels | Heddon's Baits |
| Heddon's Reels | Hildebrandt Spinners |
| Hardy Reels | Stanley's Hooks |
| Kingfisher Reels | Hawkeye Baskets |
| Plueger Reels | Kennedy Kits |
| Aladdin Jars | Russell's Shoes |
| Airubber Cushions | Marble Knives |
| Stoll Tents | Kidney Boats |
| Gold Medal Furniture | Morris Canoes |
| Coleman Stoves | Old Town Canoes |
| Kamp-kook Stoves | Johnson Motors |
| Cokey Boots | Evinrude Motors |
| Alligator Oilskins | Elto Motors |

The above list represents only a portion of our complete line, picked at random from our catalog

Send this Coupon before you buy your Spring outfit

VL&A Chicago Request for Catalog 66N

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....



JOE WELSH LEADERS

Joe Welsh's genuine Telarana Nova Leaders. Invaluable and strong, come in sizes for any fresh water fish. The only Leader that has been steadily advertised nationally for ten years.

Thousands of the best Anglers all over the world praise them. \$2.50 will bring you a 3 ft. Trout or Bass size, \$5.00 for a 6 ft. Also will send (free) card showing the six sizes, giving strengths, lengths, etc. Once used always used. Made in plain and dropper loops.

Most dealers have them. If you don't, tell me. Don't get fooled by scrubby imitations. The only genuine Telarana Nova Joe Welsh Leader, registered in United States, Canada and Great Britain, as manufactured by William Robertson, Glasgow, Scotland.



Joe Welsh

Pasadena California

MATTERN'S

IMPROVED ADJUSTABLE SINKER

To adjust your line FOR DEPTH in Ocean, Gulf, River or Where the Tide Ebbs and Floods.

Fits every fishing trip. May be varied instantly from 2 to 8 oz. No sliding or backsliding when casting. Circular mailed on request. From your dealer or

3 for \$1.00 DIRECT BY MAIL
MATTERN MFG. CO.
GERMANTOWN, Phila., Pa.

Catch More Fish
Lose Less Bait

The Waltonian Nook

News of Our Chapters

Edited by CARL E. SIMON

National Executive Secretary

Chapters all through the country are carrying on extensive membership drives with great success. This is the time to put on a drive that will really build the Chapter into a strong, constructive unit.

It would be impossible here to enumerate the plans that have been devised by the various Chapter officers to increase memberships as space will not allow. One of the best, we thought, and one which is taking hold in a pleasing way, is the old-fashioned picnic—where everybody gets out and has a good time.

It is a simple matter to acquire a new member while out in the woods and each member of a Chapter makes it a point to get just one man at the picnic who is not a Waltonian.

Try out this plan and see what you think of it.

* * *

Officials of Joliet, Illinois, Chapter recently held a statewide pollution conference to formulate plans whereby each community in the state could complete a local pollution program.

* * *

Topeka, Kansas, Chapter is working toward the construction of a large artificial lake near the city, to be used as a hatchery and wild fowl refuge.

* * *

A committee composed of state and national officials of the League recently inspected the harbors of Sandusky Bay adjacent to Sandusky and Fremont, Ohio, to determine whether nets dragged over spawning grounds destroy bass nests. Those on the Ohio committee were T. F. Hamilton, Lima, Chairman; Homer Bow, Canton; State Secretary A. F. Long, Springfield; H. W. Hollis, Lima, and Walter M. Bowman, Lima.

Those representing National Headquarters were Henry A. Schuil, Grand Rapids, Mich., President of the Michigan Division; Judge Fred C. Becker, Lima, Ohio, President of the Ohio Division, and E. H. Ross, Chicago, Illinois, managing editor of OUTDOOR AMERICA.

Members of this committee were guests of the Fremont, Ohio, Chapter and went over the area in company with Dr. S. C. Sackett, of Fremont; S. S. Sackett, of Cleveland, Ohio, Chapter, and Louis Myers, of Fremont.

A thorough investigation was made and the committee's report of their findings will be printed in OUTDOOR AMERICA in the near future.

* * *

Jack B. McCready, of Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, who is known to practically every man in the Izaak Walton League, has resigned his position with the government and answered the call of his heart.

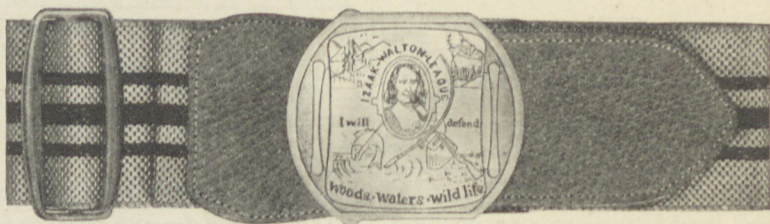
He is now actively organizing the State of Wisconsin under direction of the State Division. There is only one Jack McCready—his splendid personality cannot be duplicated. His heart is with the League and has been since it was first started in the state.

We are confident that it will only be a short time until Wisconsin has a record Division. We're for you, Jack—more power to you!

* * *

Exponents of conservation in all phases of our outdoor life found cause for rejoicing in the activities conducted in St. Louis in observance of American Forest Week, under the auspices of the "Friends of the Forests."

The Izaak Walton League Chapter



A Waltonian Belt

Every Waltonian is proud of the organization's insignia. With this in mind Mr. August Dittrich, maitre de hotel of the Blackstone Hotel, Chicago, designed a Waltonian belt to be worn with sport togs. He then made arrangements with the League to market these belts through National Headquarters and to pay the League fifty per cent of the net profit of the venture.

The belt as shown above comes in various styles of silk web and leather. The buckles come in bronze and silver finish and make a very attractive combination. They will be sold at \$2 each to members of the League, or with an especially fine quality of silk web, at \$2.50. Checks or money orders should be mailed direct to August Dittrich, Izaak Walton League of America, 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois.

When writing to Advertisers give credit to our Magazine.



was prominently associated with the "Friends of the Forests," Secretary Harry S. Collins being chairman of the local committee and President Frank Wielandy being an active participant in all of the week's events.

The "Friends of the Forests"—sponsored by the Concatenated Order of Hoo-Hoo, the international fraternal order of lumbermen, which has headquarters in St. Louis—has dedicated itself to forest welfare not only in the interests of perpetuating our timber resources, but with the idea of protecting all wild life.

The Optimists Club and the Missouri Forestry Association were represented on the St. Louis "Friends of the Forests" committee in addition to the Izaak Walton League and the St. Louis Hoo-Hoo Club.

C. E. Rachford, superintendent of grazing lands of the U. S. Forest Service, spent the first three days of the week in St. Louis as the guest of Hoo-Hoo, and was available for the activities of the "Friends of the Forests." He spoke at three public mass meetings in high schools, over radio from Station KSD, and to 3000 grade school children who planted and dedicated 20 trees furnished by the Hoo-Hoo Club. He exhibited two forestry reels—"The Careless Hunter" and "Pines That Come Back," at the three mass meetings.

Several other reels, which the League furnished, also were shown at the mass meetings. In addition to Mr. Rachford, three prominent St. Louisans pleaded for public interest in the out-of-doors—Congressman Cleveland A. Newton, Charles M. Hay and Thomas L. Anderson.

The Lions Club, Sales Managers' Bureau, Exchange Club, Chamber of Commerce, Automobile Club, Eighth District Federation of Women's Clubs, and the Optimists Club were addressed by forestry speakers at their meetings.

Congressman Harry B. Hawes, George T. Moore, director of the Missouri Botanical Gardens; Prof. Fred Dunlap, formerly forestry head at Missouri University; Lawrence McDaniel and Wayne Ely, prominent attorneys; Mrs. Edith Goodwin and Herbert Taylor, of the Izaak Walton League, addressed these meetings.

Herbert Taylor addressed more than 15,000 high school pupils during the week, and exhibited Jamison's famous trout fishing films, forestry reels, and the League's film of salmon fishing in Canada.

Pastors of many churches, responding to the plea of the committee for cooperation, devoted part or all of their sermons of Sunday, May 3, to the subject of conservation of the forests and out-door resources.

In addition to the publicity given the activities, thousands of "Friends of the Forests" buttons, copies of President Coolidge's proclamation, and forestry data furnished by the national American Forest Week Committee, were distributed.

Address all Chapter news items to Carl E. Simon, Executive Secretary, 536 Lake Shore Drive Chicago, Illinois

O k e h
Level Wind Reel

No. 620
\$15

Meisselbach Fishing Reels of Quality

HERE S how a veteran fisherman describes these products: "They work like a charm. Some mechanism. Built like a watch and just as true!" Meisselbach Reels are the first choice of every fisherman who wants results that count. "Rainbow"—"Takapart"—"Tripart"—"Okeh"—"Triton"—"Neptune"—"Surf"—a special reel for every purpose. Live dealers everywhere handle this time-honored line. If you cannot obtain locally, please advise—we shall see that you are promptly supplied.

Interesting, convincing literature, detailing features of all our products mailed upon request.

A. F. Meisselbach Mfg. Co., Inc.
25 West 45th Street New York

The ORIGINAL and only manufacturers of GENUINE Meisselbach Reels.

No Library Is Complete Without

The Book of the Black Bass

By Dr. James A. Henshall, *Dean of American Angling*

THIS scientific volume, replete with color illustrations, contains in its 550 pages, complete information on the types, habits and various methods of catching the black bass—"inch for inch, pound for pound, the gamest fish that swims."

Dr. Henshall died April 4, 1925, in his 90th year. Most of his life was spent in the study of this species of fish, and he knew his subject.

For a limited time, books autographed by Dr. Henshall will be offered for sale.

Order now from D. Appleton & Co., New York, or from National Headquarters, I. W. L. A., 536 Lake Shore Drive Chicago, Ill. Price, \$4.50

"SILKO" LINE

TRADE MARK

Made in the Orient by a special process, this is a line of Great Strength that is unexcelled for getting the fish. Resembles gut in appearance, and is almost invisible in water. Excellent and economical as leaders.



At Your Dealer's, or Direct Postpaid at These Prices
No. D, 25 yards, test 8 lbs. each \$0.75
No. E, 25 yards, test 10 lbs. each .85
No. F, 25 yards, test 16 lbs. each 1.00
No. G, 25 yards, test 20 lbs. each 1.25
No. H, 25 yards, test 25 lbs. each 1.50

Write for circular and prices on other lines, testing from 1 to 60 pounds.

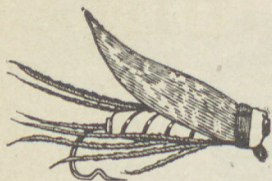
The Bruemer Co., P. O. Box 570, Tacoma, Wash.

Have You Done
Your Part
for the

Elk?

Peck's Barbless Hopper

THE OUTSTANDING LURE OF THE CENTURY GETS THE BIG ONES AND HOLDS 'EM, TOO



Bass and Trout Sizes—50 each. Three Assorted Patterns that will get fish anywhere. Postpaid \$1.50.

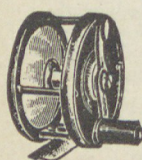
Write for description of

Peck's Barbless and Single Hook, Hook Nature Lures for Fly and Bait Casting.

E. H. PECKINPAUGH CO.
CHATTANOOGA, TENNESSEE

FISHING TACKLE

Deal Direct with the Manufacturers



Our RODS and REELS symbolize the highest achievement of the highly developed art of making TACKLE. We maintain our reputation by building honest goods and not permitting any defect to get by our rigid inspection. If you find our name on a piece of Tackle you may bank on it—it's perfect. Since 1867 this has been our policy.

Catalog of 160 Pages Sent on Request.

Edward vom Hofe & Company
97 Fulton Street New York City



"There is no Better Bait than Live Bait"

Special service to fishermen and resort owners. Prompt service. Low prices. Guaranteed delivery in A-1 condition.

Order NOW

LIVE BAIT FARM, P. O. Box 371, Wisconsin Rapids, Wis.

MUD MINNOWS and LIVE BAIT

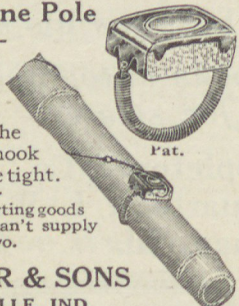
At Last—A Place to Fasten the Hook On Your Cane Pole

Just Slip a "Little Friend"

over the end, the cork holds the hook and keeps the line tight.

Sold by most all sporting goods stores. If yours can't supply you send 25c for two.

J. R. BAKER & SONS
KENDALLVILLE, IND.



\$3 DOWN

AFTER TEN DAYS TRIAL FOR THIS LONG WEARING ALL BEARING L.C. SMITH

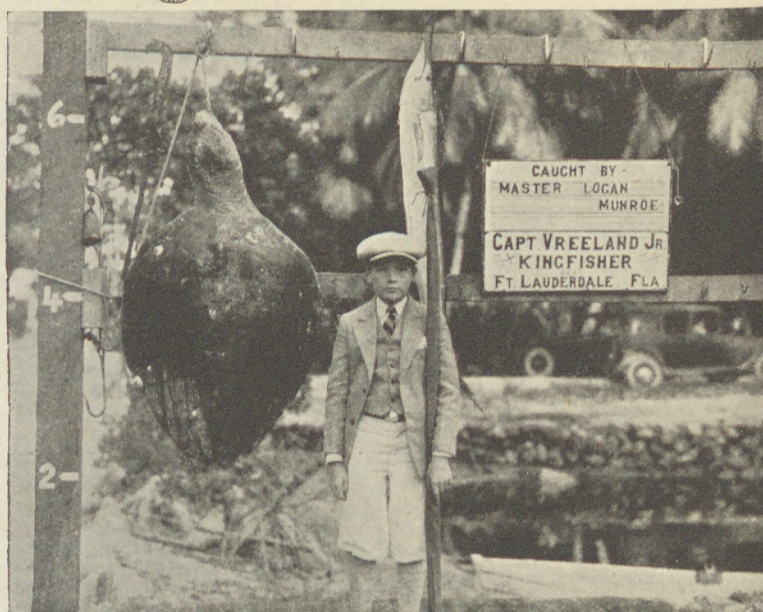
NO RED TAPE—NO DELAY

Test this wonderful typewriter in your home or office 10 days. Send No Money. If you are not satisfied it is the best buy you ever made, your express agent will refund your \$3 deposit.

LOWEST PRICES ever made on the world famous L. C. Smith—full size—all late style operating conveniences—absolutely highest quality rebuilt—5 Year Guarantee. Small Monthly Payments.

FREE: Course of Instruction, Tools, Waterproof Cover, all free to you now. Send today for New Special Offer and Booklet of valuable typewriter information.

Smith Typewriter Sales Corp.
251-360 E. Grand Ave., Chicago



Logan Munroe.

Mostly About Boys

Edited by BEN EAST

Hello, fellows! Got your fireworks all bought yet? The editor has a bunch of cannon crackers, an armful of Roman candles, and six sky rockets. Oh, boy, just wait till the Fourth!

Come over here a minute, out of the sun, where you can see that old red shoulder hawk, hanging up there above the shack, all by himself in the blue sky. Lonesome and still. Looks like July all right, doesn't it? He doesn't seem to mind the heat. Neither do the crickets and locusts, out there in the dead June grass. Almost makes us wish we were hawks or locusts, doesn't it, boys?

Here's what I want to talk to you about. We're getting lots of good letters. As many as we can print. But I'd like to hear from a whole lot more of you. There must be thousands of you just sitting around the shack, not saying a word. Come on, let's have your fireside story. The chances are we'll find room for it here, and if we can't I'll answer it anyway, and tell you if I liked it. Don't be bashful, fellows. Speak up now. Let's go after those prizes!

We have had several letters about hunting woodchucks. Here's one from Jack Baker, that tells the woodchuck's side of the story. Maybe it's a good thing for us to think of it from that viewpoint once in a while, boys. We wish Jack's woodchuck the best of luck, and a long life!

Dear Editor and Fellows:

I was caught by a man under the porch of a house, as I was hunting for food. I was put in an automobile and driven for about three blocks, which seemed like miles. I was then put in a cage and set out on the front lawn to be viewed by any passerby. I set out at once to get out,

but I had no success, as I was discovered by the time I had gnawed one board off.

Children from all over the neighborhood came to gaze at me as if they had never seen any kind of fur creature before. That night my cage was set in the garage, and I could see nothing but bare walls. I still kept gnawing my cage in hopes of getting free. I gnawed the wires till my nose was raw. Finally I gnawed till I succeeded in breaking the wires. I got out of the cage and worked my way through the ground floor of the garage. Just as I got out a small girl came and saw me. She ran into the house and soon appeared with a lady. Soon several ladies came and tried to catch me, but they were obliged to call on a man for help. He threw a tin pan over my head. This made me very angry. Soon a boy that lived next door came to put me back in my cage, but as he lifted the pan I was gone! He chased me around the garage three or four times before he succeeded in getting the pan over my head again. When my master came home he lifted the pan to put me back in my cage again. I started to fight with all my might. I tried to bite him, but he had heavy leather gloves on, and I could not reach his flesh. I was put back in the cage and new wire put on.

The next day they came and took me out of the cage, and I trembled with fear, for I did not know what was going to happen this time. They put me on the lawn and took my picture. I was too frightened to move, and I heard them say that it would be a fine picture on that account. After my picture was taken I was put in the car again and driven for some ways. I did not know where I would end up, but all at once the car stopped and they lifted me out. I could hardly believe my eyes as I looked and

Our income from advertising is put to work for conservation.

saw my old home, the woods! I sat still till the car had moved on, and then I started to run. It did not take me long to find my old friends and tell them of my terrible experience, and how glad I was to be free again!

A. WOODCHUCK

Mason, Wisconsin

Dear Fellows:

I've been reading the Boys' corner ever since the editor put it in OUTDOOR AMERICA, and I sure enjoy the letters you have written, and I hope you'll enjoy mine. Well, here goes, anyway:

It was in the summer of 1922 when my father took me to a little resort on Lake Nemakogan, called Castle Garden. We got there at about 9:00 p. m., and I stayed with my sister Myrtle, who had come there a few days before. That night I fell asleep, dreaming about catching fish as long as myself.

In the morning, after breakfast was over, I went fishing with my brother-in-law. There is a nice little island in the middle of the lake. We rowed around it and started fishing. I was the first to get a bite, and the fish snagged my line on a log. You can be sure I thought I had a whale! When I got my line loose I got another bite. The fish started to go around in circles, and he showed me in every way he could that he didn't like that hook in his mouth. When I got him near the boat he slapped it with his tail, broke my line, and beat it! Did you fellows ever lose a big fish? If you have, you'll know how I felt. We had no luck after that, so we rowed home. That night I dreamed as usual about fish. Next morning after breakfast I took my sister's trout pole and went down to a little dock for mooring motor and row boats, and began fishing.

In a few minutes I got the biggest bite I ever had. Not a mosquito bite, but a real yank that almost pulled my arm out of place. That fish didn't like the hook in his mouth either, even if it was a small sized trout hook. Finally I got him to the surface where I could look at him. What I saw made me holler for somebody to bring a net, and someone did. Just as



Gene Yderstad

35% Discount

OUTDOOR AMERICA

has acquired a limited number of

Tragic Fishing Moments

published at \$2.00. These are offered at the remarkable price of **\$1.30 postpaid.**

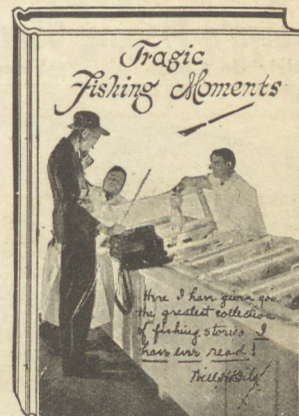
Tragic Fishing Moments contains

Fifty delightful, red-blooded stories by real, sure 'nuf fishermen.

The song of the reel, the swish of the line, the splash of the fish, the blue of the sky, the wild note of the Kingfisher, the dew on the grass, the flowers by the trail—all these and much more, painted by writers who penned their stories "from the heart out"—as lovers of the out-of-doors.

"Tragic Fishing Moments" is a book that will warm the cockles of your heart and incidentally afford many a joyous chuckle. The foreword by **Will H. Dilg**, founder of the **Izaak Walton League of America**, is a message that should be read by every disciple of the father of angling literature.

Attractive illustrations and decorations by **E. E. Lowry**



Large 12 mo. Handsomely bound in linen weave cloth, stamped in gold.

Here's your chance to put in your library a two-dollar book for only

\$1.30

Send check and order to

OUTDOOR AMERICA

536 Lake Shore Drive, CHICAGO



TELLS WHEN THEY BITE

In all sections of the U. S. and Canada, thousands depend upon Brown's guaranteed Fishing Calendar to plan their vacations and fishing trips.

Write for free illustrated folder.

Brown's Fishing Service
Prairie du Chien Wisconsin



get
Fishermen—this book!!

Every follower of Ike Walton should have this book. If your hobby is fishing—whether it be bass, trout or muskellunge, bluegill or crappie, tarpon or sword-fish—this book will prove of unusual interest.

It is full of fishing lore. Relates fishing facts and hints compiled from the experiences of expert anglers. Tells the kinds and colors of baits to use—when and how to use them, under varying conditions of weather or water. Contains advice on the care of your tackle equipment.

Write your name and address on a postal—and mail to us for your copy. Sent without charge.

The trade mark known for **QUALITY TACKLE** by all Anglers.

SOUTH BEND BAIT CO.
1385 High Street South Bend, Ind.



Make Your Game Preserves Self Supporting
Scientific Forest Management will do it. Write us fully regarding your game preserve or estate.

Banzhaf & Watson Inc.
Forest Engineers

Milwaukee Wisconsin
Official Foresters Izaak Walton League.

he slipped the net under the fish the line broke. I was glad the fellow had arrived in time with the net or I would have been minus the hook, part of the line, and the fish too! When we got him on the dock I was afraid he might knock a hole through it, but finally he lay still. When he weighed he tipped the scales at $7\frac{1}{2}$ pounds. $7\frac{1}{2}$ pounds, of wall eye pike! Say, fellows, ain't this a grand old world we're living in?

ARNE YDERSTAD

Did we enjoy that letter, fellows? I'll say we did! Come again, Arne.

85 Myrtle Ave., Dover, N. J.

Dear Editor:

Your space certainly fills a long-felt want. It's a refuge for the boy sportsman, something they all want. Although I am fifteen my first hunting trip came this year. My first shot was at a rabbit, and I plugged him as soon as he started.

Right now there's about two feet of snow here, and plenty coming all the time. I certainly hope it doesn't affect the game.

However late I may be in hunting, I've fished for about three or four years. In the spring we are after trout, and in the summer and fall we get some fine large-mouth bass, pickerel and small-mouth. This year I caught a five pound large-mouth that was some fish. I'll tell you about the fight some time.

Just now, with the snow coming down, the following verses tell how I feel, in about the best way I can find.

Winter's time is nearly o'er,
Spring will soon be here,
The snow that covers all the earth
In brooks will disappear.

The trout will soon be jumping,
Leaping for the fly.
All business woes, all sorrows gray,
Shall in sunshine turn to joy.

The brooks will babble, birds will sing,
Winter will be o'er.
Then all of us will turn aside
And start to fish once more.

Just think about the monster trout
That lurks behind that tree,
Just waiting for a coachman rare
To fill his heart with glee!

"A strike! He's hooked!" you'll madly cry,
And strife ensues; but once
Your line lies loose, then slacks up more.
"I'll have to try again!"

Well, there are more just waiting you,
When spring shall cross the hills.
So plug along till the season comes
When snow has turned to rills!

Yours sincerely,
GORDON HARRIS

Gordon is the first poet to join the fire-side circle, and his verses surely breathe the real spirit of spring and fishing time. The time when the snow disappeared in brooks is past months ago, but the beauty of that season still lingers in all our minds. We'll remember your poem when the snow comes again, it will help us to wait for next spring. We hope you had good trout fishing last May.

Dear Editor:

We arrived at Fort Lauderdale March 29, 1925, at about nine o'clock. Father landed a small kingfish about eleven o'clock. At twelve we saw three large green sea turtles. I dragged my line (27 thread) over the back of one of them, and managed to hook him under the hind flipper. The captain yanked the hook into place. The turtle dove under and the reel began to sing. The captain shot at him and he went under again. Pretty soon he came up some distance from the boat, and the captain shot him again. This was kept up until the captain had shot him twelve times, three times through the lungs. Finally we reeled him up close enough for the captain to gaff him. It was all we could do to get him in the boat. We tied his flippers crosswise front to hind. At three o'clock I hooked a sailfish and landed him without much trouble. This ended a successful day, my second time trying for deep sea fish.

LOGAN MUNROE

1234 Lake Shore Drive
Chicago, Ill.

Logan's letter is the first story we have had of deep sea fishing. We are certainly glad for it, and for the picture as well. Some catch for a fellow only ten years old, wasn't it, boys? Wouldn't we all like to go fishing with him?

Rochester, Minnesota

Dear Fireside Gang:

Every year we go up in northern Minnesota to Mantrap Lake for fishing; here is one of my adventures:

It was the first time I had ever gone fly fishing for bass.

It was about four o'clock in the afternoon when dad gave me the rod over by a reed bed close to Government Island.

I started casting, and almost before I had gotten well started—bang! a big fellow struck.

The water boiled, and then he jumped, but I kept a tight line so that while he fought and bent dad's $5\frac{3}{4}$ ounce rod almost double, I finally succeeded in tiring him out and bringing him to the side of the boat, where the guide took care of him.

Returning to my casting, in a few minutes another fine bass struck, but I missed him.

Casting my bass bug back, he rose again with a great rush and again I failed to set the hook.

He failed to rise at the next cast, so daddy suggested that we row on to another reed bed and try for this fellow on our return, and this we did.

We had no luck at the next beds, so we turned back and the guide put me in nice position for a cast at the same spot.

On the very first cast he struck savagely, as before, but this time I hooked him.

He started for the deep water and finding this useless he came to surface, and standing on his tail he twice tried to shake the hook out.

Then he cut the water this way and that way until he was finally all worn out when he came at last to the boat.

The first one weighed $2\frac{1}{4}$ pounds and the last fighter $2\frac{3}{4}$ pounds and they were as pretty a pair of bass as one could wish for.

Results mean more advertising. Help our advertisers get results.



The Sporting Fishing Rod—

The "Palakona," with strength, lightness, killing power and lifetime durability built into it by men who know how. Withal, they are moderately priced.

Fully described in our 400-page 1925 season Anglers' Guide, with fishing hints, colour plates, and details of rods, reels, flies, leaders, etc., as made by the world's leading angling specialists. A request on 2c postal will bring your copy free by return mail.

HARDY BROTHERS, Ltd.
ALNWICK - ENGLAND
(Our Branch at 61 Pall Mall, London, welcomes visitors)

How is that for a boy just ten years old on his first attempt at fly fishing? I have caught many bass before in other ways, but a fly rod and a fighting black bass—Oh, fellows!

Your fireside friend,
WILLIAM (BILL) MONTGOMERY
A fine letter, Bill, a fine trip, and a fine way to fight and land fish! The bass season is here again, and we wish you luck this summer.

2241 N. Howard St.,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Fellows:

I have never before written to a magazine of any kind, but they say there is nothing like trying. Up to my eleventh birthday I spent my money on foolish things. Then a boy friend came along and saved me. He spun me a fishing yarn, and that is just what I am going to try to do.

It was one of those crisp summer mornings, just after sunrise, that we started out, intending to fill our baskets with bass. Well, we didn't, but I got a bass that I consider worth two baskets of small ones. My first and last cast that day was made among some lily pads. The first fish struck, and by the way he did it I knew I was in for a battle. I played him till I thought my arm would drop off, but, boys, that is the right way to get the fun out of fishing! He did not leap, but stayed down in deep water. Twice I thought I had him, but it was only in my dreams. But after twenty-two minutes my prize lay on the soft green moss, and I was admiring him. I might as well tell you now that he is a stuffed specimen and is hanging in my bedroom. One more thing, boys. Let's not forget the starving elk at Jackson Hole, if they need our help again next winter.

MELVIN GATTER

We are glad that friend converted you to fishing, Melvin, and glad that you decided to write to at least one magazine, too. You show real sportsmanship in fishing, and that last sentence of yours is evidence of fine spirit! Come again.

We have been over-generous in complying with requests for back numbers of Outdoor America and we are now completely out of copies published in the month of September, 1922, and February, 1923. If some good Waltonian having two of these issues will mail in the extra copy to the Editorial Department of Outdoor America he will be doing a great service in completing our files, and we will be glad to reimburse him for his trouble.

Address

"Editorial Department"
Outdoor America,
536 Lake Shore Drive,
Chicago, Illinois

Free Book



HERE you are, Fellows! Hot off the press! My

big Spring Outdoor Manual, full of good dope on fishing, camping, and outdoor equipment.

Just the thing from which to pick whatever you want for any kind of a trip.

The prices will astonish you—this book is a regular bargain display. It shows how much you can get for your money. It gives you details of the latest and best in everything for the outdoors from a fish knife to an outboard motor.

Write for it today. I'll be glad to send you a copy with my best wishes

P. Von Frantzius

608 Diversey Pkwy. Dept. 167, Chicago

WINONA REELS

TRY ONE Realize the joy of a silent reel, that spools the line without attention and reduces back lash to about zero. Prices: \$5.00 to \$10.00. See them at your Dealers. Write us for literature and trial offer. Use Winona Celluloid Floats and catch more fish. 25c each. Our "Keep-Alive" Fish Stringer is as good as a live box. 75c each. By mail, if not at your Dealers. Boyer Manufacturing Company, Dept. 20, Winona Lake, Indiana.

Prescott Spinner Fly Gets em

Come home with the fish—not the story

FIFTEEN STANDARD PATTERNS

Tied on No. 1/8 hooks	50c
Tied on No. 4 hooks	45c
Tied on No. 8 hooks	35c

Ask Your Dealers or Send Direct

Prescott Spinner Mfg Co.
(Chas. H. Strapp)
Prescott, Wis.

Bass & Pike Bite

Like hungry Bears on the new WASP PLUG (pat. p'd), comes in Fly Rod Size or Regular Casting Size. New design of this bait gives it the best motion at slow speed—has proved a great killer for Bass Finishes—Red head, white body, Frog, Hornet, Perch, etc. From your dealer or direct postpaid 75c. Statesize and color wanted in ordering.

DELAWARE MFG CO.
117 LEROY ST. Binghamton N.Y.

FISHERMEN O.K.

Korrek Kor lines are exceptionally fine on a free running reel, are pliable but don't kink. Have been used for trolling without a swivel and didn't kink nor unravel. Very quick drying, hence easy casting. Don't swell nor retain moisture—due to our Patented Waterproof Core. Our liberal Guarantee label on the back of every spool insures satisfaction. If your Dealer can't supply you, write at once to

KORREKT KOR LINE CO., Box 723, LUZERNE, N. Y.

AN ALL LEATHER ROD CASE

An exceptionally fine All Leather Rod Case, strong, light, lasts a lifetime. Just what you want. Plain case 1 1/2 in. x 3 ft. \$3.50. Other cases made to order. Write for special orders.

Wm. H. CHAIN ELMWOOD, ILL.

THE DRONE

With the Lifeline Action Spells Success to All Who Use It. Ask Your Dealer for It



L. B. HUNTINGTON ANNAPOLIS, MD., P. O. Box 406

MARVEL Auto-FISH HOOKS

Land Every Fish That Tries to Take the Bait. WRITE FOR CATALOG. AGENTS WANTED. Marvel Hook Co. 28 Clinton, Iowa

"BEST BY TEST" ZIMMERMAN'S "4-2" OIL

For Gun and REEL. Every drop a lubricant. Four 3 1/2 oz. cans postpaid \$1.00. Money back if not satisfied. F. M. Zimmerman, 0, 4403 Milgate St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

SMOKE on me FREE!



Have a Long, Sweet Smoke With Pete!

Men, here's a treat on Pete! Old Green River! Kentucky Homespun! America's most particular smokers know it! The pure real genuine stuff. Bred and air cured as only Nature can do it in old Kentucky. Mellow! Tasty!

Name Your Choice—Mild, Medium, or Strong—I'll Send Generous Sample Bag FREE!



Pipe delight you never had before. No obligation—but I'll tell you how to cut your smoke cost in two. Write now.

Pete Moberly, Box 896 Owensboro, Ky.

Old Green River
Smoking Tobacco



Get this BOOK

HILDEBRANDT'S NEW HINTS About fishin' is brimful of ideas and baits and things. Not a dry line in it! For all kinds of game fish. YOUR copy is ready. Send for it.

THE JOHN J. HILDEBRANDT CO. 675 HIGH STREET, LOGANSPORT, IND. FREE

AL WILSON Inventor and Fisherman

Famous Tarpon Trolling Spoons and other lures. Send for catalog. Manufactured exclusively by

AL WILSON CO.

693 Mission St., San Francisco, Calif.

FREE TO FISHERMEN

Thousands of fishermen have sent for our free booklet (second edition) that is full of fishing facts as to how to make record catches of hookwise Bass and Trout. Record catches are reported every day.

Send for your copy today. A card will bring it. MADE BY WATERWITCH.

THE BASS-HOUN COMPANY
Dept. O. Stevens Point, Wis.

MR. Sporting goods dealer: Buy your linen hand made lines from manufacturer.

GROVER BARNETT

Springfield Dock [JAMAICA, N. Y.]



MEMBER
IZAACK
WALTON



THE McNAB-KITCHEN RUDDER CORPORATION

BRIDGEPORT, CONN., U. S. A.

MAY 19, 1925

Izaak Walton League of America, Inc.,

536 Lake Shore Drive,

Chicago, Illinois.

Gentlemen:

We are very pleased to have the opportunity of becoming a Manufacturers Member of the Izaak Walton League of America and feel honored in becoming a part of this excellent organization. One of the principal reasons which decided us in applying for membership was entirely due to the very excellent work which the League is continually doing. The reports of such work have been brought to our notice from time to time and conclusively show that the League has already proved to be a valuable asset to sportsmen throughout the country.

Therefore, we are of the firm opinion that "Outdoor America" which is the official organ of the Izaak Walton League, aside from being one of the best advertising mediums, should be patronized by every manufacturer of sporting goods and that such manufacturers should take out advertising space commensurate with the demands for the goods which they produce.

Wishing you all sorts of success in your splendid endeavor, we remain,

Very truly yours,

THE McNAB-KITCHEN RUDDER CORPORATION

(Signed) A. McNab

President.

AMcN/D

The Phantom Herd

(Continued from page 7)

"All right," said the Forest Service, "we'll not do any hunting on that part of the Kaibab—the eastern end—which is suggested as the scene of the deer drive and will reserve it for that purpose."

"Yes," observed Governor Hunt to the Forest Service and to all the newspapers available, "you'll do that and what's more you won't permit hunting on the soil of Arizona on either side of the Kaibab, especially since under your plan the hunters of Utah and elsewhere won't have to buy a non-resident hunting license which sells at retail for \$20."

"I guess we'll go ahead with the hunting on the west end," replied the weary Forest Service.

"I guess you won't!" replied the governor, and he ordered his lieutenants to go over across the Canyon and pinch anybody who shot a deer.

In the meantime the hunters were coming to the Kaibab. The government men had thoroughly organized the hunting project. Limited areas including the worst of the damaged winter range were set aside and plainly marked with signs. The hunters were met by rangers as they entered the forest and their guns were sealed. Each one had to sign a co-operation agreement setting forth the rules and regulations, and then he was sent into the forest to report to the forest officers at the hunting camps. At one of these camps his gun was unsealed, the agreement was initialed by the officer, thus making it effective, and the hunter was turned loose.

The hunters were at all times under surveillance of forest officers. No deer was to be abandoned after being shot, everything was done to provide for the following and killing of wounded deer, and complete supervision was the rule.

Each man was entitled to three deer. When he was ready to go home with his bag the Forest Service seal was put on the deer and his gun was resealed and he was sent out of the forest. In all, six hundred and seventy-five deer were killed in a perfectly sane and orderly manner and without molesting or disturbing the main herd.

But in the meantime—

In the meantime the great slaughter of fifteen thousand mule deer by an army of hunters that had been turned loose, foot free, into the Kaibab preserve, was being heralded far and wide.

Governor Hunt was still thundering across the Canyon and on the last day of the hunting season his men arrived on the scene and arrested three hunters. I don't know how this has turned out. I think it's still batting around official circles or courts or some place.

The proposed drive of the deer from the east side of the Kaibab across the Grand Canyon was getting under way. It became an object of national interest. George McCormick of Flagstaff, Arizona, who had conceived the plan single handed, was the man of the hour. He got together a lot of Navajo Indians and cowboys and moved across the Colorado just above the Grand Canyon, going into camp on the east side of the Kaibab.

Zane Grey came with his retinue and prepared to observe the deer drive with a



story and scenario, it is said, already written about it. The Lasky-Famous Players company moved in with a battery of cameras to film the wild life epic of the decade, if not of the century.

It was now December, and cold. Camp fires burned brightly in the scrub timber; newspapermen interviewed everybody; plans were made and remade, and in the evenings the Navajos had the time of their lives jingling the cowbells with which they were to drive the deer.

One day, in a snowstorm, the drive started. This was the first invitation to the party the deer had received, and they refused to come. "Go ahead," they said, "and have your drive, but count us out."

Since the refusal of the deer to take part in the drive had a lot to do with the success of the party, everybody packed up and went home. A good time was had by all, including the deer.

So ended the deer drive. The film men moved out, the Navajos went back to weave more blankets, Zane Grey changed the title of his story, the hunters went home with their venison, the snow began to drift deep on the top of the Kaibab, and once more winter had set in.

But the Kaibab deer had become publicity hounds and occasionally during the winter they broke into print in the same old way. A writer in a big eastern paper hazarded the opinion that at least half the herd was already dead, and that spring would see a tragedy on the Kaibab. A weak anti-climax came along late in the winter when it was said that the cowboys of southern Utah were going to capture deer fawns this summer. The Forest Service offered them \$20 each for all they could catch.

But in a general way the Kaibab deer were left to their fate. The Kaibab was impassable, and it was cold.

The reports of the various investigators had left the impression that the deer might all be dead—the range was about good for one last breakfast when the snow came.

That was approximately the situation when I got off the mail stage at Kanab, Utah, last April, and looked across the desert to the blue ridge of the Kaibab on the southern horizon.

All the Way Through

(Continued from page 29)

"It sure is, boy! Let's go!"

Peters and McReady were to try first. Stinson watched breathlessly.

They paddled strongly to gain the middle of the River. The canoe shot forward. It raced over the first drop and was lost in the boiling water; a second later it shot out with both men paddling furiously. Stinson saw McReady backwater hard, and the craft straightened out to swing out of sight around a bend.

The Woodsman touched his arm.

"Jest remember this: 'Don't stop paddling no matter what you think is goin' to happen. And ef we spill, to hell with the canoe; grab hold the first rock you ken climb up on.'"

The canoe pushed out as the other one had and the old Woodsman repeated McReady's process of standing for a last

Patronize the Advertisers who patronize our Magazine.



Enjoy the SPEED that ELTO gives



Elto is built for Speed. One of the first things you will discover about this powerful New Light-Weight Motor, is the ease with which you can pull away from the crowd. Starting instantly—always on the first quarter turn—you plow through the water with a flashing speed that thrills you. You set a racing pace.

- Whether you want to be first to get to the fishing grounds,
- Whether you want to cross the finish line first,
- Whether you are hungry and want to get back to camp in a hurry,
- Whether you want to skip in ahead of a threatening storm,

—you will appreciate daily Elto's dashing speed. Without it, you will miss half the fun of owning an Outboard Motor.

Elto

OLE EVINRUDE'S
NEW FAST LIGHT TWIN

Other Exclusive Elto Features

"Quarter-turn Starting" every time, in all weathers; sure-fire, trouble-proof, water-proof ignition, safe rudder steering, automatic tilting, and the Propello Pump—Ole Evinrude's latest, greatest improvement for Outboard Motors, a cooling system that never clogs, never sticks, never fails, even in sandy or muddy waters. Write for catalog.

Elto Outboard Motor Co. OLE EVINRUDE
Dept. 42, Manufacturers' Home Bldg., Milwaukee, Wisconsin

"The Motor that Starts with a Touch"



THE LATEST IN METAL BOATS

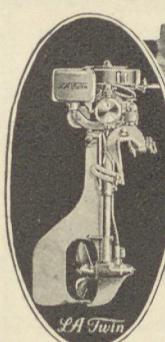
PIONEER Copper-bearing Metal Boats—Most Serviceable Boat on the Market
The PIONEER Combines SAFETY—BEAUTY—SERVICE

Your catalogue is waiting for you. Write today.

PIONEER MANUFACTURING COMPANY

Dept. E

MIDDLEBURY, INDIANA



Automatic tilting and patented L-A Slipping Clutch Propeller protect both motor and boat. The McNab-Kitchen Manoeuvring Rudder as an extra assures the utmost variety in control.

Speediest Outboard Motor of its weight and rated power

ENTHUSIASTIC owners everywhere testify that for racing craft, for work boats, for general pleasure use, the L-A Twin is the speediest outboard motor of its rated power—the most powerful of its weight. It develops at least 3 H. P.—drives the ordinary rowboat 8 miles or more per hour—weighs but 52 lbs. complete. And now, with the McNab-Kitchen Manoeuvring Rudder as an extra, the utmost variety in control is assured.

Note these additional features: Most powerful magneto in outboard field. Rope and rudder steering. Practically vibrationless. Damage-proof gas tank. Specially designed float feed carburetor. Underwater parts of non-corrosive aluminum alloy. Quiet exhaust. Alemite lubrication. See your dealer or write for full particulars.

LOCKWOOD-ASH
L-MOTOR-SH-COMPANY-H
5117 Jackson St. Jackson, Mich.

Builders of Marine Motors for 22 Years

"Old Town Canoes"



"OLD TOWN CANOES" are patterned after real Indian models. The graceful lines make for speed and easy handling. "Old Town" construction has added great strength. "Old Town Canoes" are low in price too. \$64 up. From dealer or factory.

The new 1925 catalog is beautifully illustrated. It shows all models in full colors. Write for your free copy today. OLD TOWN CANOE CO., 537 Main Street, Old Town, Maine, U. S. A.



IN USE

FOLDED

SINCE 1890

For 35 years the Acme Folding Canvas Boat has proven safe, strong, sturdy, and dependable under all conditions. Can be carried on running board of your automobile. Can be fitted with outboard motor. Thousands of satisfied users. Catalog free.

ACME FOLDING BOAT COMPANY
410 South Second Street Miamisburg, Ohio



The Book-Cadillac

DETROIT'S FINEST HOTEL



1200 Rooms with Bath

\$4 and up

475 rooms at \$4 and \$5

Parlor Suites

\$14, \$16 \$18 per day

Sample Rooms

\$5 and \$8 per day

Three Main Restaurants

Cafeteria Service in Coffee Shop
on Ground Floor - 18 Shops and
Broker's Office in Building

Special Luncheon Served
Daily in English Grill and
Blue Room \$1.25

Dinner De Luxe in Blue
Room and English Grill \$2
(Except Sunday)

Club Breakfast, 85c and \$1

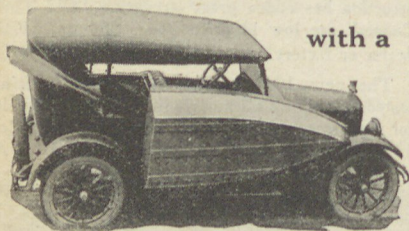
THE BOOK-CADILLAC
HOTEL COMPANY - DETROIT

ROY CARRUTHERS, President

WASHINGTON BLVD. AT MICHIGAN AVE.

Going Fishing?

Fish On the Way
on any lake or stream



with a

DARROW SECTIONAL STEEL BOAT

You can easily carry it with you on the running board of your car. Send for our descriptive catalogue of outboard motor boats, rowboats, sectional boats, canoes and duck boats. All guaranteed.

DARROW STEEL BOAT CO.
35 Clinton Street ALBION, MICH.

Don't forget the Elk

look. Stinson knelt rigid in the bow. Suddenly he heard a yell behind. "Paddle!" And the rest was only an impression.

No distinct happening penetrated the young man's mind. It was all a maze of foaming water, rocks, and the River's roar. Forgotten was the misery of the past days, gone the agony of aching muscles and torturing hands. Through that mile and a half of angry nature Stinson was aware only of the pace with its thrilling speed and the greatest excitement he had ever known. Then—

Fifty yards from smooth water they capsized. As he was flung over, the voice behind him yelled, "Swim!"

A minute later he crawled out of the cold waters up on a rock. Bewildered, he gazed around him; then he laughed—he still held the stump of what had been his paddle in his hand. He stood up to see better.

A hundred yards below him, McReady and Peters were about to fish the Woodsman out as he came swimming down to them. The canoe had been swept ashore and lay safe, if in an undignified position, upside down against the shore.

With the Woodsman safe ashore they turned to look for his young bow paddler, and saw him wave a stick of some sort from the top of a rock in mid-stream. Then he plunged into the surging waters and a minute later the four voyagers were together again.

Half an hour later, the four were sprawled out as they had been the night before, but in what a different setting!

The huge fire threw out heat into the comfortable cabin there overlooking the River, with its fur rugs, Indian blankets, and trophies of the hunt. The four were ensconced in easy chairs laughing at it all. A change of clothes had been miraculously produced and ghosts of old Scotland happily flitted about in the sweet aroma rising from the four tall glasses. Young Stinson had said more in the last half hour than he had the rest of the trip.

"—and after I saw that you two pirates had known all the time about the rains and what we would run into, I did a little thinking; and after I had done my thinking, you couldn't have headed me off with a cannon. You have to go all the way through with a thing to get the biggest thrills out of it, don't you?"

He rose stiffly from his chair. "Where are you going?" asked McReady.

"Out to get that piece of paddle I saved—if these black and blue marks will let me," was his answer as he went out to the shore.

McReady chuckled at the fire.

"Pete," he drawled, "as a student of human nature you are quite a success; but as a bow paddler you're just as rotten as you were twenty years ago!"

The old Woodsman filled his glass again, held it to the light for critical examination, and sunk again into the cushions.

"The young feller got wise to everything we put up on him except how we come to tip over, and I had to count three twice because that old River is mighty cold this early!"

THOMPSON BETTER BUILT BOATS FASTEST on the water and lowest in price

Canoes—Many styles, including non-sinkable sponson. All swift, safe, strong, durable. Choice of many beautiful colors. \$48 and up.

Rowboats—Steady, seaworthy, easy to row. Exceptionally fast for outboard motor use. \$44 and up.

Outboard Motor Boats—Catalog shows five models, including World Winner Detroit Gold Cup Races. \$48 and up.

Motor Boats—Handsome Greyhound of the water. Surprisingly reasonable in price. \$200 up.

Catalog Free—Save Money—Order by Mail State kind of boat in which you are interested.

TWO BIG FACTORIES WRITE TO EITHER ONE

THOMPSON
BROS. BOAT MFG. CO.
407 Ellis Ave. PESHTIGO, WIS. 127 Elm St. CORTLAND, N. Y.

CANOEES

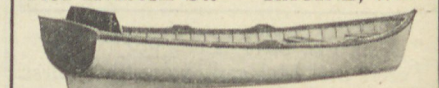
Light and easy to handle yet remarkably strong and rigid. The fastest, safest and most attractive canoe to handle. A model for every water highway. Whether you portage or shoot the rapids you want the canoe that's easiest to handle. The RACINEWIS responds to every stroke of the paddle either in boiling rapids or quiet stream.

Racine Wis
TRADE MARK REG
Canoes and Boats have stood the Test for Over 25 Years.

OUTBOARD MOTOR BOAT
The Badger outboard motor boat sweeps into another season with added beauty and refinement, exquisite finish and splendid durability. A safe, seaworthy and fast boat for any member of the family. Especially constructed to care for any make of outboard motor.

Write us of the kind of boat you are interested in, we have a design for every purpose.

Racine Boat Company
1851 Holborn St. RACINE, WIS.



TAIFUN

SECTIONAL STEEL BOATS
NON-SINKABLE
Carry on running board of car, strong—quiet. Easy to handle, cannot come apart in the water—patented construction.
Send for information and prices.
ALFRED C. GOETHEL CO.
837 Thirty-first St. Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Holds 2 or 3 people. Rowboats and for outboards.

See Classified Ads
Pages 93, 94 and 95.



Letters of a Little Lady Vagabond

(Continued from page 30)

into at least forty, and we're sure we just can't go another step—the trail turns and there before us is the most peacefully beautiful spot I've ever seen, and nestled down overlooking the whole of it, a log cabin which is to be ours for a week.

Trout Lake, as you come upon it, seems to be a perfect rectangle, with the cabin looking south straight away, down the center of it. On both sides, with perfect balance of outline, two long tapering ridges of pine timberland, like arms, reach out as if holding the little lake close to its bosom, gradually rising to a towering background which meets behind the cabin, with here and there a giant pine silhouetted against a sky of vivid blue, and great shining white clouds. Just now it is sunset—and across the world is flung, by a gigantic and audacious hand, all the paint pots of the universe—mauve and gold daintily splashed with vivid red and orange—and against the far distance a shading of purple, green and gray that would drive an artist mad trying to reproduce.

The silence and peacefulness of it reaches down into one's soul—and all the cares and worries of the world slip away. There is no man-made sound—no intrusion into this solitude. Trout Lake is a little kingdom, where the occupants of the log cabin have absolute reign.

Far off the weird call of a loon shatters the silence—safely hidden in the dusk of the timber along the lake a moose plunges for a refreshing drink. The moon has started on her majestic march across the sky, and here and there a golden star shines back again from the quiet surface of the water.

Night is here, and the fresh pine-sweetness of the air makes our hay filled bunks a welcome prospect. A fire of pine wood is burning in the chuck stove—gratefully we toast our shins against its warmth for a few moments—then in less time than it takes to tell it we are under the blankets and forty fathoms deep in slumber.

This is the first of a series of letters from a young woman who cruised about in Canada alone.

Fooling With Sharks

(Continued from page 27)

victims were tossed over the side. The shark gear was generally a length of stout rusty chain, the hook a good lusty affair, somewhat wider across the bend than the average gaff. Naturally such a contraption did not always appeal to a fish that showed himself to us as not relishing anything attached to his dinner heavier than 036 leader wire.



The McNab Patent Rudder

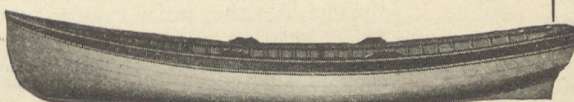
It Reverses—Brakes—Maneuvers—Steers

and gives to the boat without throttling the motor a delicate speed control that is ideal for trolling. This remarkable Rudder has caused a sensation amongst sportsmen and can be readily installed on any Evinrude, Elto, Johnson or Lockwood-Ash Outboard Motor.

Why try to troll at an impossible speed? Why run the risk of your motor going dead? Keep your motor running and maneuver through the McNab Rudder.

The McNab Kitchen Rudder Corporation BRIDGEPORT, CONNECTICUT

Ever Since Dan Kidney Built His First Boat—



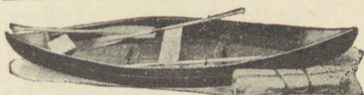
over 45 years ago—Kidney Boats have been the choice of all the "boat wise" old timers. Flat bottom row boats, round bottom outboard motor boats, hunting skiffs—and many other types for all uses—can be furnished by this family of good boat builders.

DAN KIDNEY & SON

West Depere, Wis.

Send for Dan Kidney's Big Boat Catalog

Send 6c in stamps for the Kidney catalog. It contains the full and complete story of how Kidney Boats are built to be better—rowboats, canoes, hunting boats, launches.



FOLDING PUNCTURE-PROOF CANVAS BOATS
Light, easy to handle, no leaks or repairs; take on auto or train; carry by hand; safe for family; all sizes; non-sinkable; stronger than wood; used by U. S. and Foreign Governments. Awarded First Prize at Chicago and St. Louis World's Fairs. We fit our boats for Outboard Motors. Write for Catalogue.
KING FOLDING CANVAS BOAT CO., 433 Harrison Street, KALAMAZOO, MICHIGAN

\$37 Puts This Motor on Your Boat

Only \$37.00—then no more rowing—no more blistered hands and aching muscles. Our

"Pay as You Play"

plan makes it easy to take care of the balance. Covers any Caille motor. Ask your dealer or write us for details.



Speed changes made mechanically and positively by raising or lowering steering handle in ratchet. Provides high speed forward, trolling speed, fast reverse, slow reverse and neutral. When set at neutral, motor runs while boat stands still. Exclusive Caille feature.

Other Features

Twin cylinders—no vibration. Light weight. Zenith carburetor. Eismann magneto. Motor tilts over obstructions. Rope starter. Beautiful finish. Fully guaranteed. Send for details—now.

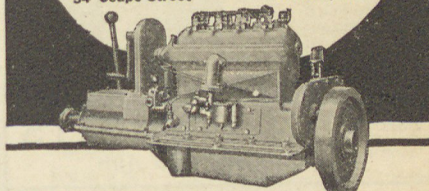
THE CAILLE PERFECTION MOTOR CO.
6348 2nd Boulevard Detroit, Mich.

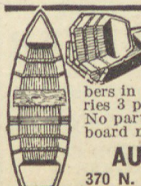


Universal Flexifour 15 HP MARINE MOTOR

Same bore, same stroke, same 4-cylinder smoothness, with 25% more power on 10% less fuel! That's Universal's 1925 achievement—the new Universal Flexifour. New genuine RICARDO head design, lightened reciprocating parts, ground pistons, cylinders honed to glass-like smoothness, giving wonderful smoothness from trolling gait to real speed. Send for catalog, mentioning kind and size boat you're figuring on.

UNIVERSAL MOTOR COMPANY
54 Ceape Street Oshkosh, Wis.





AUTO BOAT

Fish where you wish. The Auto-Boat is made of steel, with air chambers in each end. It is light weight, yet carries 3 people. Sections bolt together quickly. No partitions to climb over. Can use outboard motor. Write.

AURORA BOAT COMPANY
370 N. Union Street - AURORA, ILLINOIS



Lefever

NITRO-SPECIAL

ONLY \$29.00

(IN U. S.)

O.K.'ed and purchased in quantities by the U. S. Navy. Well finished considering the price. Built to shoot right and stand as much use as the most expensive gun. Most durable lock ever put in a gun—first lock fired over 77,000 times.

Every gun tested with an extremeload. A standardized gun built only in .410, 26 in., 20-ga. 28 in., 16-ga. 28 in., 12-ga. 28 and 30 in. A Lefever won the world's championship at the Olympic games in London. Lefever has stood for service and durability for over 50 yrs. Write for catalogue

Lefever Arms Co., Ithaca, N. Y.

To Hunters and Fishermen—FREE

Our beautiful new catalog, just completed—32 wonderful pages of record game heads and prize trophies from every quarter of the globe. Also information on fish specimens.

It will give you a new conception of what real art in taxidermy means. You should see this catalog before deciding you shall mount your trophies. It is free. Send for it today.

JONAS BROS.

1026 Broadway Denver, Colorado

Lyman No. 48-W

Micrometer Receiver Sight for the new

WINCHESTER

Model 54 .270

Supplied as extra equipment with rifle, if specified; or can be ordered separately through your dealer or C. O. D. Easily mounted.

The Lyman Gun Sight Corporation
120 West St., Middlefield, Conn.

USE LYMAN SIGHTS

They Better Your Aim



NEW METHOD GUN BLUE

Makes old guns like new Easily applied with a brush. No heating is necessary. Restore the finish on 5 guns in ten minutes for..... \$1.00

NEW METHOD GUN BLUING CO.
Dept. L-7 BRADFORD, PA.

Our conclusions were that given a square meal, the sharks we met were generally as shy, suspicious, and capricious as any other kind of fish. It seemed also to be true that their periods of greatest boldness and apparent hunger coincided with the presence of schools of bonito, little tunny, or tuna, which they don't seem to be very successful at catching and that their periods of stand-offishness and satiety were more marked when bottom feed was supposed to be plentiful.

The great white shark is better on the line than the blue, due to its heavier build and greater size, but its general style of play does not differ radically; it goes off and downward in a series of powerful one-hundred foot rushes. Both species act much like magnified dog-fish. Both blues and grays have an aggravating habit of doubling back on the line and nipping it off above the leader. I had one blue shark repeat this performance several times. He was so obliging as to allow himself to be hooked as often as I wished. His idea evidently, was that a collection of hooks in his interior was not objectionable so long as I kept the food coming along, and he had the option to go elsewhere of his own accord when the meal was finished.

With both the types of shark mentioned, the difficulty seems to lie in the fact that they are apt not to take the angler seriously. When they slow down, you pump to start them off again. Away they go again like a runaway engine, but soon forget their scare, and once more you pump. Even Doom in the shape of the boatman and gaff may be taken calmly. On the other hand, I must confess to having had splendid sport with certain blue sharks. We have also much testimony that the man-eater can behave like a demon on occasion on the rod, and there is no doubt that either of these species would "act up" in shallow water or in the surf.

There is an old, old, controversy indulged in largely by the press at times as to whether men are or are not "piece de resistance" on the shark menu. Our private belief is that almost any of the larger, more active species will take man or anything else animate or inanimate that promises sustenance, provided the shark is in the mood, but that if not stirred up by the clamor from his inner mechanism, he will go out of his way to avoid trouble.

While the blue shark and the gray shark are uncertain as to the quality of play which they may furnish, there are others which are unquestionably game fish of the first rank.

The tiger or leopard shark (*Galeocerdo tigrinus* Muller and Henle), which is normally an inhabitant of tropical seas, finds its way into temperate waters in summer. Its usual northern range in the Pacific is to San Diego and in the Atlantic to Cape Cod. This fish has a general brownish color above with brown cross bands and spots on the sides. In 1923 a friend of mine, Frank Bindloss, introduced another gentleman to a fish that was apparently of this species, and a stand up fight ensued that lasted three hours and completely exhausted the angler. The fight was reported as extremely sustained, violent and spirited, and al-

though the fish did not leap, it now and then showed its mottled sides at the surface before breaking away.

I have never hooked one of these fish, but suspect that this is the same fish as a brown backed shark that I have several times unsuccessfully stalked. The Hammerhead I also cannot vouch for personally.

The mackerel shark (*Isurus dekayi*-Gill), is one of the elect of game fishes. This fish, as is well known, follows and feeds on the schools of mackerel. It is a savage and ferocious creature, very quick and active. It does not reach the large size of some of the other sharks, ten feet being about the usual limit, but it is sinister in appearance, sturdily built, with a small pointed head and a powerful tail. It is one of the dangerous sharks, and while not especially common, is often seen by sword fishermen. It has dark slate, almost black upstanding fins and tail, and occasionally is mistaken for a swordfish by practiced eyes. These fish are not often taken on the hook, but it was our good fortune once to have one in play for a short time.

For several days the latter part of August, 1921, it was my privilege to be the guest of the Honorable Gifford Pinchot aboard Captain Harry Lee Smith's boat the *Carnegie II*. We had been idling about all the afternoon south of Block Island getting a semi-occasional tuna or little tunny (*Gymnosarda alleterata*). Things had not been particularly lively, and my distinguished host and myself were getting drowsy in the warm sunlight, lulled into somnolence by the rhythmic pulsations of the engine. My line trailed astern with the bait—a thing of lead and silvered lampwick of Mr. Pinchot's design, buried in the roil from the propeller. I heard a roar and looked up just in time to see the upper fluke of a huge black tail going under the swirl astern, its owner obviously fast to my gear. We arose in joy and confusion; mysterious and welcome stranger! But was it a swordfish, gigantic tuna, or what? The line tore out almost horizontally at tremendous speed, and bore away astern and to the right for seventy-five yards. Harry, now swinging the boat towards the fish, said without any particular show of interest: "It's a shark." This seemed incredible to me, and I said so.

Said Harry, "It's a mackerel shark."

Said Mr. Pinchot, "Then the mackerel shark is a grand fish!"

Like a flash it came out of the sea in a wild free jump, eight or nine feet clear of the surface that boiled into white foam underneath. Nothing more spectacular could be imagined than that parabolic jump. The fish tore away in frenzy two hundred feet to the right, going like a race horse, and then out it came again with fins rigid and jaws snapping; as wicked looking a sea-devil as one could imagine.

This leap was as high as the first. The fish rose almost horizontally until its white belly hung outlined against the pinkish Northern sky for a fraction of a second. The sun hit its body fair so that orangey tints played against its surfaces. Then down again, striking the water in a cataract of foam. Off once more like lightning, and the line came in slack—bitten off.

When writing to Advertisers give credit to our Magazine.



We agreed enthusiastically that it was a wonderful and unforgettable performance.

There are quite a number of species, as the basking shark, the salmon shark, the dusky shark, great blue shark, etc., which I have had no opportunity to try out with the rod, and which no doubt deserve a rating. My own experience probably will be at variance with that of some others, but it must be remembered that what holds in a certain locality may be quite the opposite to that which obtains in some other places.

The Fisherman

(Continued from page 19)

get, but I would return good for evil!"

Lorry had a long talk with Homer, something more kindly and brotherly and persuasive than ever before. The lad seemed singularly responsive. However Lorry advised rather than dominated. And he concluded this harangue with these words: "If you get into a fight see that you lick the fellow!"

Lorry went to Dillon's Falls to resume the quaint friendship of the preceding summer. He found Old Muddy Miser exactly as he had seen him last; the pot-shop looked the same. Woods and waters smiled the old welcome. Lorry cogitated long as to whether or not he would confess what had happened to him, and in the end decided not to distress his old friend by an exposure of that miserable story. Lorry was unflinchingly sincere with himself. He felt that if there had been the slightest possibility of his ever erring again in like manner he would tell it, and profit by the shame. But Lorry knew he had taken his first and last step in that direction.

Licking Creek was high, and the season early. Fishing for both bait and bass was rather unproductive. Lorry and the old fisherman worked over tackle, and talked, and set great store upon the late summer. Lorry was sure he could persuade his mother to let him camp out at Dillon's Falls with Mr. Miser, and that would obviate the long walks to and fro, just at the best fishing hours.

Lorry and Homer were two of the best baseball players in Hainesville, and their services were greatly in demand. What with fishing and playing the days were far too short. Wonderful to see, Homer took care of the mowing of the lawn twice a week, an irksome task the brother despised. Moreover, it seemed needless work. The grass was prettier when allowed to grow long.

One night Crow Graves met Lorry on his way home from an errand.

"Fishin' great at Muskingum dam," announced Crow. "Today I ketchted three salmon an' two perch."

"How big?" inquired Lorry, driving at once for the cardinal issue with fishermen.

"Salmon little. But I had a big one on, an' I seen Dave Hook ketch a twelve pounder," replied Crow. "He was standin' in the swift place where the mill-race runs out over the rocks, an' fishin' in the white water right under the dam. You oughta seen thet salmon

Help us get advertising by patronizing our advertisers.



Used and endorsed by
Roosevelt and Mt. Logan
Expeditions; Northwest
Mounted Police; U. S.
and Canadian Field
Forces, etc.

Lightens the Pack!

Here's the Sleeping Robe you've wanted—it rolls into an eight and a half pound pack!

WOODS ARCTIC JUNIOR EIDERDOWN SLEEPING ROBES are replacing blankets and other cumbersome sleeping equipment with experienced woodsmen everywhere.

Ideal for campers, motor tourists and all outdoor sleepers; keeps out chills and rheumatic pains; moist-proof; frost-proof. Moderately priced and a lifetime of service!

Write today for Free Booklet. Address Dept. O-1

SOLE MANUFACTURERS

Woods Manufacturing Co., Ltd., Ottawa, Can.
Factory at Ogdensburg, N. Y.

Shoots short, long and long rifle
cartridges interchangeably



Marlin

Beaucoup for camp! One real fine-handling shooting iron, that's sure! Your sentiments on the Marlin Model 38. Handsomest .22 repeater made.

Bored the way Marlin have been for fifty years—finely sighted like the famous Marlin 39 and popular 37.

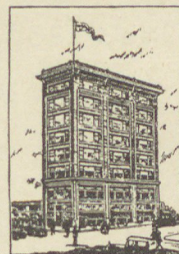
Shoot your best—get a Marlin. Ask your dealer.

Write for latest Pocket Catalog

THE MARLIN FIREARMS COMPANY,

55 Willow St., New Haven, Conn.

All 10 Floors of this Big, Friendly Sportsman's Store at Your Service



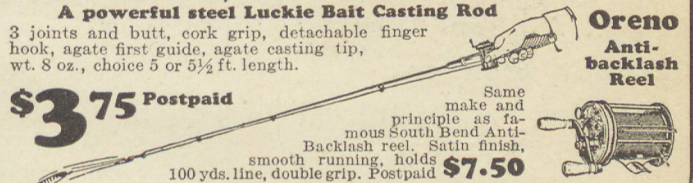
**100 yards BIG CHIEF
SILK CASTING LINE**
High grade silk, dark mottled, 20-lb.
test, shoots through guides like light-
ning. In 2 connected 50-yd.
spools. Postpaid \$3

Bait Casters, Ho! Here's Your Outfit!

A powerful steel Luckie Bait Casting Rod

3 joints and butt, cork grip, detachable finger
hook, agate first guide, agate casting tip,
wt. 8 oz., choice 5 or 5½ ft. length.

\$3.75 Postpaid



**Oreno
Anti-
backlash
Reel**

Same
make and
principle as fa-
mous South Bend Anti-
Backlash reel. Satin finish,
smooth running, holds
100 yds. line, double grip. Postpaid **\$7.50**

Special Offer: Rod, Reel and Line, total value

\$12.50 postpaid. Choose a Shakespeare Level Wind Criterion Reel, or a Meiselbach
Takepart if you prefer, same price. Satisfaction or money back. Catalog free.

IVER JOHNSON SPORTING GOODS CO. Inc. 1895

159 Washington St., BOSTON, MASS.

"The Finest Gun in the World"

Made for those who know and appreciate the best. Correct models for every kind of shooting, in 12-, 16- and 20-gauge—including the SUPER-FOX, the original long-range wildfowl gun. Write for illustrated catalogue.

A. H. FOX GUN COMPANY

4659 N. 18th Street, Philadelphia

Fox Gun

Genuine COLT \$11.50



F. O. B.
Phila.

Cal. 45 Single Action.
Slightly used. Fine
condition.

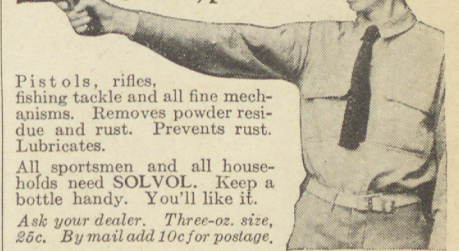
Cartridges, box of 50, \$2.

Krag Carbine \$15.00 Krag Sporting Rifle \$14.00
Krag Rifle 12.50 Sprgfd. 45 Carbine 3.50
Sprgfd. 45 Shot Gun 4.50 **SEND FOR CATALOG.**

W. STOKES KIRK, 1627-CM, North 10th Street
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

SOLVOL Solvent-lubricant

cleans, preserves



Pistols, rifles,
fishing tackle and all fine mech-
anisms. Removes powder resi-
due and rust. Prevents rust.
Lubricates.

All sportsmen and all house-
holds need SOLVOL. Keep a
bottle handy. You'll like it.

Ask your dealer. Three-oz. size,
25c. By mail add 10c for postage.

The Solvol Company, Culver, Ind.

RUSSIAN SPRINGFIELD SPORTING RIFLE \$10.45



5 shot using the U. S. Army caliber
30, Mod. 1906 cartridges. Weight, 8
pounds. Length, 42½ inches; barrel, 22 inches. Turned
downbolt handle. Special price, \$10.45. Ball cartridges,
hard nose, \$3.50 per 100. Web cart. Belt, 40 cents.
Tents, cots, Messpans, canteens, Knapsacks, haversacks, Outing Suits, hats, helmets, Saddles, bridles, Bugles, lariats, Models, etc. 15 Acres Army Goods. New Catalog 1925, 60th Anniversary issue, 372 pgs., fully illustrated, contains pictures and historical information of all American Military guns and pistols (incl. Colts) since 1775, with all World War rifles Mailed 50c. Est. 1865. Spec. New Circular for 2c stamp. Francis Bannerman Sons, 501 Broadway, New York City

TELEPHONE 1785 BOWLING GREEN

WORKS: CHICOPEE FALLS, MASS.

The
REISING MANUFACTURING CORP.
 41 Trinity Place \ New York City

Reising .22 Automatics
 Reising Holsters—They fit
 Reising Hunting Knives
 Reising Bowie Knives

Reising Fishermen's Knives
 Reising Trapper's Knives
 Reising Camp Axes
 Reising Pistol Cleaners

May 29th, 1925.

Mr. M. A. Bergfeld,
 Outdoor America,
 536 Lake Shore Drive,
 Chicago, Illinois.

My dear Mr. Bergfeld:

You will be interested to know that we have received 189 inquiries as a result of our May advertisement and they are coming in with each mail.

Sales to date more than pay for the space.

This is the best return we have ever had from an outdoor magazine.

Very truly yours,

THE REISING MANUFACTURING CORPORATION.

(Signed) C. K. SANBORN

Manager.

fight. . . . Then I ketched two perch on soft-shell crawfish. Three pounders, too. My uncle Al says there's a run of salmon an' perch. You'd better come with me tomorrow."

"I'd like to go, Crow," replied Lorry, eagerly.

"All right. Get up early an' meet me down there about five o'clock."

(To be continued)

John Moreland Fisherman

(Continued from page 10)

fishin'-poles like Robert Patterson buys."

"The rod Mr. Patterson bought yesterday is eighty-five dollars today. The manufacturer is so far behind in his orders he can't keep up with the demand and he raised the price on his rods by wire this morning," explained the clerk affably.

Moreland became red with anger. "Show me a good, strong fishin'-pole," he sputtered, "and hurry up if you want to sell me."

In desperation the urbane clerk managed it so that he would be called away and very politely turned him over to a cub salesman.

The young man hit it off with Moreland at once. He had heard the conversation and guessed that the old man wanted any old kind of a fishing outfit just so it was cheap. He showed his irate customer a three-dollar jointed rod. It weighed about eighteen ounces and looked just what it was. It came in three joints and was about eight feet long. It suited Moreland and he bought two of them.

"Now, you will want a reel," said the youngster.

"What does a reel cost and what's it good for?"

The clerk carefully explained the purpose of a reel and described its usefulness. Finally Moreland bought two three-dollar reels.

"Now, get me some hooks and lines and sinkers and put in a couple of cheap corks; and hurry up," he said.

While the clerk was getting the package it suddenly dawned on Moreland that he didn't know how to rig up the outfit and he asked the clerk if he could come to his house and show him how to do it.

"I can't get off until six tonight," said the boy.

"Would two dollars induce you to come over to my house during your noon hour and show me how it's done?" asked Moreland.

"Yes, sir," answered the clerk.

"Hand this card to my doorman and he'll let you in and I'll be waiting for you promptly at twelve."

"I can't make it sooner than twelve-fifteen or twelve-twenty. It's some distance to that address."

"I'll send my car for you at twelve. Now you carry out these packages so you'll know the car when you see it."

"James, I want you to call for this young man exactly at twelve today and drive him to the house."

As Moreland had walked to the door he had seen the suave, elderly clerk showing a customer the Nipigon trout rod and heard him say, "I sold the exact duplicate



Baker Guns

"Built to Endure"

They Never Shoot Loose

A good gun — no better made for service. Sold at a price within the reach of every sportsman.

Ask your Baker Agent — or write us

Catalog B-11 sent on request

BAKER GUN CO.

253 Church St. New York, N. Y.

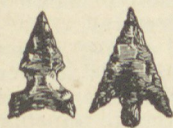
The Hawkins Recoil Pad IMPROVED



Pat'd 1919-1925.

Regardless of how well you shoot, you will improve your score if you attach a Hawkins Recoil Pad, the pad that has proved its superior merits the world over. The truss formation between the two walls forces the gun to move straight back and not up or down when pressure is brought upon it. This is the reason the Hawkins Pad never bruises the cheek or irritates the shoulder. Sent postpaid for \$3.25. Ask your dealer to show you the Hawkins Recoil Pad.

THE CUSHION PAD CORPORATION
F. D. HAWKINS, Mgr. P. O. Box 81, SIOUX FALLS, S. D.

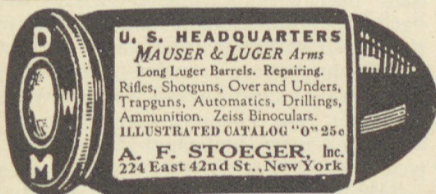


TINY BIRD ARROW POINTS

Finest in the world, of Agate and Jasper, from Oregon. Mailed on selection to good buyers. Illustrated price list free. (Bead work relics of the Sioux Indians. Shirts, coats, vests, leggings, moccasins, bows, arrows, pipes, tobacco bags, etc. Wholesale prices. List to Dealers free.

41st year

L. W. STILWELL, Deadwood, So. Dakota



U. S. HEADQUARTERS MAUSER & LUGER Arms
Long Lugger Barrels. Repairing. Rifles, Shotguns, Over and Unders, Trappguns, Automatics, Drillings, Ammunition. Zeiss Binoculars. ILLUSTRATED CATALOG "O" 25c
A. F. STOEGER, Inc.
224 East 42nd St., New York

PLANT NOW

Wild Celery, Sago Pond Plant, Wapato Duck Potato, Musk Grass and other attractive foods for waterfowl and fishes. Wild Rice for fall planting ready after Sept. 1st. Write for literature.

Geo. D. Hamilton, Box 35, Detroit, Minnesota

THE WORLD'S BEST!

Sporting goods, binoculars, telescopes, body armor, ultra modern arms, etc. Catalog AB free.
Pacific Arms Corporation, San Francisco, Calif.

Make OUTDOOR AMERICA bigger by patronizing our advertisers.

of this rod yesterday to the well-known fly caster, Robert Patterson."

A few minutes after twelve the clerk was announced and shown to Mr. Moreland at once.

"I've laid out this truck and have it all ready," he said.

The young man first jointed the rod and then reeled on the line, put on the sinker and tied on a bass hook and showed him how to fasten the bobber.

"Is that all there is to it?" asked Moreland.

"That's all," said the boy.

"It's dead easy," said Moreland.

During the day he called up his managers and told them he was going away and didn't know when he would come back. He later decided to have his secretary call at his house, intending to dictate specific directions as to the conduct of his business affairs. He was reminded that Mr. Patterson was on his vacation and wouldn't return for two weeks. This enraged him, because Patterson knew his ways and often put into correct form his sometimes rather crude dictation. Besides, Moreland had grown accustomed to Patterson and never till now had he failed to answer to the old man's beck and call. His office sent him a woman stenographer and women stenographers were an abomination to him. He roared and boomed his letters to the young woman, but though she was doing her utmost she didn't seem to get the sense of his dictation as Patterson always did. At last, after driving her to tears, he ordered her back to the office and decided not to write at all. This, however, did not soften his temper and irritability.

"Rest, hell!" he often repeated and then, "Well, well, I'm goin' fishin'. I'll be damned."

By the time the doctor arrived Moreland's stuff was all packed and ready. Kimbark came in with a cheery smile, "Are you all ready? Now forget business, you're off for a good time and a long rest."

"Rest, hell!" said Moreland.

They arrived at the train in plenty of time and found it loaded—all the lowers and uppers being sold out and nine out of ten of the travelers fishermen and fishermen. Everybody was talking about fishing. On board they found Walter Strong, president of the First National Bank. Moreland was a director.

"Where are you going?" asked Strong. "I thought you never took a rest, and what are you doing on this fishermen's train, doctor?"

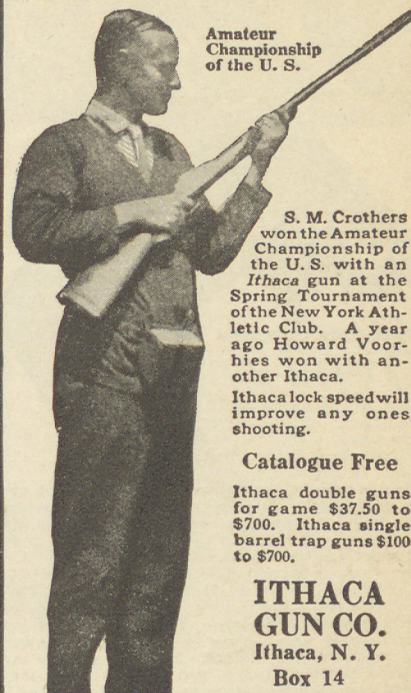
"Oh, John and I are going fishing."

"Fishing? John Moreland going fishing? It doesn't seem possible. I never knew you were a fisherman, Moreland," said Strong.

"I ain't, not by a jugful," Moreland answered. "The doctor, here, has ordered me to take a rest. Ordered, do you understand—ordered me to go fishing. Well, well;" his face plainly expressing his own surprise at such an unusual situation.

"Do you know much about fishing?" asked Strong, and continued enthusiastically, "Fishing is a wonderful art. I never seem to learn. Guess I started too late to ever become a real fisherman. But I'm progressing, I'm glad to say. Spent all of last Saturday afternoon taking a lesson in fly casting from Bob Patterson."

ITHACA WINS



Amateur Championship of the U. S.

S. M. Crothers won the Amateur Championship of the U. S. with an Ithaca gun at the Spring Tournament of the New York Athletic Club. A year ago Howard Voorhies won with another Ithaca.

Ithaca lock speed will improve any ones shooting.

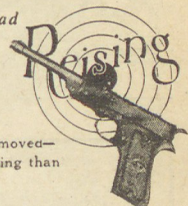
Catalogue Free

Ithaca double guns for game \$37.50 to \$700. Ithaca single barrel trap guns \$100 to \$700.

ITHACA GUN CO.
Ithaca, N. Y.
Box 14

REISING.22 Automatic

Contains features to be had in no other .22 Automatic



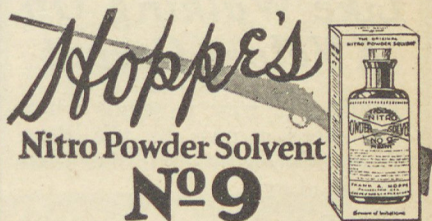
Simplicity of Construction—
Cleans at the Breech—
Has a visible Hammer—
Fool-proof when magazine is removed—
Shoots more shots without reloading than any other Automatic Pistol—
Can be used as a single shot—
Unsurpassed as a sidearm for Trappers and Hunters—



Absolutely positive for target shooting. Reising .22 Automatic Pistols are beautiful specimens of the best mechanical workmanship, perfectly balanced, of unequalled shooting quality—Fully Guaranteed—

Send for Catalog

The REISING MANUFACTURING CORP.
41 Trinity Place \ New York City



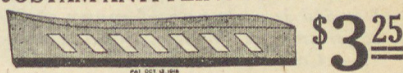
Hoppe's Nitro Powder Solvent No. 9

REMOVES every trace of primer salt, powder soot and R. stain. Dissolves metal fouling and leading. Makes gun cleaning a pleasure. Prevents rust, holds resale value. Send 10c stamp for sample.

Use Hoppe's Lubricating Oil for the working parts

ASK YOUR DEALER. WRITE US FOR FREE GUIDE
FRANK A. HOPPE, Inc.
For more than 20 years the authority on Gun Cleaning
2304 North 8th Street Philadelphia, Pa.

JOSTAM ANTI FLINCH RECOIL PAD



\$3²⁵

Used by best shooters everywhere. Get one today from your dealer or direct. Send for circular.
JOSTAM MFG. CO., 5252 Broadway, CHICAGO



\$23.75
Prepaid



**First Quality
Power**

Our more than half a century optical experience proves this the most satisfactory Prism Binocular for sports, hunting, fishing, motoring, nature lovers, and land or water travel. These powerful, French glasses are made to our high specifications by one of the foremost manufacturers of France and imported direct by us.

Achromatic lenses, wide field range, large illumination, universal focusing, individual eye adjustment, hinged body, easily and quickly adjusted to the vision, superb construction and brand new. No war glasses or seconds. Light weight, beautifully finished; put up in heavy leather, plush-lined case with inside and outside shoulder straps. Weight, complete, only 25 ounces.

Our established reputation of 55 years is substantial guarantee of satisfaction or money promptly refunded. Our name and serial number engraved on every glass. Please remit by check or money order.

A.K. HAWKES CO.

Opticians (Est. 1870)

Department 37

Atlanta, Ga.



**Ideal for
Vacation
Wear**

**Like Walking On
A Velvet Carpet**

That's the way it seems when you wear a pair of the Bass True Moccasin Oxfords illustrated above.

The True Moccasin Construction with its single piece vamp, the pure crepe rubber sole and the soft, serviceable upper of beautiful brown Elk are a combination that please not only your feet and eye, but also your pocket book.

No. 610 is only one of many styles for men and women. Send for free Catalog O and price list.

G. H. BASS & CO.
WILTON, MAINE

My, but he is an artist! Do you know, he can cast a tiny trout fly a terrible distance and drop it as gently on the water as the fall of a thistle-down. Comes by his fishing honestly, though. I knew his father. In fact, we were raised in the same little town in Northern Virginia. Had a great talent for business and if he hadn't been killed in the Ashtabula wreck he would have been president of this railroad by this time.

"Hell, I knew Lee Patterson, *he was a great organizer* and I knew him well. Was he Robert Patterson's father?"

"He certainly was."

"Well, well, I'll be damned," said Moreland and looked at the doctor with a half-smile.

"Where you bound for?" asked Strong.

"We're going to Plum Lake."

"Beautiful country. Fished there years ago. Hooked a monster muskellunge on that weed bed close to Anson's summer home. Fought him nearly an hour and the fool guide lost him in the gaffing. I could have cried—all broke up. Never expect to get another chance at one as big as that old monster. Must have weighed every ounce of forty pounds. Call on my friend Anson while you are there and tell him I've graduated from the still-fishing class and am now a fly-caster. You'll like Anson—owns miles and miles of timber land all through that country."

Moreland and the doctor were awakened early as they arrived at Plum Lake Station at sun-up.

After breakfast the doctor suggested, "Well, let's get into some old clothes and start out."

"Where are we going to get some worms?" asked Moreland.

"Blessed if I know. Do we have to have worms to go fishing?" said the doctor.

Moreland looked at him in unutterable disgust and said briefly, "Of course, but where are we going to get them?"

After inquiry they were told to dig back of the barn. Getting a spade the doctor started to dig, Moreland collecting and putting the worms into an old can he found lying on the ground. Then they got into a boat, the doctor doing the rowing.

"Let's go out of sight of everybody," said Moreland.

After awhile they found a place which seemed suitable and private enough. But they had forgotten an anchor and had to row back to get one. After a bit they started forth again with the anchor all rigged up. Soon they dropped the anchor and proceeded to put their rods together, Moreland attending to this part of the work. When each had on a worm they dropped their lines overboard and waited.

After a wait of about five minutes, Moreland said, "I don't think there are any fish in this lake."

"Oh, yes, there *are* because Rushton said he caught plenty of fish here every year." The doctor then started to read an outdoor magazine he had picked up in the hotel. He found a picture of Robert Patterson in it and an eulogistic article about his winning the all-around championship in a recent national casting tournament.

The doctor watched old Moreland and plainly saw that he was indeed far from being a well man. In fact, his condition was worse than he had thought yesterday.

Finally, he drew Moreland's attention to an approaching boat and to a bait caster shooting out his lure a hundred feet or more at every cast.

"Pretty work," said the doctor.

"I don't see that he is catching any more fish than we are," testily remarked Moreland. He had no sooner made the remark than there was a crash of foam and up into the air flashed a big muskellunge.

"Let's pull up the anchor and get closer and watch the fight," said Moreland, but the doctor was already doing that self-same thing. They rowed up, the fisherman fighting the fish from the shore side, and as the doctor was a poor oarsman, he let the wind drift them too close. The big fish ran under their boat and came up with a smashing jump on the other side, the fisherman and his boatman meanwhile bawling them out in unprintable language. At last they got out of the danger zone and watched the battle from a safe distance.

After the muskellunge was gaffed they asked if they might see it. The fish pulled the scale down to twenty-one pounds and it was a splendid specimen. Then they turned and rowed to shore and sat down under the shade of the trees.

(To be continued)

The Harvest of the Marching Days

(Continued from page 25)

sloping southeast and copiously watered by seepage along this bedrock, as is evidenced by the many springs on the southerly slopes of the west and north bluffs, though springs are almost unknown on the hillsides facing north or west.

"Everywhere, small spring streams come down out of the northerly and westerly hills and the water is pure and good in nearly every case, though sometimes there is a trace of iron or sulphur.

"We find Walnuts, Hickory nuts, Hazelnuts, wild Plums, wild Grapes, Choke-cherries and many other edible things growing on the rolling hills and in the valley, and small game is most abundant everywhere, while the fishes are varied and numerous, rushing out from the deep pools as our boats pass.

"The forest growth native to this valley includes such useful woods as Black Walnut, Oak, Ash, Hickory, Elm, Basswood and many more, and planted trees all do well.

"We are passing corn fields now and have been doing so all day; the ripened stalks average fifteen feet high over whole fields and bear as high as three and four ears to the stalk; it is a most prolific country."

Truly the valley of the Little River had been a paradise for primitive man, and it was little wonder it had been fought over for ages!

Nor was that all; among the limestone hills the University men found evidences of a dead culture of some forgotten age and search revealed the site, in the valley of the Little River, only one day's jour-

ney south from David's home, of a primitive city of bygone times, buried under the debris of centuries.

Stone houses, deep, stone lined, plastered granaries with flat, wide grained blue and red Peruvian corn still well preserved in woven fabric came to light; arrowheads, pottery, graves with bones and personal trappings of gold and silver were found to give knowledge of vanished people who had lived and loved and died here in this lovely valley when the Little River was young. Perhaps the Seven Cities of Cibola had not been all myth after all, who knows?

Down in the sawgrass delta on the gulf shore David paid attention to the business in hand, working diligently to help make the results of the winter's work loom large in the museum, and always he managed to have a letter ready to go to post when the mail boat left camp.

Up north June lived for the coming of these letters and sent back long ones of her own, to which Jule, now mistress of her soul and captain of her own destiny, nearly always asked June to add a little postscript of cheer and well wishes or, perhaps, gave a little one-page note of her own to show her interest and faith in David.

When David left the south the program was all ready to carry out and on his arrival home with the first of the willow blooms tinting the fringe of river trees the faintest hint of green there was a quiet marriage, and June became Mrs. David Summers on the official records concerning the doings of maids and men.

McGregor, whose recommendations called for action, engineered some plans of his own, whereby the University conferred a degree upon the head of one Captain David Summers, late of the University field expedition to the Gulf of Mexico, for distinguished services rendered thereto.

Thus, at the University David became Professor Summers, Professor of natural science, and one to look up to as the bearer of Knowledge concerning the Wilderness such as few men had, and to better carry his new honors David read all the books he could find and so backed his own knowledge with the learning of other men.

Nor was this all, for McGregor made it known very quietly, but positively, that his bones were growing brittle with age and he was ready to turn over his work to his successor in the field and himself settle down to the writing and teaching of the things of nature as exemplified in the museum he had brought to its present high grade of excellence.

He made it known that the University would be short sighted and let a golden chance go by if it did not arrange that very season to establish a research station for year-round work in the valley of a certain Little River, and the man to take charge should be Professor Summers, who had already done such good work and who knew the Little River and its wildlings as no other could ever hope to, for it was fast passing under the iron hand of white man's culture, which never preserves but always destroys the old order of things and replaces it with a program of its own—and time was short if the things of the past ages were to be permanently pre-

served in specimens, records and the knowledge of man.

Thus, David found himself once more in charge, this time of the establishment and management of the University's new field station in the Valley of the Little River at such point as he should recommend and with a corps of assistants to make his work of enduring worth.

David and Mrs. Summers decided that the new station would look just right if it stood on the river bank facing the island and the singing rapids and flanked by the little limestone gulch by the lightning riven cottonwood where such intimate history concerning David, the wilderness boy, and June, the twin of Jule, had been made.

In time the station, with its laboratory and its living quarters, crystallized there, thanks to blunt, rawboned old McGregor, who had a way of making the powers bring his visions into solid realities.

Alone at the University Professor McGregor smoked his private field-pipe, black from years of travel with the secret loving old Scot, and giving with its tempered smoke the dreams one dreams when campfires flicker and live coals glow against the velvet night.

During the following fall and early winter McGregor spent much time with David, going back to the University with the first of the new year to map and plot the future of his days with the leisure that increasing years finds welcome.

When the flowers of the first month of the new summer came June called Jule to come to her side, for the days were expectant with the near approach of the one event which marks the fulfilment of woman's destiny.

The sisters, inseparable now, stitched lovingly at soft, small garments and dreamed back into the days of play-housing in the sands under the wide spreading walnut trees just across the Little River and, further, to that day when David came dripping out of the white roar of the rapid to stop the deadly bleeding of a little girl's cut foot with his knowledge and quick help—the place lay in plain sight at the island's lower end, and the dull song of the rapid never let them forget of those blessed days that had brought David to his present place in the hearts of both.

David never was more than arms' reach away now and he and June dwell in a world of dreams inhabited by three people, a man, a woman and a little child.

Nor do any know who have not so-journed there, the richness of love and joy which dwells in this land of perfect bliss alone—nor elsewhere in all the universe.

And Jule, through pain of love unfulfilled, smiled and comforted her lonely heart with riper love for her twin sister, who, by favor of the Gods, was to mother David's child.

And thus did the second twin rise above the hurt of personal loss and tender her self and her love in service to the two beings enshrined in her own heart, and by her smiling sacrifice thus come to her own place in the sun.

Then one quiet, sweet scented evening with the going of the sun good old Doctor Fulton came with his long white beard, his battered black bag and his kindly

Hunting Boots

—sturdy and long wearing, yet soft and pliant



Hunt and tramp all day with your feet in comfort—protected by

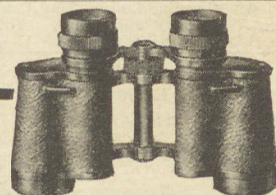
Witch-Elk
TRADE MARK REGISTERED
FAMOUS HUNTING BOOTS

Both men's and women's, in a wide variety of styles, lasts and heights. Bellows tongue, oak soles, low, broad heels.

This most comfortable boot can be had at your dealers, or write direct to factory for complete details.



WITCHELL-SHELL COMPANY
1254-80 Labrosse Street
DETROIT MICHIGAN



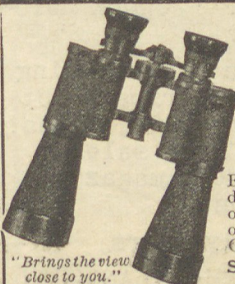
CARL ZEISS
Wide-Angle
Binoculars
Magnifying
Eight times

GET YOUR BINOCULARS NOW

Carl Zeiss Prism Binoculars should be in every sportsman's outfit. No better glasses made anywhere. Last a lifetime. Many enjoyable uses in both summer and winter. Order your Binoculars from us—the largest distributors in the West. Lowest prices. 22 models to select from. Write today for Catalog and price list.

HAANSTAD'S CAMERA SHOP
402 Sixteenth St. Denver, Colorado

Geneva Binoculars



Finest glasses the money will buy
A glass for every use
and every pocket book
58 Styles

4 to 24 Power
\$9.50 to
\$106.00

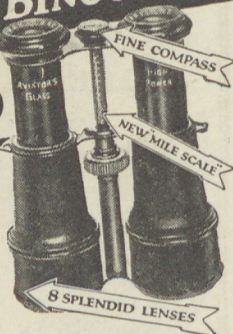
Every glass sold on 10-day trial and guarantee of absolute satisfaction or money back. Get the Geneva price list first.

Send for Descriptive Circular Today

GENEVA OPTICAL CO., 30 Linden Street, GENEVA, N. Y.

Act NOW! Only 500 French AVIATOR'S BINOCULARS

\$7.95
at While they last!



These are all we have left of a lot of genuine imported Champiere field glasses bought when the French rate of exchange was lowest. "Champiere" always guarantees optical and mechanical perfection. See distant objects as though they were near you. Wonderful at prize fights, ball games, boat races, horse races, aboard ship, on hikes and auto trips. An ideal gift. This splendid glass has 8 lenses, of finest optical glass, over 1 1/2 inches in diameter. Wonderful light gathering power and sharp definition. Middle bar graduated from 1 to 12 for quick reference.

Only Galilean Glass with 8 Lenses
Selling Under \$30.00

Only 4 1/2 inches high closed, 6 1/2 inches extended. Great range. A good compass is attached to top bar. Tubes engraved, "High Power Aviator's Glass," or "Army Long Range." Each instrument equipped with neck-strap loops and supplied with handsome case and strap. A wonderful bargain. Only 500 more at \$7.95. Order direct from this ad. Money back if not satisfied.

FREE Catalog of Over 200 Glasses

The world's finest binoculars, 3 to 24 power. Telescopes for sport, observation, target shooting, etc.

Write to America's Leading Binocular House

DU MAURIER CO., Dept. 107, Elmira, New York

Free Leatherette Carrying Case Free with Big 3 Foot Wonder Telescope. 5 sections. Brass bound. Powerful lenses. See people and objects miles away as if they were close. See moon and stars as never before. Useful and entertaining. "Could tell color of aeroplane 4 miles away." - Mrs. Yarbrough. "Watch my boy arrive at school 2 miles away." - Mrs. Horn. "Read numbers on freight cars mile away." - A. C. Palmer. Thousands pleased. (On arrival of Big 3 Postman only \$1.55 plus few pennies postage. Satisfaction guaranteed or deposit returned. Order Now, FERRY & CO., Dept. B391, 3224 N. Halsted St., Chicago.

Classified Results! Produces Most Sales

OREGON Wool Blankets, Hudson's Bay Point Blankets, Elderdown Sleeping Robes, Stag Coats, Outing Equipment. Factory shipments. Theo. Langguth, Boise, Idaho. (3-6)

THEODORE G. LANGGUTH
SPECIALIST OF FISH TAXIDERMY
ORIGINATOR OF
THE "PLAQUED-CROMATIC METHOD"
BOISE, IDAHO

5/29/25

Izaak Walton League of America
Gentlemen:

Please insert the enclosed advertisement in the next three issues of "Outdoor America." Check herewith to cover.

I find that advertising in "Outdoor America" not only brings more inquiries, but produces more sales than any outdoor magazine that I have used.

Very truly yours,

THEODORE G. LANGGUTH

knowledge to serve and ease the afflicted—with him the mother of David and the mother of June.

The doctor tied his horse, hitched to the rattly old buggy, to the post at the gate, there to dream and doze waiting with one foot uplifted, as was his wont, until such time as the Gods should elect to release the doctor for his lonely journey back home.

The good doctor, accompanied by the two mothers, entered the house with cheerful greeting and message of hope to the pain racked June and shut the door behind him, prepared to help June go through hell.

Outside David paced slowly under the lowering curtain of night, listening to the little voices of his beloved wilderness as they rebounded from the background of sound which welled up, booming hollowly in the high air overhanging the drumming, sullen roar of toothed and snarling rapids.

When the slow circling stars gleamed against the blue velvet of the summer night David raised his face and bared his head:

"Great Presence, thou Ruler of such as is beyond the outer rim of distance, Maker of Destiny, Wisdom of the Ages, be pleased to make this ordeal not too great for my woman and work your will with me; such is my Prayer."

Floating Down the River

(Continued from page 30)

negotiated them, but felt well repaid for my trouble and tears when I found myself overlooking a pond about fifty feet across and probably two hundred yards long. The banks of this pond were ten feet high and logs and stranded trees were everywhere. What a place for bass.

I "girded up my loins," which in modern times means to hitch up one's pants, I take it, and flipped a bug. It was a neat cast and fell with a most satisfying splash in a small deep pocket clear across the pond between two leaning logs which went down into the water. I couldn't have placed it better with my hands. I hadn't reeled the minnow six inches before I saw a greenish yellow streak whip out from behind one of those old logs. I was afflicted with a contraction of the heart right then and there. But mechanically I continued turning the little ivory handle. Then the wooden minnow seemed to catch on a limb,—or a whole tree, maybe. I couldn't budge it, or so it seemed for a fraction of an instant. I believe that my heart began to beat again in that interval. It is fortunate that it did. For some three or four heart beats after I had decided that my minnow was afool, the limb—or tree as it may have been—was transformed into a scaly large mouth black bass, which, started down the little pond in a southeasterly direction as though he meant to cover a long distance that day.

I fought that bass all over that pond. I couldn't drag him out like a calf on the end of a saddle rope, because he had dived beneath a log when I first hooked him. There I was, playing a fish ten feet away from me with ninety feet of line out! I couldn't wade the pond. It was too deep. I couldn't go around. There was too much down timber. For several minutes I let him rave. I drew him as carefully as I could to the submerged log, as I supposed, tied my line to a branch and swam across.

I found no footing on the bank, so clung to a limb while I took my bearings. My line was plainly visible. It extended, a white streak, down over a log which was four feet beneath the surface! How was I to get it off? I swam back, untied my line, and returned with the rod in my hand. I let my feet down upon the log in question and promptly slipped off into fifteen feet of water! How I chanced to retain my hold on that rod I don't know, but I did. When I came to the surface and spat out the water I hadn't swallowed, the log floated sluggishly beside me. I had dislodged it. And my big bass was hurrying away toward parts unknown, to judge by the merry clicking of my reel. I submerged an instant while I shifted my right hand down to retard the reel and started back to the opposite shore. As luck would have it the bass had not entangled the line further. I fought him across the pond a last time and slipped a finger in his gills while he soaked me anew, flapping his tail in the shallow water. About that time I had another twitch of conscience.

Would Dad and Uncle Billie think me in trouble? But I didn't worry long. I wriggled through more willow thickets and caught another bass from among the roots of a great sycamore which grew almost out of the water. This bass weighed about two pounds. While taking this fish I waded arm pit deep into the pond. After removing him I waded up stream, casting as I went. At times I made casts with the shoulder of my casting arm under water. It was fun. And I caught fish. I had seven or eight on my willow when I followed the river shore down to the mouth of the bayou and yelled across to Dad and Uncle Billie. No more of that tropical jungle for me. Yet I recall that afternoon as one of my best experiences of the float. It was something new and, I repeat, I caught fish!

During my absence Uncle Billie had caught one bass and had shot a monster frog. When he killed the frog with the sixteen gauge shotgun a wild turkey had flown across the river.

That day I brought in more fish than all the others put together. I like to remember that, too, for I am obliged to add, since Jack is just sure to see this (and will tell it anyway), that I was never able to equal Jack's catch on any subsequent day.

Next day we floated down over wide flat spaces with much smooth rocky bottom. Here I ruined my last bass reel and got out my fly rod. I am sorry that I didn't exhaust my bass tackle earlier. Fly fishing for bass is keen sport. I shall try it again. A pound bass 'puts up a lively scrap on fly tackle and a two

pounder just naturally imagines that he is a whale. And he practically convinces you of it too before you land him.

I did not take a bass on trout flies and was very much surprised to have many strikes on the great awkward coarse imitations designed for bass.

That day on the rocks Jack made the catch of the trip. He had several two pounders, all "black bass" as distinguished from "line sides," and if I remember correctly, twenty-five fish all told. Our scales would not weigh the string, so we let it go at that. And was Jack proud? Oh, boy! And really we didn't blame him. They were beautiful fish and before we released about two-thirds of them we sat a long time watching them play in the water.

One day at noon we camped at a spring in a white bank beneath some trees. The river was rock bottom and shallow here. I rigged up a damaged reel, and got out my Heddon's "Vampire" bait for the first time. While the others rested after lunch I caught three bass with that new plug. After lunch I made a big catch, and thereafter the remaining days of the float that "Vampire" bait was greatly in demand. I think probably that it caught as many fish on the trip as any three other kinds of lure. One afternoon I was using it from the front chair of Dad's boat, having lots of fun, catching a fish now and then. We came to a wide bend in the river where the bank next us was strewn with large boulders which were more or less submerged in the water. We were drowsy and sleepy and fished but haphazardly. I don't know now just how it happened, but all at once I came to the realization that I had hooked a most unusual fish. He flashed up green, and he flashed up black! I waked up and yelled to Dad. Dad backed water. I reeled slowly in and lifted two fish into the boat. Each weighed a pound and a half. One was a "line side," the other a "black bass."

I don't know the scientific names of the bass of the White River, but am inclined to believe that the "line side" and the "black bass," or "trout" as they are sometimes known, are the same, the latter being either black or mottled by environment. The "line side" is the ordinary liquid green beauty we all know as the large mouth black bass, and save in color I could not see that the "black bass" differed from it in the least. I am told that there are small mouth black bass in the White River, but we caught none.

The same afternoon, we fished leisurely northward along a shady bank. It was not good fishing and we placed our lures half heartedly. We floated slowly past an old submerged log. Vern cast over the log and had a strike. He reeled in and to our amazement a channel catfish a foot long came in! The bait was a small three hook, green and white nameless minnow, designed to wobble somewhat like a "crab wriggler."

One day we passed a raft of cedar fence posts. It was an immense thing. We looked it over with great interest. That night we heard a "Nigger Yell" and next morning Dad informed us that the raft had gone by during the night.

Patronize the Advertisers who patronize our Magazine.

The White River is a beautiful stream. The scenery alone is worth the expense of the trip. One is constantly between walls of green trees, and the clearest reflections and most delightful rapids, eddies, nooks and corners, are so frequent that one ceases to comment on them.

The most of the White River which we floated is as fine boating water as one could wish. A few rapids need be shot with care while several are so shallow that a boat is apt to go aground. Only one spot is really dangerous at normal water height. That is "The Devil's Elbow," a swift, rocky rapid with a heavy fall which butts head on into a rock wall and whirls about a bend. We shot down this with bated breaths, too excited to fish much, and were glad that Dad didn't tell us about the big boat of cattle lost there "once upon a time" until we were safe below.

At a ferry we saw the remains of the wagon which a certain mountaineer had driven into the stream with his wife and several children. The wagon floated away, a baby had drowned and the mountaineer was in the sheriff's custody the day we passed, pending an investigation as to his sanity. At the same spot another native once had forced his team into the river with his wife's sister beside him in the buggy seat. It is supposed that he intended to drown her. By some strange freak of justice he became entangled in the wreckage and drowned with his victim.

One evening we paddled a mile in a storm. The white caps broke over our bows at an alarming rate. It was very exciting and even after we made camp with tent up and everything "setting pretty" we were not disappointed when the sky cleared and the rain ceased.

We had a nice trip. We took many fish, all that we wanted, and could have taken more. We bade Dad and Lige "good-bye" on the depot platform at Cotter, glad to be enroute for home, but really sorry that the float was ended.

Yes, Jack would make an ideal patient. He is so keen about taking things—and if he ever reads this and thinks that I feel it because he took more fish than I upon the White River float—so call him harsh names in a revengeful spirit, why he's—maybe there is a grain of truth in his surmise! Still, he might just glance at the balance I owe him at his blamed old hardware store and if he really has the gray matter with which I have long credited him he will not wonder why I have paid him his highway robbery prices for bass bugs and things when the mail order houses are so cheap and handy.

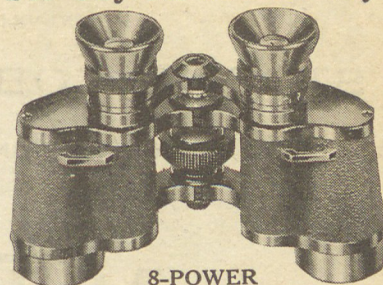
The Last Buffalo Hunt

(Continued from page 14)

in an open fight. It was finally decided to adopt his suggestion and make a stand on the ground we were on.

"It seemed but a short time after the squaws and pack ponies had disappeared

See Objects Miles Away!



8-POWER

WAR BINOCULARS

RECEIVED! Limited quantity GENUINE imported French and German Army Officer's Binoculars. 8-Power Achromatic lenses; **Premiere Qualite**—Genuine Prisms; wide objective; same used by famous European Army Commanders. We have supplied hundreds of them to U. S. Army and Navy Officers. Such powerful Binoculars usually sell for \$40 to \$50. Our price (while they last) complete with genuine leather case and carrying straps..... **\$21**

10 DAYS' FREE TRIAL

Send NO Money! NOTHING To Pay Postman! See them! Examine them! Try them! If satisfied, after 10 DAYS' TRIAL, you may pay at rate of

\$4 A MONTH

or, if you wish to pay cash, after 10 DAYS, take **\$1.50** Discount and send check or money order for..... **\$19.50**

BROADEN your field of vision! Don't live in a cooped-up area! A new world will open up for YOU with a pair of these wonder Glasses. You'll see things others can't. People, Scenes, Views, Games of ACTION brought right to your feet! The joys of outdoors are not complete without them. The greatest pleasure giving INVESTMENT one can make. Indispensable for sports—baseball games, motor-ing, camping, yachting, hunting, hiking, races, bird and nature study, etc.

Send on 10 Days' FREE TRIAL! **ACT! QUANTITY IS LIMITED! ORDER TODAY! Send NO Money!**



2 Generations of Honorable Dealings

WASHINGTON JEWELRY CO.

Importers and National Mail Order House
365 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.
FOR PROMPT ATTENTION ADDRESS IMPORT DEPT. X

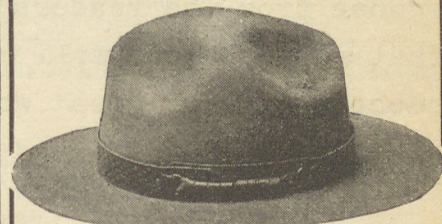
Gentlemen: Please send me 8-power Binoculars. I enclose NO money, and pay NOTHING to Postman. If I am satisfied after 10 DAYS' TRIAL, I have the privilege of paying for them at the rate of \$4.00 monthly—or of deducting \$1.50 and sending \$19.50 in FULL SETTLEMENT. Otherwise, I shall return them.

NAME.....
ADDRESS.....

Please write PLAINLY! Tear this coupon out NOW! If you wish to tell us something about yourself, it will be appreciated. OUTAJy

THE OUTER

A Hat Made Especially for the Outdoorsman



The Rummell Hat (Est. 1873) Newark, N. J.
6 1/2, 6 3/4, 6 1/2, 6 3/4, 7, 7 1/4, 7 1/2, 7 3/4, 7 1/2, 7 3/4
Circle Size

If you weigh under 160 lbs. order 4 1/2 x 2 1/2
If you weigh over 160 lbs. order 4 3/4 x 2 1/2
Enclose money order or bank draft for \$7.00 or Hat shipped C. O. D. if desired.

Name.....
Address.....
Town..... State.....
O. A. Money refunded if not satisfied

ESTABLISHED 1883

STRONG COBB & COMPANYMANUFACTURING PHARMACISTS
PRIVATE FORMULA SPECIALISTS**Noburn**

CLEVELAND

May 26, 1925.

Izaak Walton League of America,
530 Lake Shore Drive,
Chicago, Illinois.

Gentlemen:-

We are both carrying on a campaign of
conservation.Your job is to educate the sportsman
to protect the natural resources. Our job is
to educate that same chap to protect his skin
with Noburn to prevent Sunburn.If you get the same enthusiastic re-
sponse from the readers of "Outdoor America"
that we do, there will be no doubt about the
success of your great work.

Yours respectfully,

STRONG COBB & COMPANY

SES/mf

over the edge of the canyon that the first Sioux appeared in the distance. Down the canyon arose a chant. It was the war song of the Pawnee nation, sung by the squaws as they stood side by side and rocked back and forth. Louder and louder grew the song as the enemy approached. I had loaded my revolvers and made up my mind to do my share of the fighting. As the Sioux came over the hill it was apparent that they outnumbered the fighting men of the Pawnees four to one.

"I afterwards learned that there were between twelve and fifteen hundred in the band under the command of Chief Snow Flake, a Brule Sioux, and that most of his warriors belonged to that band. The Sioux were about a mile and a half away when the Pawnees noted that they were greatly outnumbered, and suggested to me that I go out and parley with them with a view to warding off the threatened attack. I rode out about three hundred yards accompanied by Ralph Weeks, a half-breed interpreter, who afterwards studied law and was admitted to the bar in Oklahoma. He died a few years ago. Waving a handkerchief as a token of peace I attempted to stop the Sioux, but on they came—the whole bunch of them. Suddenly the war whoop of the Sioux sounded, and several puffs of smoke from as many guns, followed by the whistle of bullets, warned me that it was time to beat a retreat. The battle cry of the Sioux was answered with a cry of defiance from the Pawnee warriors, which denoted that a warm reception awaited the enemy. All the Indians were mounted, and as I reached the canyon the three hundred and fifty Pawnees hurled themselves against the enemy. At the edge of the canyon my horse, which had been struck by one or more bullets, stumbled and fell. It took less than a minute to strip off the saddle and bridle, and place them on my buffalo pony, a squaw was holding for me. Mounting my horse I rode up from the canyon. The Pawnees were putting up a splendid fight, but the odds were against them. I blazed away with my revolver and had fired several shots at the Sioux, when the Pawnee chiefs noted that the Sioux were surrounding the head of the canyon, and gave orders to retreat. I did not understand the command, but when I noticed the squaws cutting the thongs that bound the packs of meat on the ponies, and mounting with the children, I concluded it was about time to make a dash myself.

"A moment before the retreat commenced I saw Fighting Bear engaged in a duel with a Sioux chief. I presumed he was a chief from the war bonnet he wore. Both chiefs were fighting with tomahawks. Taking deliberate aim at close range, I fired at the Sioux. The bullet struck the mark and evidently wounded the Sioux, which gave Fighting Bear an opportunity to finish him. Jumping from his horse the Pawnee chief scalped his enemy, remounted and grabbing the dead Sioux's horse by the bridle, joined in the retreat down the canyon.

"One thing I remember passed through my mind as we were fleeing down the canyon. An old lady friend of mine had often asked me why I wore my hair so long, and told me it would be a very attractive scalp if I ever got mixed up in an

Indian battle. When I saw the Sioux coming I thought of what the old lady had said, and I did not lose any time in twisting my hair up and tucking it under my hat where it would not be so noticeable.

"I have often thought of a little Indian girl, who evidently had fallen from her mother's back, in our retreat down the canyon. She was sitting on the ground with her little arms raised as if pleading for some one to pick her up. As I passed I tried to pick her up, but only succeeded in touching one of her hands. I couldn't return, so she was left behind to suffer a horrible death at the hands of the blood-thirsty Sioux. Just imagine six or seven hundred Indians, men, women and children, and as many ponies, all huddled together and going for dear life down this canyon, with over a thousand blood-thirsty savages shooting down on them. In some places the canyon was quite narrow, and almost caused them to stop. Then it was that most of the lives were lost. It was in the retreat down the canyon that the greatest loss of life occurred among the squaws and children, the Sioux riding down the sides and firing upon them.

"As the Pawnees reached the river and crossed to the opposite bank the Sioux succeeded in cutting off seven hundred ponies and had started down the stream to cross at another point to pursue the Pawnees when they suddenly stopped. Looking across the river I noticed the flag bearer of a United States cavalry troop emerge from the timber. When the Sioux saw the soldiers approaching they beat a hasty retreat. In company with Fighting Bear and two other chiefs I crossed the river and conferred with the officer in command, who suggested that the Pawnees return and gather up the meat left behind, and bury the dead. But the Pawnees could not be induced to comply with the suggestion. They were firm in the belief that the meat had already been poisoned, and the wounded put to death.

"We camped that night on the banks of Red Willow creek. There was nothing to eat. All our supplies had been left behind on the battlefield. I had always understood that an Indian was devoid of emotion, but that night I was convinced that an Indian gives vent to his feelings, the same as a white man. Seated on the ground, the warriors, who had talked so valiantly a few hours before, pulled hair from their heads, while the tears rolled down their cheeks. While this demonstration took place the squaws kept up an incessant wail for the dead. Men, women, and children were frantic with grief, moaning and crying for their missing ones so that it was impossible to sleep. I got on my pony and rode a mile or so from camp in order to get away from the horrible noise. I put in a good night's rest and on waking the next morning thought of my eastern friend, Platt, so I rode down to where the Indians were camped and inquired of them if they knew anything of him. Some of them told me that the last time they saw him he was riding down the bluffs on the south side of the river

in the same direction we were going, so I told them to stay where they were until I came back, as I was going to see if I could find him. I did not want to go away without making some effort to find him.

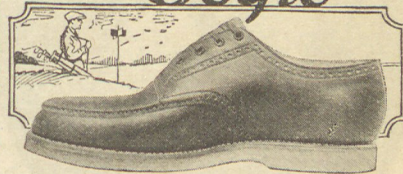
"I had not ridden more than ten miles before I found horseshoe tracks in a buffalo trail leading down a canyon, and on looking around, I saw his white horse feeding at the side of a canyon with saddle and bridle on. I went up to him, and taking him by the bridle rein started on down the canyon. I had not gone far before I saw Mr. Platt sitting on the side of a wash-out with his face buried in his hands. I went up to him and shook him. He looked up in a dazed manner, and in a short time recognized me and exclaimed, 'For God's sake, John, is that you? I had given up all hopes of getting out of here alive.' I then returned to our camp with him, and got our breakfast at Byfield's store on Red Willow creek. He had not had anything to eat for thirty-six hours. That day we started down the valley for home. Frank Byfield, at whose store we obtained breakfast, kept a few groceries, flour, and other supplies for buffalo hunters. He freighted all his goods from Plum Creek, a distance of seventy or eighty miles. I bought from him thirty sacks of flour and signed a receipt for the same, the government later reimbursing him.

"Shortly after leaving Red Willow creek we killed a herd of twelve buffalo and then moved on to Arapahoe, which at that time consisted of only a few log houses. Here I hired a homesteader, for \$5.00, to haul twelve of the wounded to Plum Creek station. At this station a company of soldiers were stationed, and the wounds of the injured were dressed by an army surgeon.

"Barclay White, superintendent of Northwestern Indian agencies, had his headquarters at Omaha at that time, and to him I wired what had occurred. He made arrangements with the Union Pacific railroad company to provide box cars for bringing the Pawnees to Silver Creek. From Silver Creek the Pawnees walked across the country to Genoa, a sorrowful return from the last buffalo hunt, in a country that had been their home for so many years.

"Several weeks after returning with the Pawnees I received a letter from Nick Gains, trail agent for the Sioux. He said the Sioux lost fifty warriors in the battle. Gains was a Frenchman, who married a Sioux squaw, and had been adopted into the tribe. He attempted to prevent the Sioux from leaving the Niobrara valley to attack the Pawnees, but they placed a guard over him and rode away on a raiding expedition, which cost the lives of fifty of their warriors and \$10,000 in cash, for the government took that amount of money out of their annuity fund and turned it over to the Pawnees to reimburse them for the meat lost and ponies captured. I had in my pack at the time of the battle a memorandum book containing \$7.00 in money and several letters. Gains sent the book and letters to me by express, but the buck who went through my pack kept the money."

Russell's "Bogie"



RUSSELL "Bogies" of genuine moccasin type, have style, comfort and flexibility. Made in Edimoor calfskin or waterproofed veals, leather lined, fitted with RUSSELL'S patented toe seam. Solid layer of sole leather serves as a base for crepe soles. Calked or smooth leather sole if desired.

"Apache"



A general purpose moccasin for outdoor wear, light weight and durable. Pleasing color combination of tan maple pac, or chocolate and cream grey elk. Soles, maple pac, duxflex or crepe rubber. Spring heels. Genuine moccasin construction. Will outwear any shoe.

Write for Catalog

Ask any dealer who sells sportsmen's boots and shoes to show you RUSSELL Moccasin Footwear. If he can not, write for our catalog and insist that he order them for you.

THE W. C. RUSSELL MOCCASIN CO.
924 Wisconsin St. Berlin, Wis.

It Pays to Buy "a Good Pair"



8 Power
32 Millimeter

Binoculars

at \$29.75

With Genuine Leather Case and Straps

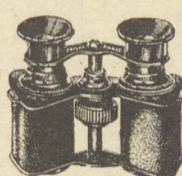
TEN-DAY TRIAL - MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

Enjoy farther, wider, clearer vision than you ever expected, even with binoculars much higher-priced. 32 millimeter objective lenses—1-5/16" diameter. Unsurpassed illumination and range of vision. The greatest value ever offered in our 42 years of experience. We know binoculars. You buy binoculars once—buy a good pair. Enclose Check, Money Order, or order C. O. D. Ask for L. D. (Long Distance) Binoculars. Limited quantity imported. Do not delay.

Write for Catalog Binoculars \$5 and up
Optical Goods, Cameras

Order from Chicago's Leading Optical House Since 1888
WATRY & HEIDKAMP Dept. 4-G, 17 W. Randolph Street, CHICAGO, ILL.

BINOCULARS

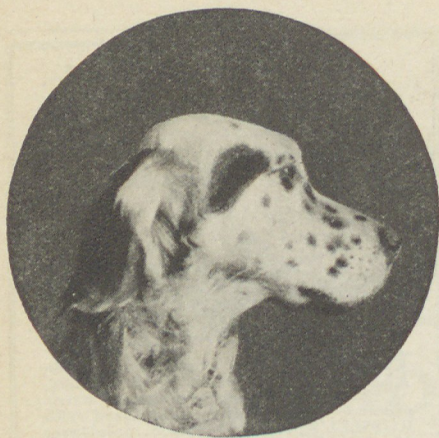


Brand new. Clear white crystal 8-X lenses. French make. Central focusing and width adjustment. Large field of vision. Ideal for studying Outdoor Life, Sports, Hunting, etc. Well made and serviceable, will last a lifetime. Black morocco-covered body. Strong case and shoulder straps included. Order today.

Catalogue upon request

HIGH-POWER BIG VALUE \$8.75 C.O.D.

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded
BENNER & CO. D-6 TRENTON, N. J.



Ryman's Golden Grouse.

When Your Dog Made his Bid for Fame

Memories and anecdotes written by dog lovers of
the I.W.L.A. to which all are urged to contribute ~

This is YOUR dog department. Write us and let us know what
YOUR dog has done that is unusual.

The English Springer

By E. Chevrier,
President of the English Springer Spaniel Club of Canada

The quickly-achieved and widespread popularity of the English Springer Spaniel in America is here to stay. Note how at the 1922 Westminster Kennel Club Show, New York, only one Springer appeared. And how at the same Club's 1925 Show, sixty-six (66) Springers were benched! Or a greater number than the total of Cocker Spaniels benched, and this latter breed has been bred in America for over half a century. This is all the more gratifying when one considers that the Madison Square Garden Show is the barometer indicating the likes and dislikes of the doggy men of this continent.

The very taking appearance of the Springer, combined with his beautiful and affectionate disposition, no doubt has been a big factor in endearing him so rapidly to the hearts of the sporting dog fraternity. Certainly for the family man, no breed has a greater claim to the hearth-side than these handsome spaniels, for with them even the babies of the household are safe, and no amount of teasing by the children would ever induce them to bite. This cannot be said of several of the highly exploited breeds of the day.

Of course first and foremost the English Springer is a hunting or gun-dog. And every man, woman or boy who goes afield with shotgun or small rifle, can make good use of a Springer. This holds good no matter in which part of the country the hunting is done. Whether in the hills or prairies, wooded lands or marshy wastes, the hunter will find an eager and willing ally in the Springer. First of all as a dashing worker within a limited area, so that game flushed will be shot at easy range. Then as the best and fastest retriever of all feathered and furred game. It is particularly when the game is only wounded and runs away to hide, that the Springer shows his real value. Setting his nose to the ground when ordered on, he speedily locates the fall and with great pace trails his quarry, collecting it and returning with a rush. There is no other breed of Spaniel that can compare with them in this respect, and this is proven wherever Field-Trials are held and the different varieties of Spaniels compete, for the English Springer has consistently

defeated all of the other divisions of the Spaniel family.

Naturally, some strains of blood show up better in their work than do others, and I have seen this proven many times. I have in mind one family of Springers in particular, which always has shown me the most marvelous scenting powers, and now, in the fourth generation I have bred, they are better than ever. These are black and white in color, and though not of the strictly Bench-Show Type, they are nevertheless very hardy and active dogs of medium size.

I have always maintained that the future of the English Springer must lie in the field, and that Field-Trials will always be of infinitely more value to this breed, than are Bench Shows. Because to make of them a strictly Bench Show variety would be a crime. This has been done with the Cocker Spaniel in America and with what unhappy result! I submit that the majority of the Cockers have joined the Toy Group of Spaniels so far as utility afield is concerned. But I see that some worthy men are bestirring

themselves in the interests of the working Cocker, and endeavoring to revive in them some of the ancient glory of the breed as workers. Very laudable are these efforts and Field-Trials are the best vehicle in which to proceed along the road to Genuine Utility.

Not that I want to see Bench Shows abolished, because they are the only means by which the Springer men can reach the huge bulk of the public and mayhap interest them in the Springer, creating an interest that, once kindled, will never die. For mark ye! I have never known a man to abandon for good the Springer breed, when once he has owned and bred them.

Field-Trials could very easily be held in different parts of the country and besides being a glorious outdoor sport, they show very plainly and convincingly to the general public how the great annual waste of wounded game can be prevented through the use of Springers in hunting.

An annual waste which runs into millions of head of game. Those of us who are constantly working for the conservation of our game resources, should bear in mind that the liberal education of the hunting public in the use of finding and retrieving Spaniels would prevent the huge economic loss that occurs each Fall and Winter. The truthful hunter knows that a large proportion of the game he hits is never found. Whether it be ducks,



Mr. Chevrier's champion retrieves a pheasant.

When writing to Advertisers give credit to our Magazine.



Strongheart Training School for Police Dogs

In charge of well known German Trainer
Your Police Dog must be



Strongheart Police Dogs

Character plus Appearance
Grand Champion Komet von Hoheluft, Champion Bero of Elberfeld and other noted Dogs

SHEDDEN FARM

10000 Rte. 1, New York, N. Y.

Eastern Farm

10000 Rte. 1, New York, N. Y.

Training School for Police Dogs

Training School for Police Dogs, in charge of well known German Trainer, your Police Dog must be of good character and appearance. Grand Champion Komet von Hoheluft, Champion Bero of Elberfeld and other noted Dogs.

10000 Rte. 1, New York, N. Y.

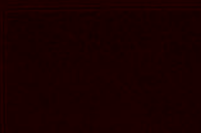
Training School for Police Dogs

Training School for Police Dogs, in charge of well known German Trainer, your Police Dog must be of good character and appearance. Grand Champion Komet von Hoheluft, Champion Bero of Elberfeld and other noted Dogs.

10000 Rte. 1, New York, N. Y.

Police Dog

Police Dog, in charge of well known German Trainer, your Police Dog must be of good character and appearance. Grand Champion Komet von Hoheluft, Champion Bero of Elberfeld and other noted Dogs.



10000 Rte. 1, New York, N. Y.

German Police Pupils

German Police Pupils, in charge of well known German Trainer, your Police Dog must be of good character and appearance. Grand Champion Komet von Hoheluft, Champion Bero of Elberfeld and other noted Dogs.

FOR SALE

FOR SALE, in charge of well known German Trainer, your Police Dog must be of good character and appearance. Grand Champion Komet von Hoheluft, Champion Bero of Elberfeld and other noted Dogs.

SHEDDEN FARM

SHEDDEN FARM, in charge of well known German Trainer, your Police Dog must be of good character and appearance. Grand Champion Komet von Hoheluft, Champion Bero of Elberfeld and other noted Dogs.

10000 Rte. 1, New York, N. Y.

10000 Rte. 1, New York, N. Y.

10000 Rte. 1, New York, N. Y.

10000 Rte. 1, New York, N. Y.

10000 Rte. 1, New York, N. Y.

10000 Rte. 1, New York, N. Y.

10000 Rte. 1, New York, N. Y.

10000 Rte. 1, New York, N. Y.

German Police Pupils

German Police Pupils, in charge of well known German Trainer, your Police Dog must be of good character and appearance. Grand Champion Komet von Hoheluft, Champion Bero of Elberfeld and other noted Dogs.

10000 Rte. 1, New York, N. Y.

10000 Rte. 1, New York, N. Y.

10000 Rte. 1, New York, N. Y.

10000 Rte. 1, New York, N. Y.

10000 Rte. 1, New York, N. Y.

10000 Rte. 1, New York, N. Y.

10000 Rte. 1, New York, N. Y.

10000 Rte. 1, New York, N. Y.

10000 Rte. 1, New York, N. Y.

10000 Rte. 1, New York, N. Y.

10000 Rte. 1, New York, N. Y.

10000 Rte. 1, New York, N. Y.

10000 Rte. 1, New York, N. Y.

10000 Rte. 1, New York, N. Y.

10000 Rte. 1, New York, N. Y.

10000 Rte. 1, New York, N. Y.

10000 Rte. 1, New York, N. Y.

10000 Rte. 1, New York, N. Y.

10000 Rte. 1, New York, N. Y.

10000 Rte. 1, New York, N. Y.

10000 Rte. 1, New York, N. Y.

Ask, write him

at about your

dog now



Collins Kennels

For Great Danes that have size and intelligence, write Collins Kennels, enclosing 15c for catalog.

GREAT DANES Are the He-Man's Dog

—the companion par excellence for man, woman or child. Two thousand satisfied customers will prove this.

COLLINS KENNELS

Reedsburg

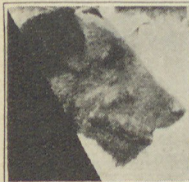
Wisconsin

Boarding and Training Bird Dogs

Our kennels are large and roomy, the best of feed, water and shade; your dogs properly taken care of and sent home fit for their work.

Terms on request. Satisfaction Guaranteed

C. C. HERRON, HOPE, IND.



Lou Holliday's Super-Airedales
(Original Lionheart Strain)
Spring Sale—Nine Litters
—Big Western Type
Parentage known all over this continent as workers with courage and brains. Pedigreed. Guaranteed. Males \$20.00 during sale. References in 48 States, Canada, Mexico.
LOU HOLLIDAY, Victor, Mont.



COLLIES

Safest dog for children.
Any age, any color, imported stock. Send for description and free lists.

JEFFERSON WHITE COLLIE KENNELS
WAUSEON, OHIO
"A Jefferson White is a Collie of a Type"

Pointer Futurities whelped January and February. Sired by Tip of Joyouse—Ferris Proctors Fran—Whitteds Dusky Bimkins. Dams by Comanche Frank—Kanawha Gilt Edge—Ferris Manitoba Rap. Pups extra fine, weighing 25 to 35 lbs., guaranteed to please. Send for list.

J. ROLAND DEAN
SPARTANBURG, S. C.



REAL RUSSIAN WOLFHOUSES

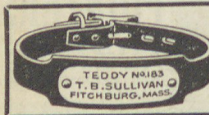
Choicest Russian strain of ancient type. Grown stock and puppies for sale.
Mrs. W. Harold Cluxton
GLENWILD BORZOI KENNELS
7452 Greenview Avenue
Chicago, Ill.

Shepherds—Black and Tan

Whelped March 4th. Farm Raised. Their mother a daughter of International Champion Erich von Grafenwerth and a granddaughter of International Champion Dolf von Dusterbrook.

Write for pedigree and prices.

Grace Clarke Davidson
Springfield, Nebraska



THIS DOG COLLAR
(Your Name in Gold)
Plates without collar
25c each, 6 for \$1.
Rivets Free.
KENNEL SUPPLY CO.
Dept. A Fitchburg, Mass.

BEAGLE HOUNDS

We have the best. Send for Free Sales List.

E. A. KOPP, Masterly Beagles Reg.
Desk H. Route 1, Johnson Creek, Wis.

Coonhounds and Combination Hunters

for coon, opossum, skunk, squirrel. Rabbit hounds. Sent on trial. Catalog ten cents.

SAM STEPHENSON Covington, Tennessee



L. O. Starbuck of Augusta, Michigan,
with two brood matrons.

The Irish wolfhound, an old breed, is practically unknown in this country. Mr. L. O. Starbuck of Augusta, Michigan, stopped in the office for a few minutes the other day and he promised to write up a little descriptive story of these most interesting dogs.

King O'The Crest

(Continued from page 15)

"He's up there, Jake," he gasped, "and he's awful dead."

After Bobby had caught his breath they started back.

"There he is behind that rock," Bobby shouted.

Jake looked.

"Well, I'll be— Boy, you shore got something here—The King o' the Crest."

Just then Bobby's father came up, and after a more or less incoherent explanation of the incident leaned back on a rock and laughed.

"Humph! Jake—the king is dead—long live the king."

SPRINGERS



Northern farm-raised hardy working Spaniels. Three young vigorous sons of champions at stud. Puppies and grown stock usually available.

GREYSOLON KENNELS 5731 East Superior Street
DULUTH, MINN.

The BIRD DOG'S PALACE



Clamps on the running board of any car. Has waterproof top, built like the tops on closed cars, storm curtain, linoleum on the floor, nickel plated trimmings throughout and tapered back that does not touch the body of car. A regular palace for the dog, handsomely finished and a splendid value at \$12.50 for the one-dog size and \$15 for the two-dog size. Immediate shipment. Manufactured by

THE DWIGHT McBRIDE YELLOW PINE SALES CO.
Golden City, Mo.

IRISH SETTER PUPS— Farm Raised

Whelped April 11th

A wonderful Litter out of Ogallala Bess Clanderick. Write for pedigree and prices.

Grace Clarke Davidson, Springfield, Nebraska

Trainers

While we specialize in training the grouse shooting dog and grouse trial dog, we also train on Ringnecks—Woodcock and quail, producing when desired the all-around bird dog. Take string south around January 1st. Modern Kennels, balanced food cooked fresh daily. Qualified by long successful experience to properly develop your dog. Investigation solicited. Filling string now.
R. J. Reese, Mgr., Mountain View Kennels, Pittsfield, Pa.

POINTERS

Two Gary's Flashlight white and liver females, one year old, out of John Proctor, female, \$35.00; best type, one \$40.00.

Two Kanawha Gilt Edge white liver and ticked females, twenty months old, very handsome, nicely started and very stylish, \$100 each; pair \$175. Four younger litters priced from \$25 to \$60.

Satisfaction guaranteed

TIBBAR DRIB KENNELS

Rabbit and Bird reverse spelling WOODBURY, N. J.

Quality Springer Spaniels

Sire Montana Ware of Aven-
dale—Dam Horsford Judy

Three choice bitch puppies for sale. Retrieving now and ready for delivery. Eligible A. K. C.

Price on Request

WM. M. MILLER, Box 942, Butte, Mont.

IRISH SETTER PUPPIES

Sir Patrick Redfield and Peggy Watt puppies for early fall shipment. Sire and Dam dark mahogany color, good conformation and real bird dogs and retrievers. This mating produces real ones such as (Ch) Red Law Redfield, (Ch) Nell Law Watt, Thornton's Doc Redfield, Princes Patricia Redfield, and many others. Write for particulars.
Dr. J. Frederick Walter, McGregor, Iowa

For Sale

ENGLISH SPRINGER SPANIELS

for immediate shipment; pups from the best of Springer Stock. All pedigree, A. K. C. Liver and White with the best of markings. Sire and Dam are field workers. Pedigrees and prices on application. Sire is Blue and Purple ribbon winner.

CERRO GORDO KENNELS

223 No. Fed. Avenue Mason City, Iowa

SPRINGER PUPPIES

Now on sale for Fall hunting. Healthy, strong, snappy, handsome, fearless! All beautifully marked. Affectionate, real companions for the child and the adult. Pedigree goes back to 1812—a long line of unexcelled Bench and Field Springer blood.

Wire or write at once for particulars

ROBERT C. PROCTOR
UNION CITY INDIANA



Squab Book FREE

Squabs selling at highest prices ever known. Greatest market for 20 years. Make money breeding them. Raised in one month. We ship everywhere our famous breeding stock and supplies. Established 24 years. Write now for big illustrated free book, How to Make Money Breeding Squabs.
PLYMOUTH ROCK SQUAB CO.
216 H St., Melrose High, Mass.

AIRESDALE TERRIERS OF RANK

Every Desired Quality That Gives Satisfaction to the Purchaser. Dr. Knox, Box 50, Danbury, Conn.

Our income from advertising is put to work for conservation.



WHETHER
IN
HEALTH
OR IN
SICKNESS
YOUR
DOGS
REQUIRE

KEN-L-RATION

(In Cans)

THE DOG FOOD SUPREME

They need this PERFECTLY BALANCED MEAT, CEREAL and COD LIVER OIL FOOD for their daily diet. Ready to feed—no cooking—no trouble, nourishing, satisfying. Ask your dealer. All meat used in this product is inspected and passed by United States Department of Agriculture (Est. 1907). Pound can gladly be furnished free upon request.

CHAPPEL BROS., Inc., Rockford, Ill, U. S. A.

Free Dog Book

by noted specialist. Tells how to
FEED AND TRAIN

your dog
KEEP HIM HEALTHY

and

CURE DOG DISEASES

How to put dog in condition, kill
fleas, cure scratching, mange, dis-
temper. Gives twenty-five famous



Q-W DOG REMEDIES

and 150 illustrations of dog leads, training collars,
harness, stripping combs, dog houses, etc. Mailed free.

Q-W LABORATORIES
Dept. 70 Bound Brook, New Jersey



DELCREO DOG REMEDIES

Each a specific in the treatment of
MANGE, ECZEMA and other skin
diseases. Kill fleas and other vermin

FREE KENNEL MANUAL

Dept. Z, Delson Chemical Co.
42 Penn Street Brooklyn, N. Y.

DESTROYS FLEAS or Money Back

SEND
FOR TRIAL SIZE

Send dime for liberal trial size and
Free Booklet—"A. B. C. of Dog
Health—with Feeding Chart."

The SANITAS COMPANY, INC.
31 KEAP STREET, BROOKLYN, N.Y.



HOUNDS and HUNTING



A monthly magazine devoted to the
BEAGLE HOUND

Field trials, shows reviewed,
Health and disease column,
hunting stories, articles on
training and care of your hound.

HOUNDS and HUNTING
247 Main Street, Decatur, Ill.

Sample 20c., yearly \$1.50



BOB WHITE QUAIL

Native Eastern also Mexican
Bobs Wild raised on large islands
producing superior breeders.
By express from my quail
farms, Pascagoula, Miss., Oct.
Nov. also next March and April.
Quail eggs for hatching. May
and June delivery. Booklet on
hatching and raising quail, 25c.

M. E. BOGLE
Pascagoula Miss.

Why Not spend Spring, Summer and Fall gathering butterflies, insects? I buy hundreds of kinds for collections. Some worth \$1 to \$7 each. Simple outdoor work with my instructions, pictures, price-list. Send 10c (not stamp) for my illustrated prospectus before sending butterflies.

MR. SINCLAIR, Dealer in Insects, Box 1424,
Dept. 75, SAN DIEGO, CALIF.



Burning Up the Country

(Continued from page 11)

"A picnicker visiting one of the most beautiful and popular camping places in the Sierra Madre Mountains threw a lighted match into the dry grass after he had lighted a cigarette—on August 31, 1924. That careless act started a conflagration that burned over 50,000 acres of brush and forest land, and denuded not only a valuable watershed but also numerous delightful camping places."

So says Supervisor Cecil, of the Angeles National Forest in one of the western states. And so could say a thousand others whose duty it is to struggle with the fire demon after it has been unleashed. If cities are not to be depopulated and people do not mend their ways, there is only one other method of handling the situation, which, as already indicated, is the enormously costly and irksome European system of minute government surveillance, which in our mountain and forested areas it might be necessary to carry far beyond even Continental standards.

Each year, each summer season, the control of fire becomes a more serious problem. A cycle of wet years will put off evil days for a while. But dry cycles will come again. A solution must be found before many more years have passed. The nature of the solution will show up the STUFF OF WHICH THE AMERICAN PEOPLE ARE MADE.

What is your Chapter doing for Forestry?

"Vermont" Highest—Quality Registered "SILVER FOXES"

PRIZE WINNING STRAIN
Descriptive Catalog
Vermont Silver Fox Co., Inc.
Chittenden, Vt.

SILVER FOXES

of the highest quality for sale at reasonable prices. We will ranch your animals and guarantee results if so desired. Get into this wonderful business through us and be assured of success.

Minnesota Silver Fox Co., Chisago City, Minn.

Increase your income beyond belief by raising

SILVER FOXES

Up to 200% per year profits possible. We help you get started and help sell the increase each year. We offer better foxes at a little better price. Pure strains. Pedigreed stock. Get our prices now.

ISLAND FOX FARM
Box 0 Cumberland, Wis.

TIP TOP SILVER BLACK FOX CO., INC.

Breeders of HIGH-GRADE FOXES

Two large ranches; several hundred high-grade foxes to select from, several of them closely related to the World's Champions, 1923 and 1924 shows. Write today for our broad guarantee and terms; also booklet, "SILVER FOXES AND GOLDEN RETURNS." Address

PORT HURON - MICHIGAN

"TARNEDGE FOXES"

ESTABLISHED 1910

Oldest Ranch in the U. S.

49 Prize Winners 74 Breeders

Highest ratio of prize winners in the world.

Two Grand Show Champions; Eight Sweepstakes Champions; Twenty-Two Blue Ribbons.

Breeding ordinary stock is profitable. Breeding this grade is several times more profitable.

Descriptive Catalog

SABATTIS, NEW YORK

SILVER FOXES

This industry is making rapid strides in North America. It holds unlimited opportunities for fine profits for many years to come for those who purchase high-class breeding stock. The foxes we sell are registered in Canadian National Live Stock Records, and are direct descendants of the old original pure strains of Prince Edward Island foxes, which were the foundation of the industry as it is today, and undoubtedly were the best Silver Foxes the world has ever seen, and have so proven themselves on the fur markets and on the live fox shows held in Canada and the U. S. Our prices are right and quality superb.

We can ranch the animals for you in our own ranch, which is under Canadian National Live Stock Record supervision. Foxes so registered are tattooed in the ears for identification purposes by Government inspectors. Two-thirds of our business annually is repeat orders from old customers.

Send for our illustrated booklet, which will be mailed free to your address.

"The Old Reliable" B. GRAHAM ROGERS
Summerside, Prince Edward Island, Canada
C. R. Rogers George A. Callbeck B. Graham Rogers

Sheffield Silver Black Foxes

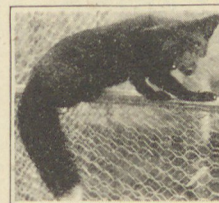
Won every Prize Cup but one at 1921 National Fox Show

The Sweepstake Prize Winner, "Sheffield Scout,"

95 points, is the highest scoring fox in the world

Raising silver foxes is a clean, safe, permanent and profitable business, capable of rapid development. Your success will depend largely upon the strain of foxes you select to start. Investigate carefully before you buy. Pups and Proved Breeders from registered Prize Winning Stock for Sale

Send for FREE Booklet.
Sheffield Silver Black Fox Co.
Box 3 Northampton, Mass.



BIG PROFITS

in raising Silver Black Foxes. Buy a pair of pups from our advanced registry stock and make big money. We have one pair in our ranch that is four years old that has had 20 pups and made their owners thousands of dollars. Write for prices and terms. We can ranch them for you.

Cass Lake Silver Black Fox Co.
Cass Lake, Minn.

SILVER FOXES

BEFORE YOU BUY

WRITE FOR MY FREE FOLDER

"60 Facts About Silver Foxes and Prices"

WESTERN RESERVE SILVER FOX RANCH
Ashtabula Ohio

Don't forget the Elk

RESORTS & CAMPS

HOTELS—GUIDES—PROPERTY

SPORTSMEN!

When going through Chicago on your fishing or hunting trip—north, east, south or west—make your headquarters at

THE DRAKE

Upper Michigan Avenue facing Lake Michigan



or at

THE BLACKSTONE

South Michigan Avenue facing Grant Park
These two magnificent world-famed hotels are equi-near the center of the city's activities. They are connected by the Famous Boulevard Link, an important part of Chicago's "City Beautiful" Plan.

Booklet on request

THE DRAKE HOTEL COMPANY
Managers



GOING FISHING? Then come to LAKE VIEW COTTAGE AND LOG CABINS

Connecticut Lake, Pittsburg, N. H.
and get some of the best brook trout, lake trout, rainbow trout and salmon fishing in the East.
Write for Booklet. M. W. Reynolds, Prop.

LAKE SIDE INN HELENA ON TORCH LAKE

One of the most beautiful lakes in the world, is five miles from Alden, seven from Bellaire—both on the P. M. R. R. Home cooking; good beds; bathing and fishing. Write for rates.

MRS. NELLIE LINGLE

Antrim Co. R-2 Bellaire, Mich.

CANADA'S WILDS—NORTHERN ONTARIO TIMAGAMI

Wabi-Kon Camp
LAKE TIMAGAMI
Ontario, Canada

A real North Woods BUNGALOW CAMP with every comfort, in the heart of four million acres virgin forest—1592 lakes. Wonderful fishing. Guides, Boats, Canoes and Launches, Bathing, Tramping. One night from Toronto or Montreal. Excellent table. Write for booklets. Address MISS S. ORR, TIMAGAMI P. O., ONT.

Nashoba the Beautiful on Big Lake Chetac

SAWYER COUNTY

P. O. BIRCHWOOD, WIS.

Nashoba is a high grade family place; is on one of America's famous fishing Lakes, built on a point and designed and built to eliminate mosquitoes and flies. Electric lighted.

The management own their own Private Brook Trout Hatchery and extensive private Brook Trout fishing pools.

A REAL PLACE FOR REAL PEOPLE

The guest that catches the largest fish from June 1st to October 1st, 1925, will receive 15 shipments of 3 lbs. each of Brook Trout, all charges prepaid to his or her home.

Write for folder.



THE REAL NORTH WOODS!

Looking for a quiet place away from the heat of the city, and the "jazz" and noise of "summer hotels"? Come to Metagama in the real North Woods. One night on C. P. R. sleeper from Toronto. Cozy log cabins, each apart by itself, on the shores of quiet, Northern Lakes and amongst nature as unspoiled as at the dawn of Creation! Bathing, boating, canoeing, hiking, lake trout and big battling Northern Pike; many unfished lakes; photograph moose and other big game right from cabin doors; moose shown snapped 300 yds. from door; best moose grounds in Canada; fresh ripe blueberries just for the picking; summer rates \$1 a day up. Finest references.

M. U. BATES, Box W, Metagama, (via Cartier) Nor. Ont.

CAMP EUCAROMA "where the family spirit prevails" TIMAGAMI LAKE, ONTARIO

Would you make this vacation one to remember? Come to Timagami, the Gem of the North Land. FISH, SWIM, CANOE. Spend lazy evenings around the camp fire and let the soothing pines lull you to sleep in beds as comfortable as you have at home.

Send for Booklets

ROBERT O. MORGAN

529 Guardian Bldg. Main 4245 Cleveland

Lake Frontage

Lots on muskellonge and bass lakes. High shore. Good fishing. I will build you a home of ordinary size in thirty days.

H. A. SCOTTFORD

Box D GLIDDEN, WIS.

SPEND YOUR OUTING AT A PRIVATE CLUB IN CANADA

Wonderful Lodge in Heart of Forest
on the Picturesque Pickerel River

FISHING BATHING MUSIC RADIO

Individual Motor Skiffs, Canoes. 50 miles of scenic river without portage.

1, 2 and 3-room private bungalows auxiliary to Main Lodge

Correspondence is now invited for reservations, which are limited to 20 guests.

\$35.00 per week. Splendid cuisine.

Mail or Wire

KAGAMAGA CLUB

D. A. Dodge, Mgr. Pickerel, Ont.
Season Begins July 1st. New Equipment.

SADDLE and PACK HORSE TRIPS

from Glacier Park south thru the Rocky Mountains. Best fishing in the world. All kinds of big-game pictures to be had. Guarantee bears in the Spring, elk in season. Can furnish references from all parts of the world.

CHICK GRIMSLEY

Registered Guide
Bynum Montana



Tourists, Fishermen and Big Game Hunters

Tourists, spend your holidays in the Canadian Rockies, riding and traveling with a pack train. Finest of scenery. Trout fishing, both lake and stream. Special rates for parties. Big Game September 1st. Mountain Sheep, Goat, Moose, Deer and Bear. Short hunts for Moose and Deer, after November 1st to December 14th.

Write W. Watson, Guide and Outfitter.
Nordegg, Alberta, Canada.

Big Game of Colorado PINE RIVER RANCH

Summer camping headquarters, pack train service, virgin hunting, trout stream and lake fishing. Bear and lion dogs. Mesa Verde, etc., scenery.
H. SCHUTZ - BAYFIELD, COLO.

Vacationist's and Fisherman's Paradise

Lake of many Islands Lodge and new log Bungalow Camps, surrounded by 12 lakes, are at the end of the Trail off the beaten path, reached this season by our new Auto road, naturally our Camps offer unusual charm, unexcelled fishing small mouth bass, Trout and Walleyed Pike in Galore, no better Bass waters in Ontario, splendid bathing beach, finest Tennis court, Cottage plan with main dining room. Good meals, an excellent bathing beach and a real "Outdoor Camp" for Outdoor Americans. Write for booklet.

FREDERICK J. SCHMELER & SONS, Box 51, Magnafawan, Ontario, Canada

MANTRAP CAMP DORSET, MINN.

In Mantrap Valley and Itasca Park Region. Located on Mantrap Lake at head of chain of sixteen lakes in Mantrap Valley. Muskallonge, large and small mouth bass fishing. Pike fishing nearby. Cottage plan with main dining room. Good meals, an excellent bathing beach and a real "Outdoor Camp" for Outdoor Americans. Write for booklet.

E. M. WILSIE, Prop.



RESORTS & CAMPS HOTELS—GUIDES—PROPERTY

Canadian Camp Sites

Furnished Cottage and Island with boats, \$1500. Cottage on point similarly equipped, \$1800. Blackstone Lake.
Two story Lodge of hewn pine logs, tip-top condition, 125 acres good timber. Half mile shore line on Crane Lake, \$3500 complete, or \$250 to \$500 for excellent building points. Crane Lake joins Blackstone, is 5 miles from Georgian Bay, 15 miles from Parry Sound, Ontario. Wonderful Muskellunge, Bass and Yellow Pike fishing! Deer, Partridge, and Ducks abundant. For detailed information write to E. H. FERREE, Lockport, N. Y.

Hunting and Fishing Ranges

In Michigan. Among her Thousands of Lakes and Streams or on the Big Lakes. Tell us what you want.

PORTER & WYMAN

MUSKEGON

MICHIGAN

Northern Ontario, Canada

The Unspoiled Country for the Real Fisherman and Hunter

Black Bass, Pickerel, Pike, 'Lunge, Salmon and Speckled Trout will furnish you thrills and your catch will only be limited by your skill. Moose, Deer, Bear, Ducks, Partridge and Rabbits in season. 24 hours from New York, Chicago or Pittsburgh. Canoeing, Bathing, Hiking and Motor Boating.

For folder or references, write

E. L. HUGHES, Mgr., CAMP CHAMPLAIN, TROUT MILLS, ONTARIO

Good Fishing for Black Bass

McGregor Lake District, Quebec

Parties arranged throughout the summer.

A. B. WEST

519 Sussex Street

OTTAWA, CANADA

WALTONIAN INN

Lake Nipissing

New buildings, new boats, new fishing grounds. The best to be found anywhere. Pickerel, bass, pike and trout in abundance.

Make reservations early. Only a limited number of rooms to let this season.

J. A. LECHLITNER, Prop.

Callander, Ont.

FISHERMAN'S PARADISE

Located on chain of six lakes. Black Bass, Pickerel, Mackinaw and Speckled Trout, Bathing, Tennis, Motor Boating. Finest Log Dining Room this side of Rockies. Perfect Sanitary Conditions. Lodge Cottages, Close-to-Nature Houses, Tents. Write for Booklet.

H. D. SMITH, Bellaire, Mich.

AWAY FROM GASOLINE

Spend your vacation in the Rocky Mountains. Finest of trout fishing and scenery. Ride a saddle horse every day.

Write for folder.

CAMP SAWTOOTH

F. I. JOHNSON, Prop., Red Lodge, Mont.

ESSEX LODGE, Clear Lake

A high-class modern resort, for the discriminating tourist, situated in an unsurpassed tract of virgin pine with birch. Wholesome atmosphere, spacious lounge and porches. Excellent cooking attractively served in a large, airy dining hall. Sleeping quarters in cottages of various sizes. Good fishing. Finest gradual white sand beach. Recreational advantages. Within easy access to many other lakes and streams. Three-quarters of a mile from highway. \$10. Sleeper from Chicago. C. M. & St. P. References booklet.

GRIFFITH & GRIFFITH, Tomahawk, Wisconsin

Read every ad in OUTDOOR AMERICA, then answer those that interest you.

In the Land of Lakes

Black Oak Lake Resort

on

Wisconsin and Michigan Chain of Lakes

Salmon Trout, Brook Trout, Bass, Muskie and Pike Fishing.

Private Cabins for Your Family.

G. J. ST. CLAIR, Land O'Lakes, Wis.

Formerly Stalene, Wis.

Make reservations now.

Special rates over C. N. W. R. R.

BUCKHORN LODGE

If you want something out of the ordinary, come to Buckhorn Lodge, a small, high class, restricted summer resort. The log cabins in connection with the main lodge are artistically furnished and have every convenience. The Lodge is situated on the banks of the Colorado River in the heart of the Rockies, 100 miles west of Denver, on the Victory Highway, and the Denver and Salt Lake R. R. Good trout fishing, saddle horses and sports. Camp-fire at night.

Altitude 7500 feet Write for booklet

E. M. MESSITER

BUCKHORN LODGE PARSHALL, COLO.

The North Woods of Wisconsin

Are Calling You



Bass, Muskies, Pike, Pickerel
Wonderful fishing, boating, bathing. Wawona Lodge on beautiful BIG ST. GERMAIN LAKE invites you to write for a folder describing this wonderful vacation land. Address

WAWONA LODGE

Route 8. Woodruff, Wis.

Two Trappers having a primitive comfortable camp on pleasant lake in isolated but accessible district, will guide anyone wishing to photograph or study wild life, or outfit a few desirable parties for canoe trips. Pickerel, wall-eyed pike and perch are large and plentiful. A few very large trout on one canoe trip. Moose seen daily.

Good, plain fare. Reasonable rates.

BOX 41

HORNEPAYNE, ONTARIO

For Sale

A Sportsmen's Property, consisting of one large 18 room frame house (new), two large log camps; caretaker's lodge, guide's camp, garage, stable, ice house, electric light plant. About two hundred acres land with large lake frontage, twelve miles private telephone line. Trout fishing, moose, deer, partridge, and woodcock shooting in season. Great opportunity for gentlemen's club and can be purchased at an attractive price. For full particulars and price address
Henry E. Matheson, Manager, W. G. Brokaw, Proprietor
Bonney River, New Brunswick, Can.

CAMP PIMBINA

Province of Quebec, Canada

Is situated in the midst of the best natural Trout Fishing in the Laurentians. The end of the road, yet accessible by rail and auto. Comfortable quarters, good food, boats, canoes, guides, etc. Write for Booklet

W. J. JACOMB, Proprietor, St. Donat de Montcalm P. Q., Canada

FISH IN NIPISSING CANADA'S WONDER LAKE



A country of unsurpassed scenic beauty and marvelous fishing, thirty-two miles, by auto and launch, from the nearest piece of rail, and as primitive as the day Champlain first paddled its waters

SMALL MOUTH BASS up to 5 lbs.; WALL-EYES up to 10 lbs.; and GIANT GREAT NORTHERN PIKE up to 30 lbs. "You Get 'Em Or You Get Your Money Back." Picture proofs from 1924's Prize Catch, and a world of close-to-home references gladly furnished.

FOR A LIMITED NUMBER OF REGULAR GUESTS, comfortable quarters with washroom, flush-toilet and bath conveniences; solid comfort beds, and a table second to none in the North Country, at \$8.50 per day, per guest, including guide and boat.

FOR THE CAMPER, ideal "shack" and "canvas" quarters, completely furnished and ready for occupancy in every detail, at \$2.00 per day, per guest. Rowboats \$1.00; canoes \$1.50 per day. FIFTEEN DAY CANOE TRIPS, through the headwaters and tributary lakes and streams, with guides, tents, canoes and complete equipment, at special rates.

NO RESERVATIONS FOR LESS THAN TWO WEEKS, AND DEPOSIT REQUIRED. WRITE NOW.



LUCKY CAMERON, Prop., via MONTEVILLE, ONTARIO

LAKE TIMAGAMI



Come and Get Him

Beautiful Timagami and countless smaller lakes and streams, in 4-million-acre Reserve virgin forest; high, healthful; free from hay fever and insects. Bring the family. Only night's ride from Toronto; sleeper, low fares.

Island Camp—Acoo-chi-ching, a real north woods camp. Excellent table, every comfort. Daily boat and mail service. "Finest fishing in America." Or stop at

Ronnoco Hotel—At railroad station. Clean, comfortable, courteous.

Outfitting Store—Complete camp outfits rented for trips. Limited number. Write for particulars.

TIMAGAMI FUR CO., G. N. Aulabaugh, Owner and Manager
Box 12 Timagami, Ont., Canada

COME TO EAGLE KNOB LODGE

On Beautiful LAKE OWEN

A camp run to meet the taste of discriminating out-of-door-folks. A strictly moral, high grade vacation paradise for the entire family. Best Bass and Great Northern Pike fishing in Wisconsin's forest country.

Send for booklet. Reservation required.

WALTER H. REED, Cable, Wis.

Member of Izaak Walton League of America

Through sleeper with special rates daily over C. & N. W. R. R. to Lake Owen station, May 15 to Sept. 30.

NAGAGAMI HUNTING LODGE

Situated on the Main Line of C. N. Ry., fifty miles west of the Town of Hearst, Ont., trout fishing and moose hunting. Good rooms and good table. Write for further information and terms. House situated on the little Nagagami River, close to Ry. station. In the heart of Northern Ontario.

SAM McCANN, Prop.

Hearst P. O. Ontario, Can.

For Lease: The shooting privileges on 3000 acres of cut over and farm lands. Quail and Doves in season. 12 miles from Sumter. Paved road for 3 miles through the tract.

E. W. DABBS, MAYESVILLE, S. C.



RESORTS & CAMPS HOTELS—GUIDES—PROPERTY

RED FEATHER CAMP



A SPOT in the heart of "The Land o' Lakes" in the Northwoods of Wisconsin where city folks may spend their summer vacations in rare comfort. One, two or three room cabins. Best of beds—our table will satisfy you.

Musky, bass and pike fishing—390 miles north of Chicago—10 miles from railroads. Join the Red Feather Tribe.

Write for booklet.

CHAS. B. NICHOLS

RED FEATHER CAMP, Rest Lake, Manitowish, Wis.

Florida Hunting and Fishing AT THEIR BEST

A completely equipped little lodge, on river and gulf, at the edge of the great Gulf Hammock. Black Bass and Sea Fishing. Wild Turkey, Deer, Duck and Quail Hunting. Wild Cat, Otter and Fox Trapping. For full information write EUGENE KNOTTS, Izaak Walton Lodge Yankeetown, Inglis, Fla.

ATTEAN CAMPS JACKMAN, MAINE

Offers healthful outdoor life in the Maine woods, and the best MAY and JUNE fishing in the MOOSE River Section. May (trotting,) trout, salmon and togue; June (FLY) fishing, trout and salmon. Fresh food supplies daily. Expert Guides at hand. Accommodations for Automobile parties. Write for Booklet.

RUEL F. HOLDEN, Jackman, Maine

FISHING, BOATING, SURF BATHING

Ideal Outdoor Life, Sportsman, Families. Weaks, Croakers, Kings, etc. 4/20 to 10/15. Channel Bass 5/20 to 10/15. A-1 Hotel. Best Va. Cooking. Booklets. A. H. G. MEARS, WACHAPREAGUE, EASTERN SHORE, VA.

K A - K E N A

Are you planning your vacation and fishing trip, and want game fish and plenty of them? If so, write HARRY SMITH

Garden Island Temagami, Ont.

Muskellonge-Bass

Small camp in the wilderness. Good roads. 12 musky lakes within an hour's car ride. Send for booklet.

H. A. SCOTFORD, Box C, GLIDDEN, WIS.

We Never Close The Only Resort in the Glorious Woods of Wisconsin You Can Visit Any Day of the Year In a radius of 4 miles we have 5 TROUT STREAMS and 4 Good Bass Lakes—NO better in Wisconsin. Enjoy LIFE IN THE OPEN! GET A GOOD REST, DINE ON WELL COOKED GRUB, SLEEP IN COMFORTABLE BEDS IN INDIVIDUAL LOG CABINS, ALL FOR \$3.00 A DAY. Write for reservations.

B. W. Everett's Waubee Lake Resort LAKEWOOD, WIS., OCONTO CO.

On County Trunk F. 4 miles off State Highway 32 or Chicago & N. W. Ry.

130-Acre Club Site

Big Muskegon River. Splendid Hunting and Fishing, ¼-Mile frontage. Some Buildings.

\$50 Per Acre Terms

Near Muskegon

PORTER & WYMAN,

Muskegon,

Michigan

FOR SALE SUMMER HOME SITES

Limited number 100 foot lake frontage lots on Crawling Stone and Long Lakes, Lac Du Flambeau Indian Reservation. The choicest spot in Wisconsin. North Woods. Best bathing, fishing and hunting—40 minutes from Golf Club. Restricted. For further information and literature

Address:

VERNON R. MacDONALD

111 North Market Street

Chicago

Winfrey's Island, Fraser's Point, Prov. Que.

Beautiful Island on Lake St. Francis (expansion of Upper St. Lawrence River). Bungalows with central dining-room. Excellent fishing and hunting. Danc-ing, boating, bathing. No flies or mosquitoes. Ex-celent motor roads via Malone, N. Y., or Montreal. Belgian cooking. Moderate rates. Open June 15th. For Particulars and Descriptive Circular Write

DR. WINFREY

825 Bienville Street

MONTREAL, P. Q.

COME TO IDAHO

for that big game hunt. We have opened up a new hunting country where there are elk, deer, goats, black and brown and grizzly bears and cougars. Our outfit is the best in the West and our dogs are first class.

STONEBRAKER BROS., OROFINO, IDAHO

Cruise on the Upper Mississippi

See the most beautiful river in the world on the yacht ARBUTUS, the Winneshiek Bottoms and the fish and game refuge. Accommodations for a party of five or six. An ideal vacation. Write to

F. G. BELL, McGregor, Iowa

"Rough it" in Canada!

At The Lodge, Baldwin's Mills, Quebec

A small camp in the woods at the end of the trail. Fishing, Hunting, Boating, Bathing, Good Food, Rest, Comfort.

Number of guests limited to ten. For details address

M. S. MITCHELL

17 Battery Place (Room 1928) New York City, N. Y.

Fly and Bait Fishing

Wonderful fly and bait fishing

25,000 acres of water and fish, boating, bathing. Illinois River.

Write W. T. Boyd, Sheldon's Grove, Ill.

An Ideal North Woods Home

Beautiful virgin forest Island of over seventy acres in Lake Vermilion. Heart of Minnesota's Big Game region. Moose, Deer, Duck, Partridge and other small game. Fishing unexcelled. A beauty spot where Hay Fever never comes. Mail steamers touch Island daily. Will sell all or part interest at special bargain if taken soon. Write or wire. Z. H. AUSTIN Minneapolis, Minn.

CARRY POND CAMPS Carry Pond, Maine

One of the most reliable places for trout in the State of Maine.

Separate Log Cabins for each party, and meals in Main Dining Room.

AN IDEAL PLACE FOR A REAL VACATION

NORTHERN WISCONSIN

Furnished cottages for rent on Long Lake. Muskie, Bass and Pike fishing. Write for Information.

WHITMAN'S LODGE. PHELPS, WISC.

Advertise in our Resort Section
It Pays

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

Advertisements from reputable people will be inserted in this department for 15c a word per insertion, cash with order, or 10c a word per insertion for three consecutive insertions, cash with order. Abbreviations, initials and letters will be counted as words. Name and address must be given as advertisements will not be inserted in this department with only a box number. Investment advertisements will not be accepted. Cuts and black face type not accepted. No ad will be run for less than \$1. All copy, accompanied by check, money order or cash, must be received by us not later than the first of the month preceding date of issue to be used.

Address: Classified
Advertising Department

THE IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA

536 LAKE SHORE DRIVE
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

For additional classified advertisements, see pages 94 and 95.

Automobile Supplies

CLOSE Tite your open car for comfort. Long-
lin-Brugger Company, Mfrs., Fond du Lac, Wis.
(3-9)

Boats and Engines

A RARE opportunity for a limited time only.
We want Twenty Million Small Boat Users to
write Globe Anchor Rope Wringer on a postal.
Give your name and address. Globe Pattern &
Mfg. Works, Jackson, Mich.

BOATS that always go are propelled by Ford
engines. Ford engine booklet free to water
sports. Harry Rider, 201D East Avenue, South
Norwalk, Conn. (3-7)

OCEAN going house ship, electric lighting
plant, electric refrigeration, 6 cabins. Bargain
quick sale. The Sales Corporation, Alexandria,
Va. (2-7)

FREE transportation and life preserver with
every outboard motor bought this month. Wal-
tonian Grossmann, 1630 Pine, Saint Louis, U.
S. A. (3-9)

BOAT Building Plans for amateurs. Rowing,
sailing, speed, cruising. Free catalog. The
Rudder, 15 Murray Street, New York. (3-9)

NEW nine-cylinder Gnome gas engines.
Equipped two magnetos, aluminum pistons,
\$45. Sales Corporation, Alexandria, Va. (2-7)

ROWBOATS—Easily made. Literature free.
Weesho-Uco, 31st Branch, Detroit, Mich. (3-7)

Books and Publications

PROFITABLE books. Mink Farming, \$1.00.
Raccoon Raising, \$1.50. Muskrat Farming,
\$2.25. Fur Farms Publishing Co., Dept. A,
Utica, New York. (3-8)

ARE you familiar with the United National
Field Trials? If not, write for free literature.
Bloodline Journal, Kalamazoo, Mich. (3-9)

"OUTDOOR REVERIES." Illustrated, cover in
colors. Outers Hymnal, \$1.50. Postpaid. E.
P. Jaques, Aitkin, Minn. (3-9)

Business Opportunities

FOR SALE: The only exclusive sporting goods
store in a city desirably located. Short distance
from Chicago. Address Box 700, Outdoor
America.

Camping Equipment

SLEEP in your Ford Sedan. Beds, Tudor,
\$9.00. Two-door, \$7.00. Postpaid. Particu-
lars. Milligan & Chrey, Bremerton, Wash.

TENTS and real camp equipment direct from
factory. Write for free booklet. E. W. Klos
Mfg. Co., Muskogee, Okla. (3-8)

Camps and Cottages

BEAUTIFUL Lake Michigamme, and the be-
witching Peshekeme River. Furnished tents
rented, or bring your own and lease a site. Use
of rowboats included. Camp Rivers-End, Cham-
pion, Marquette Co., Mich. (3-7)

SPIDER Lake, Sawyer County, Wisconsin.
Muskie and Bass—Log Cabins on beautiful lots.
Very easy terms. W. W. Cook, 1713 Monroe
St., Madison, Wis. (3-7)

Coins and Curios

INDIAN Curios. Stone Age Specimens. An-
tique Guns, Pistols and Daggers from all parts
of the world. Illustrated list, 10c. N. E.
Carter, Elkhorn, Wis. (6-9)

RARE Antiques—Guns, pistols, ancient Indian
stone implements, miscellaneous relics. Send for
lists. G. R. Moore "The Relic Man," 615 N.
Pearl St., Janesville, Wis. (3-7)

Construction and Engineering

LOG CONSTRUCTION: We specialize in log
construction. Everything out of the ordinary
in log bungalows and lodges write for
further info. Tuttle, Cody, Wyo.

more results our who patronize our Magazine.

Dogs

Airedales

OORANG Airedale Terriers are a special strain
of pedigreed dogs highly developed for the all-
round purposes of house-guards, automobile
companions, children's playmates, women's pro-
tectors and men's pals; hunters and retrievers
of all wild game; also stock drivers of cattle
and sheep. Exclusively bred and sold by the
world's largest dog kennels whose complete illus-
trated catalog will be mailed to your address
for ten cents postage. Oorang Kennels, Box 9,
La Rue, Ohio. (6-9)

THOROUGHbred Airedale puppies and brood
matrons. All ages. Real guards. Satisfaction
guaranteed and all papers for registration in
A. K. C. Floral Hill Kennels, Manawa, Wis.
(3-8)

FOR SALE: Airedale puppies, half grown.
Part trained. Fully pedigreed. Wm. Jordan,
Hermann, Mo., R. F. D. 1, Box 68. (3-7)

AURORA Airedale Kennels—Swivelle blood
direct, hunters, fighters, guards and companions;
write for what you want. Aurora, Mo. (3-9)

Chesapeakes and Spaniels

IRISH Water Spaniels—Keen nose, leg length
and weight, make this breed the superior of any
spaniel now on the market. Fast, powerful swim-
mers, rapid ground workers. Not a new dis-
covery. "Old Patsey" made good here years
ago. Retrieve duck, grouse, chicken, pheasant.
Wonderful intelligence, easy trained, easy han-
dled. Largest, finest kennel in America. Gen-
uine curly-coated rat-tail strain. Eight prize
winners imported in three years (a record).
Puppies from experienced workers, also young-
sters and trained dogs on hand always. Little
long in distance, mighty long on quality. Percy
K. Swan, Chico, Calif. (2-7)

AT STUD. Winnebago Horsford Whirl, Beau-
tiful Black and White son of Champion Winne-
bago Whirlwind and Champion Horsford Highness.
Grandson of Champion Laverstoke Powder Horn
and Dual Champion Horsford Hetman. Sire of
Litter of Nine from which Bob Becker, Editor
"Woods and Waters" Chicago Tribune made his
selection. Beat these bloodlines! Fee \$50.00.
Write Skibo Springer Kennels, Goshen, Ind.

CHESAPEAKES and springer puppies and
young stock for sale. Chesapeake female due in
season soon. Best of breeding. Prices reason-
able. Pedigree furnished. Champion Carney's
Water King at Stud. Cash fee, \$25.00. Harry
J. Carney, New Hampton, Iowa. (3-9)

FOR SALE: Chesapeake Bay Spaniels; 6
weeks old; thoroughbreds; make finest kind of
duck retrievers. Private party will sell cheap.
Alex Friend, 29 S. LaSalle St., Chicago, Ill.

FOR Sale: Three litters of Springer puppies.
Cornwallis' Spey (Imp.) at Stud. Four grown
Chesapeake pups. Goodspeed's Kennels, Waverly,
Iowa. (3-8)

LABRADOR RETRIEVERS—Incomparable re-
trievers of all game. Tireless workers. Won-
derful disposition. Attractive. Bertsch Labrador
Kennels, Glasgow, Mont. (3-7)

SPRINGER Spaniel at stud—"Flush of Avan-
dale," beautiful liver and white son of Champion
Laverstoke Powder Horn. Write for terms.
Donald Stiver, Goshen, Ind.

SPRINGER Spaniel Puppies—Liver and white,
best of breeding. Satisfaction guaranteed. For
complete information write Northwestern Kennels,
Nora Springs, Iowa.

CHESAPEAKE Puppies, Young Dogs—working.
Dogs at stud. Lakeside Chesapeake Kennels,
Clear Lake, Iowa. (3-7)

IRISH Water Spaniel and Pups, hunters and
retrievers. John Resheske, Redgranite, Wis.
(3-9)

IRISH water spaniels. Cheap if taken imme-
diately. Pedigreed. M. Oliphant, Big Timber,
Mont. (3-7)

FOR SALE—High class Chesapeake puppies.
Dr. Pink, Oconomowoc, Wis.

Dogs

Collies

COLLIES—The dogs with human brains. Prize
winning imported and American-breds at stud
and for sale. Brood matrons by champions.
All stock must satisfy or money refunded. Es-
tablished fifteen years. Egyptian Farm, Marion,
Ill. (6-10)

FOR SALE—White Collie pups. Registerabl-
A. K. C. Satisfaction guaranteed. Henry Mor-
rison, Shelbyville, Ind. (3-7)

COLLIES for Sale. Training Book 35c.
Sunnybrae Farms, Bloomington, Ill. (3-7)

Hounds

ENGLISH Beagles. Registered and eligible
registration American Kennel Club. Sires and
dams are field trial and bench show winners.
Old and young stock for sale. Two real ones at
stud. Please state your wants in first letter.
Money back guarantee. References. F. G. Klett,
La Valle, Wis. (3-7)

OLD-TIME, Long-Eared, Black-and-Tan Fox-
hound Puppies from preeminent Pioneer Pack,
lone-trailing, cold-trailers—supreme in hound
character, endurance and staying qualities. One
dime for illustrated, descriptive booklet and story
of Babe. Address: Merritt Bros., Nichols, N.
Y., R. No. 2.

OAKGROVE Kennels, Ina, Illinois. Offers high
class coon, skunk and opossum hounds; fox,
wolf and coyote hounds; rabbit hounds; choice
puppies; youngsters nicely started on game, at
\$15 each. High class Pointers and Setters. 60
days' trial. Descriptive price list, 10 cents. (4x)

COON Hounds for sale, have some hounds that
have hunted in Ozark Mountains, and White
river bottoms of Arkansas. Price \$60.00.
Combination hunters \$40.00. Rabbit hounds
\$15.00. Ray Moody, Paris, Tenn.

ONE female blue ticked coon bound three
years old, \$35.00. 7 female pups from this
bitch whelped April 30th, \$5.00 each. Satis-
faction guaranteed. S. T. Geeslin, Neillsville,
Wis.

CLOSING out seven litters of beautiful pedi-
greed Russian Wolf-hound Puppies, fifty dollar
value for \$25.00 each. Idlehour Kennel Co.,
Guymon, Okla. (3-9)

BLACK, tan, blue ticked, red bone coon-
hounds, \$50.00. Best rabbit hounds in the
south, \$20.00. All dogs sold on ten days'
trial. H. B. Bates, Mena, Ark.

FOR SALE: One pair female coonhound pups,
three months old. Best money will buy. \$7.50.
Partly trained and guaranteed tree dogs. C. L.
Currier, Ozark, Ark.

FOR SALE: Coon, opossum, skunk and squir-
rel dogs; fox, and rabbit hounds. Trial allowed.
Special summer price list free. Mt. Yonah Farm
Kennels, Cleveland, Ga. (3-9)

OLD fashion coonhounds and combination
hunters for coon, opossum, squirrel and cat.
Rabbit hounds. All dogs sent on trial. Littles
Grocery, Greenwood, Miss. (4-x)

SPORTSMEN—We send our coon, opossum or
rabbit hounds anywhere on trial. Purchaser to
be own judge. List, 10c. McLister Bros.,
Brighton, Tenn. (3-8)

BEAGLE puppies, from good hunting and field
trial, blood lines; eligible to registration, \$15
each. Alfred Greuel, Eflingham, Ill. (3-7)

RUSSIAN Wolfhound Puppies, from strong
Perchina blood lines, large, silky haired. Orders
booked. Brown Farm Kennels, Tenney, Minn.

SELLING at half price. Fox, Coon and skunk
hound pups. Also well-started hounds. S. Ze-
linske, Redgranite, Wis.

TRAINED Stag Hounds for sale, all guaran-
teed; also pups from a 32-inch sire. W. A.
Carlisle, Cherokee, Okla. (3-7)

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

For additional classified advertisements, see page 93.

Dogs

Hounds—Continued

WRITE Porter Bros., Higginsville, Mo., for any breed of hounds. Farmers Bank for reference. (3-8)

FOXHOUSES. Coonhounds. Cheap. Trial. C.O.D. Photos. Catalogue. Trailhound, Herrick, Ill.

FOR quality, buy your coonhounds from Jas. H. Grisham, Wheeler, Miss. (9-12)

Miscellaneous Dogs

CHOWS—Excellent quality, exceptional type, gentle dispositions, dark red or black puppies. Also some grown stock. Glenn Cove Kennels, Northbrook, Ill. (3-7)

AIREDALES, Beagles, Hounds, Setters, Pointers. W. M. King, Cynthia, Ky., R. D. No. 5. (2X)

FOX Terriers, collies, bulldogs. Pretty puppies, \$10.00 each. Chas. Smiley, Judson, Ind. (12-2*)

SELLING healthy intelligent registered Mammoth Great Dane Dogs. N. Smith, Box 23, New Richmond, Indiana. (3-8)

FOX terriers. Spitz. \$8.00 to \$15.00. C. L. Buckingham, Ridgeway, Wis.

Pointers and Setters

GOOD looking registered 100% Llewellyn bitch 3 years, extra good every way, \$75. Registered English setter dog, broken beauty, \$50. Registered Brace pointers, dog and bitch, do it all, \$75 each. C. C. Howard, Hurlburt, Ark.

POINTER pups out of Champion Broom Hill Dan bitch, sired by son Carolina Frank. Evenly marked, white, dark, rich liver beauties. Square muzzles. Straight tails. Two months old. Twenty each. All papers. E. E. Jones, Pelahatchie, Miss.

FOR SALE: Four dark red Irish Setter females. Eight months old. Farm raised and healthy. From hunting stock. Eligible to registration. \$35.00 each for quick sale. W. N. Crawford, Berlin, Wis.

NINE beautiful marked setter puppies whelped May 18 by Wisconsin kid son of Champion John E. dame Lady Murray daughter of McAdoo Don. Priced right. W. Whittingham, Arpin, Wis. (3-9)

THOROUGHBRED Llewellyn, Irish, English, Gordon setters. Pointers, Irish Spaniels, Chesapeake Retrievers, pups, trained dogs; describe kind wanted. Inclose 6 cents descriptive lists. Thoroughbred Kennels, Atlantic, Iowa. (1X)

FOR SALE: 5 beautiful Irish Setter pups, whelped March 26th. Price, males, \$25.00. Females, \$15.00. Papers furnished. K. R. Lindsay, Manawa, Wis., R. D. 1.

IRISH Setter puppies, Sire King Morello Oge, Dam by Sir Patrick Redfield, Peggy Watt. For further information write Art Hellberg, McGregor, Iowa.

POINTER and Irish Setter Pups, bred in the west and to find the game. Best of blood lines. Either breed or sex \$25.00, with all papers. Dr. J. B. Landreth, Tilden, Nebraska.

WIREHAired Pointing Griffon puppies, Champion bred. Shooting strain. Centerfire Kennels, 222nd St. and Boston Post Road, New York City. (3-7)

Registered bred setter and pointer bitch, best blood \$75 each. Papers on pups. C. C. Howard, Hurlburt, Ark.

REGISTERED Llewellyn females, one year old, ready for training. W. Whittingham, Arpin, Wis.

Dogs

Pointers and Setters—Continued

DESIRABLE registered Pointers and Setters. Pups, eight months. \$25.00. Golden Rule Kennels, Palmyra, Ill. (12-12)

REGISTERED English Irish Gordon Setters, Pointers, and retrievers. All ages. List free. Golden West Kennels, Dundee, Minn. (3-7)

POINTER Bird Dog, trained. Price \$75.00. Fairacres, Hammond, Neb.

REGISTERED Pointers and puppies. Write C. G. Robison, Lincoln, Ill. (10-11)

Police Dogs

POLICE Dog puppies (Strongheart, Strain). The dam is a niece of "Strongheart" and the sire a son of "Champion Brushwood Boy." Silver greys and dark wolf. \$25.00 and \$35.00. Karl's Kennels, New Ulm, Minn.

GERMAN Police Pups. Kriminalpolizie bloodline. Strong and healthy. Farm raised. Dark and light. Prices reasonable. Ki-chi-saga Kennels, Chisago City, Minn.

FOR Sale: Police pups and grown dogs. Bitches open and bred. Pedigreed. From imported prize winners. \$30.00 up. Write Karnak Kennels, Cooperstown, N. D. (3-8)

FOR SALE: Doberman-Pinscher puppies. No better blood. Papers for A. K. C. registration with puppies. Dr. A. G. Lueschen, Columbus, Neb.

POLICE dog pups for sale. \$30.00 and up. Best bloodlines. Eligible. Safe delivery guaranteed. Shipped on approval. Arthur Anson, Mose, N. D.

POLICE Pups and matrons. Champion Bred. Very reasonable. Wilson Caruth, Williams, Ia.

Terriers

IRISH Terriers: Protection for Home, Auto, Family, playfellow for kids; gamest dog on earth. Dare Devils are only one-man dog. Pups for sale, not cheap, but the best imported and American Breeding. Red Top Kennels, O. L. Teague, Texas. (3-9)

SMOOTH foxterriers make best companion. Small, healthy, full of pep. Pups by Imported Model Cavalier. Wells Kennels, Farina, Ill.

REGISTERED Pit Bull Terrier Puppies. W. D. Alexander, Hydro, Okla. (3-7)

SCOTTISH Terrier pups and Stud dog. Harry Woods, Dublin, Ind.

Dog Remedies and Supplies

FOR Worms in Dogs—Use Carbon Tetrachloride chemically pure; found 100% effective in Government test, and safest to use. Cures and prevents "Running-Fits." In capsules for dogs and puppies; 18 doses, \$1.00. Harrison Chemical Co., Dept. 15, Quincy, Ill. (11-X)

WEBER'S Famous Distemper Remedy and Preventive will save your dog. One trial will convince you of its merit; \$1 per package, postpaid. J. R. Weber, Harrisburg, Pa. (3-8)

Firearms

Sauer Guns and Rifles

YOUR safety lies in dealing direct with J. P. Sauer & Sons, only authorized agent in America. We carry only new latest Sauer models. We handle no discarded models nor second hand or rebuilt goods. The factory guaranteed as well as our own is back of every transaction. Pre-War Quality at Pre-War prices. Address. (6-8)
The Milford Co., Milford, Delaware

Firearms—Continued

GUN BARGAINS—Sale or Exchange. Special cash prices on new guns. No lists; write your wants. Satisfaction guaranteed; send stamp, please. Geo. A. Goeke, 15 East Main St., Waukon, Iowa. (3-7)

LOADING Tools, Moulds, Scales, Measurers for Metallic Cartridges and .410 Shot Shells; also M. J. Bullets, Primers and Cases. Handbook and catalog 10 cents. Modern-Bond Corp., 805 West Fifth St., Wilmington, Delaware. (12X)

OLD Colts, cap and ball revolvers, Civil War models, \$8. C. Anscombe, 2308 Glenarm St., Denver, Colo.

SELL: 125 guns, firearms list 10c. N. P. Frayseth, Milan, Minn.

Fish and Game Attractions

Wild Celery, Wild Duck Millet, Sago Pond Plant, Duck's Meat, Coontail, etc., will attract fish and ducks to waters near you. Plant now. Planting advice and new illustrated folder free. Terrell's Aquatic Farm, 22 L. Blk., Oshkosh, Wis.

MINNESOTA Hardy Wild Rice Seed. Write for special price on orders for September delivery. MacGregor-Dennerly Company, Aitkin, Minn. (3-9)

Fishing Tackle and Bait

DRY FLIES: Fore and Aft hackle flies are effective for bass and trout. At your request I will send you on approval an introductory set on barbed or Jamison's barbless hooks. State size. R. S. Timmons, R. 1, Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio. (3-7)

SOUP clams, best catfish bait, 2 lbs. \$1. Doughbait guaranteed to catch carp, 2 lbs., \$1. Preserved minnows, 2 lbs., \$1. Anglerworms, 1/2 pint, \$1. Postpaid. J. Curtis Grigg, Hopkinton, Iowa. (3-8)

FOR SALE: 80 yard Meisselbach Tripart Reels, \$4 postpaid. C. O. D. \$4.15. H. B. Nissly, Sioux Falls, S. Dak. (4-8)

Food Products

PURE Maple Sugar in cakes. Three pound box, \$2, postpaid. E. R. Blackman, Neillsville, Wis. (3-7)

For Sale or Exchange

GUNS, Pistols, Field Glasses, Musical Instruments, Typewriters, Cameras, Watches and everything bought, sold and exchanged. Trade what you have for what you want. Write us. Everton & Sons Hardware Co., Logan, Utah. (3-9)

FOR EXCHANGE: German Police Dog or Puppy (double cross with Nore-Von-Der-Kriminalpolizie) for Great Dane. K. F. Hogrefe, Battle Creek, Neb.

FOR SALE: Grandfather clocks. One with moon face. Four Poster beds. Spinning wheels. Hand blown glassware. Tin lanterns, candle moulds. Oscar Jordan, Coal Run, Ohio.

GUNS, largest stock, lowest prices. Sell and exchange. Write for list. F. C. Carver, The Gun Man, 302 Main St., Stroudsburg, Pa. (3-9)

AIREDALES, Spaniels, and cross breeds for guns, tent or offers. Ben Jackson, Carlos, Minn. (3-9)

GOT something to swap? Write me, enclosing reply postage. Vitalis Malloy, Dept. 92, Johnsbury, Pa. (3-9)

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

For additional classified advertisements, see page 93.

For Smokers

HOMESPUN Tobacco, 5-lb. chewing \$1.80; 5 smoking, \$1.00; prepaid. Jim Foy, Duke-dom, Tenn. (3-9)

Game Birds and Animals

WINDSWEEP Silver Foxes—Prices based on points scored by Brackett's Bureau, now owned by the American Fox Institute. All Advance Registered. \$600.00 the pair up for pups and young adults. Prices of single males and females, proved breeders and foxes with 85% percentage of fur based on record and quality. Immediate or Fall delivery from American ranches only. 250 pairs choice breeders. Write us your requirements. The Silver Fox Sales Company, Dept. G, Unionville, Ashtabula Co., Ohio. (3-9)

FOR SALE: Baby bears, coon, foxes, wolves, tame ape, tame coyote, ferrets, coons, skunks, minks, martens, fishers, grouse, pheasants, squirrels, weasels, monkeys, parrots, leopard, agouti, llamas, jackals. Austin Game Farm, West Suffield, Conn.

CHINESE Ring-Neck and Fancy Pheasants, Wild Turkeys, Grouse, Quail, Water-Fowl and Deer. Eggs for Spring delivery. Stamp for Price List. Jaser's Pheasantry, Walhalla, Mich. (4-10)

RAISE Silver Black Foxes. Get into a profitable business raising Silver Black Fox Skins. Write for prices on Spring pups. Enclose stamp for particulars on Fox Farming. Valley Silver Fox Farm, St. Stephen, N. B. (3-7)

I CATCH from 45 to 60 foxes in from 4 to 5 weeks' time. Can teach any reader of this magazine how to get them. Write for particulars. W. A. Hadley, Stanstead, Quebec. (6-10)

FOR Sale—Blue Foxes. Send ten cents coin, prices, photos, literature. Grove's Blue Fox Ranch, Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan. Dept. B. (7-8)

FOR SALE: Yearling Moose, Yearling Brown Bear cub, badger, coyote and wolf pups, lynx, kittens, etc. C. Forge, Portage La Prairie, Manitoba, Canada. (3-9)

MUSKRATS for Breeders—We are now booking orders for fall delivery. Selected northern Michigan stock. Write for prices. Saugatuck Fur Farms Co., Saugatuck, Mich. (3-9)

SPORTSMEN Attention: If you wish for better Decoys, better Duck and Goose calls, send for our catalog of new goods. C. W. Grubbs, 230 River Front St., Pascagoula, Miss. (3-9)

SALE: Northern Wild Red, Grey Foxes, Coyotes, Raccoons, Skunks, Canadian Geese, Brants, Mallards, English call Decoys. Clinton Game Farm, Ina, Ill.

PHEASANTS—Amherst and Golden. Wood Ducks, Japanese Silkie Bantams. Choice breeding stock. S. M. Snyder, Metamora, Ill. (3-8)

FOR Sale—Wild Mallard ducks, \$5.00 pair. Eggs in season, \$10.00 per hundred. L. F. Sutton, Akron, New York. (4-7)

RAISE pedigreed rabbits, Flemish, New Zealand, Belgian. Malkranz Rabbitry, New Bethlehem, Pa.

WILD Cottontails for Sale. Place your orders now for winter delivery. Live delivery guaranteed. J. E. Isenhardt, Caldwell, Kansas.

FOR SALE Cheap cross silver and red fox pups. H. King, Baudette, Minn.

FOR SALE: Northern black skunk, scentless. T. Knipfer, Northome, Minn.

Help Wanted

MEN wanting forest ranger, railway mail clerk and other government positions, write for free particulars of exams. Mokane, Dept. B-37, Denver, Colo. (6-12)

Indian Goods

GENUINE Indian Relics. Bow and arrows, \$1.50. Beaded watch fobs, \$1.00. Moccasins, \$4.50 pair. Dozen selected arrowheads, \$1.50. War clubs, belts, necklaces, \$3.75 each. Indian beaded rabbits' feet, good luck charms, \$1.00. Beaded hatbands and headbands, \$2.75 each. Everything in ancient and modern Indian handicraft. Chief Flying Cloud, Dept. O, Harbor Springs, Michigan. (3X)

GENUINE Iroquois Indian Handiwork. Seneca Indian Traders, Collins, N. Y. (3-8)

INDIAN made Baskets, Blankets, Beads. Catalog. Gilham, Kelseyville, Calif. (12-12)

Lost, Strayed or Stolen

LOST, Strayed or Stolen, a very handsome springer spaniel; solid liver color; weight about 55 lbs.; age 2 1/2 yrs. Will jump over cane or stick if held for him. Fine pedigree. If this dog has been stolen and shipped to some other city, will be pleased to negotiate for his return. Jas. L. Mitchell, Merchants National Bank, St. Paul, Minn.

Miscellaneous

HAVE you the physical vigor and vitality that you would like to have? If not, write at once for interesting health secrets sent free. Eugene S. Eaton, 44 Gibson Bldg., Bandon, Ore. (3-8)

HIGH blood pressure inexpensively overcome, without drugs. Send address. Dr. L. Stokes, Mohawk, Florida. (3-8)

PLEASANT, profitable vacations. Twelve descriptive medicinal plants, \$1.00. C. H. Collins, Viola, Iowa. (3-8)

PLEASANT Root inexpensively overcomes tobacco habit. Send address. Paul Stokes, Mohawk, Fla.

FOR SALE: Buffalo Heads, \$125 each. Tom Smith, Fredonia, Ariz. (3-7)

Photography

KODAK Finishing for the Amateur Photographer. Films developed 3c. Prints, 2c each. Any size. Your price, double this amount. Quick and guaranteed service. Johnson Studio, Brownsville, Tenn. (3-8)

KODAK finishing on Velox samples and prices on request. Bairstow Studio, Warren, Pa. (5-10)

Printing and Typewriting

WES-LET Stationery. One Piece, Self Enclosing, Complete for Mailing. Your name and address, 100 for \$1.00 postpaid. Blue, white, buff or assorted. You will be pleased. Wes-Let, Ballston Spa, New York.

\$3 DELIVERED, 500 Watermarked Bond Letterheads, 8 1/2 x 11, and 250 envelopes, money with order. Job Printing Specialty. National Printing Company, Goshen, Ind. (7X)

\$2.00 for 125 Letter Heads 8 1/2 x 11 and 125 Envelopes. Bond paper. Delivered for cash. Pershong & Co., South Bend, Ind. (3-9)

250 LETTERHEADS, 250 white envelopes printed and mailed, \$3.00. Samples printing free. Sunco, Mohawk, New York. (3-8)

WE print stationery, booklets, catalogs, circulars. Samples. Fancier's Press, Batavia, Ohio. (3-7)

Real Estate

ADIRONDACKS—88 acres, 9-room house furnished. Ideal for summer home or fox farm, \$4,200. Also a few good camp sites on and near beautiful lake. Good hunting and fishing section. Wm. N. Hesse, Woodgate, N. Y.

Real Estate—Cont'd

NORTHERN Wisconsin Lakeshore lands, Lake Owen, Namakagon, Diamond and other good lakes. Wilderness timbered country off main auto trail if desired. Write for folder. Arthur Goff, Cable, Wis. (3-9)

NORTH Woods calling you: Write us for descriptions and prices of camp sites, lots and all other kinds of lake shore property in the great North Woods. Ames & Ames, Owners, Minocqua, Wis. (3-8)

\$5 DOWN, \$5 monthly; five acres fruit, poultry, fur farm; river front, Ozarks, \$100, hunting, fishing, trapping. Harold Hubbard, 1973 North Fifth, Kansas City, Kans. (6-12)

FOR SALE: 40 acres or more of land containing small lake, excellent for resort, on M-14 near Houghton Lake. John R. Bowman, Houghton Lake, Mich. (3-9)

LAKE frontage, improved and unimproved, virgin timber, pike, muskie, bass, trout-fishing. Good hunting. Write Hackley-Phelps-Bonnell Co., Phelps, Vilas County, Wis., for particulars.

LAKE frontage in the dense Wisconsin forest. Virgin timber, pure water, good fishing and bathing. Find rest, recreation and health. Morse & Tradewell, Antigo, Wisconsin. (2-7)

FOR SALE: 40 acres, tillable, unimproved land, 15 miles south of Houghton Lake, Michigan, near good lakes and streams, good road. Cheap for cash. Box 447, West Unity, Ohio.

SELL your property quickly for cash, no matter where located. Particulars free. Real Estate Salesman Co., 530 Brownell, Lincoln, Neb. (3-9)

5-ACRES fruit Ginseng land. Ozarks, Hunting, Fishing, \$76.00. \$1.00 down, \$5.00 monthly. Vol Brashears, Combs, Ark.

LAKE properties, stream properties suitable for trout ponds and hunting sites. Write. Box 154, Pembine, Wis. (3-7)

Stamp Collecting

TRY Cole's approvals. They Satisfy. Cole, 3019A Wallace St., Chicago. (3-7)

Taxidermy

BLACK bear skin, tanned, fine for rug, \$35. C. O. D. approval, money back guarantee. Other skins. Write today. Albert Gerlach, New Orleans, La.

MOUNTED Trout: Choice Rainbows. Eastern Brook, Cuthroat, \$10.00 up. Your Trophies mounted artistically. Theodore Languth (Fish Specialist), Boise, Idaho. (3-9)

Wanted

WANTED: Cage birds, water fowl, game birds, ravens, crows, magpies, tame foxes, raccoons, badgers, squirrels, rabbits, guinea pigs, prairie dogs, fancy poultry, bantams. A good home for pets. Emerson School Park, Gary, Ind. (12-6)

WANTED—Red or grey foxes, young or old. State price in first letter. Dr. D. B. Patton, Tuscaloosa, Ala. (3-8)

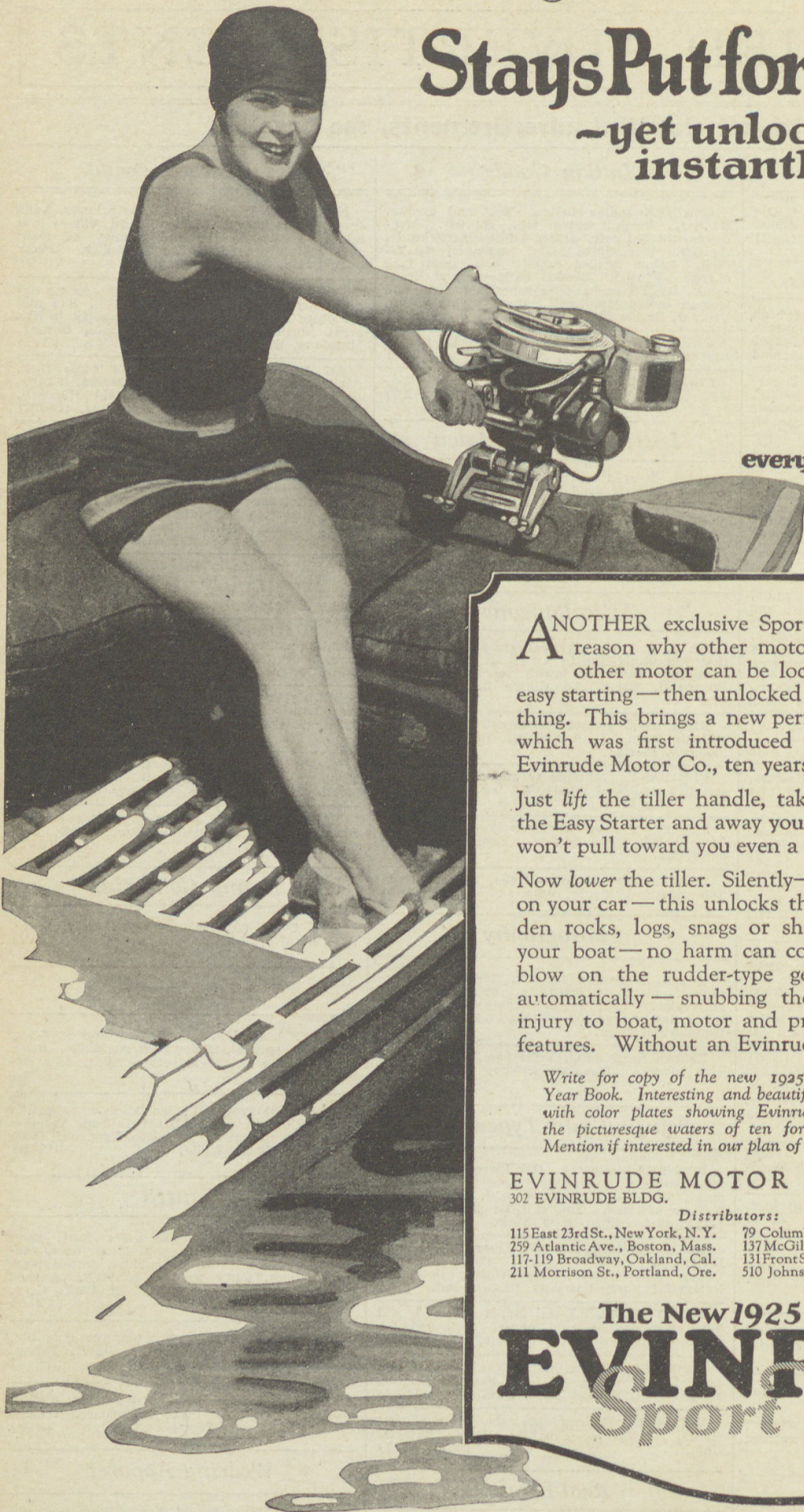
WANTED, Wooden Decoys, Mallards & Pintail, also Geese Profiles. State Particulars. Charles Elmfield, Box 65, Forest Park, Ill. (3-9)

Wearing Apparel

HARRIS and Shetland Homespun Tweeds direct from Scotland; the "real thing" for distinctive Sports Suits; hand-woven and wonderfully good-looking. Booklet and latest exclusive patterns free. T. B. Macaulay, Harris Tweed Warehouse, 140, Stornoway, Scotland. (6-9)



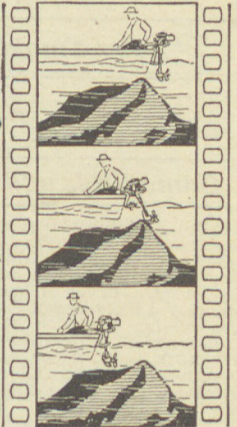
Stays Put for Starting ~yet unlocks instantly



tilts

over

everything



ANOTHER exclusive Sport Twin feature — another reason why other motors are not Evinrudes. No other motor can be locked in rigid position for easy starting — then unlocked instantly to tilt over anything. This brings a new perfection to the tilt-up idea which was first introduced and popularized by the Evinrude Motor Co., ten years ago.

Just lift the tiller handle, take a straight-line pull on the Easy Starter and away you go! No wobbling — motor won't pull toward you even a fraction of an inch.

Now lower the tiller. Silently — easier than the gear shift on your car — this unlocks the motor. Run over hidden rocks, logs, snags or shallows, beach or ground your boat — no harm can come of it. At the slightest blow on the rudder-type gear housing, motor tilts automatically — snubbing the shock and preventing injury to boat, motor and propeller. You want these features. Without an Evinrude you do without them.

Write for copy of the new 1925 EVINRUDE Year Book. Interesting and beautifully illustrated, with color plates showing Evinrudes in use in the picturesque waters of ten foreign countries. Mention if interested in our plan of easy payments.

EVINRUDE MOTOR COMPANY
302 EVINRUDE BLDG. MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Distributors:

115 East 23rd St., New York, N. Y.
259 Atlantic Ave., Boston, Mass.
117-119 Broadway, Oakland, Cal.
211 Morrison St., Portland, Ore.

79 Columbia St., Seattle, Wash.
137 McGill St., Montreal, Quebec
131 Front St., West, Toronto, Ont.
510 Johnson St., Victoria, B. C.



The New 1925 Champion
EVINRUDE
Sport Twin

“Here Comes Some Troops!”



THERE was the sound of a column marching down the other side of the road. *Slop, slop, slop*, went their feet, their slickers rustled and their equipment rattled. They were moving in a direction opposite to that in which the column was headed.

“What outfit?” called someone.

“Ninety-fourth,” was the reply.

“What?”

If there were any sleepers in the column they awoke now to instant wakefulness at that cry of rage and chagrin.

“You the ninety-fourth, the guys that relieved us?”

“Yup,” said the marching men.

“They lost the line,” called a voice down the column. “They couldn’t hold it an’ we got to go take it back again!”

“Oh, the dirty unspeakables!” howled the men in the ditch. “Oh, the —milishy! An’ we lost our rest an’ everything.”

The growl increased. Opprobrium was heaped on the marchers. Hoots and catcalls resounded. The marchers were too tired to pay any heed, but suddenly someone, who, from the way he talked, was an officer, began to shout.

“Listen here, you men! Don’t talk that way to us! We volunteered to take over your sector for you so that you could get some rest and we’ve had a — of a time up there while you were rolling on your backs! And this is all we get for it! There’s gratitude for you! You’re a bunch of skunks, every . . . one of you. I can lick any six of you that have got the guts to come out here and fight! You aren’t fit to dig latrines for the quartermaster corps!”

“Who’s there?” called someone from the ditch. “Draw it mild, draw it mild! You’re tired and all that, but don’t blackguard this outfit or I’ll hang a lily on your nose myself!”

“That’s our old man,” cried Spagett delightedly. “He’d do it, too.”

“Raaazzberry!” cheered the men in the ditch, secure in the hiding darkness.”—From “A Sergeant of Cavalry,” by Leonard H. Nason, in *Adventure*.

This is just an excerpt from one of Leonard H. Nason’s war stories in *Adventure*. These are the stories that impelled Laurence Stallings, co-author of “What Price Glory,” now having such a sensational run on Broadway, to write: “His mastery of doughboyese is unflagging . . . These stories should serve throughout time as faithful reproductions of the Yank speech. . . . Mr. Nason’s psychology is as good as his dialogue, and the soldier’s outlook is reproduced with great fidelity. . . . All members of the A. E. F. will know them for one helluva good job, O. D. Mark 1, Complete.”

But Mr. Nason is only one of the noted writers who contribute to *Adventure*. T. S. Stribling, Hugh Pendexter, Talbot Mundy, Captain Dingle, Bill Adams, Arthur D. Howden-Smith, W. C. Tuttle, Gordon Young, Robert Simpson—and many others are *Adventure* writers.

In one issue of *Adventure* alone you will find complete novelettes, serials, and many short stories—all of them written by experts, by men who know what they are writing and how to write. For pure enjoyment, for relaxation, for entertainment, *Adventure* offers you the *best*.

These are some of the reasons why *Adventure* is a favorite with alert men and women everywhere. It’s read by presidents of corporations, banks, railroads, business executives—by doctors, lawyers and professional men—by all who love the great out-of-doors, who enjoy clean, well-written stories of men who do things.

Get acquainted with *Adventure*. Find out what it offers you. Sit in at “The Camp Fire,” read the “Ask *Adventure*” Department. If you think you’d like *Adventure*, the coupon below is for your prompt use. Fill it out and mail it—today. We will send you, free, a sample copy of *Adventure*. There is no obligation. Mail it *now*!

We will send you FREE a copy of **Adventure** Clip Coupon Now—Mail Today!

Adventure,
The Ridgway Co.
Spring and Macdougall Sts.
New York, N. Y.

Dept. M.

Gentlemen:

I’d like to read a copy of *Adventure*. Please send me a sample copy to the following address. It is understood this does not obligate me in any way.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

For the *Best* in Entertainment, Send the Coupon

Aid

Tycos Auto Altimeter, permanent-black finished aluminum case with silver-plated front and silver dial finely graduated, easily attached to instrument board. The $2\frac{7}{8}$ in. dial scaled to 5,000 feet, \$35; to 10,000 feet, \$36.50; or to 16,000 feet, \$39.

Taylor Ceebynite Compass, with heavily magnetized floating dial treated with radioactive compound, delicately balanced on jeweled center. White metal hunter case, price \$4.00. Other Taylor Compasses from 75c to \$9.00. 11 styles to choose from.

Tycos Fever Thermometer; "The Sentinel of Danger." Prices, \$1.75 to \$2.50.

Tycos Stormoguide. The weather clock of the air. Forecasts right from the dial. Style illustrated with folding legs, for altitudes up to 3500 feet above sea level, \$25.00.

These instruments may be obtained at all the best dealers. If your dealer happens to be out of stock, remit price direct to us, giving dealer's name, and we will guarantee safe delivery. Prices proportionately higher in Canada and the Far West.

Write for Booklets on These Instruments

Taylor Instrument Companies

ROCHESTER, N. Y., U. S. A.

CANADIAN PLANT, Tycos BLDG., 110 CHURCH ST., TORONTO

THERE IS A TYCOS OR TAYLOR TEMPERATURE INSTRUMENT FOR EVERY PURPOSE

